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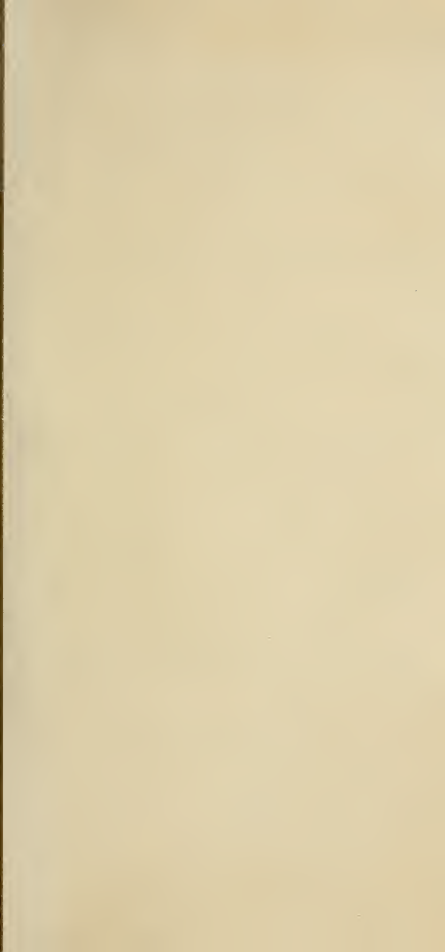
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P S A L M S,

CAREFULLY SUITED

TO THE

Christian Worship

IN THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

BEING

Dr. WATTS' IMITATION of the *Psalms*
of David, as improved by Mr. PEAR-
LOW.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
*Allowed by the Reverend Synod of New-
York and Philadelphia, to be sung
in Congregations and Families.*
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Isaac Watts
PHILADELPHIA:

Printed for ROBERT CAMPBELL,
N^o. 30, Chestnut-Street.

M, DCC, XCIX.

It is acknowledged by the best judges of the sacred text, that the Book of Psalms, in its original dress, is a collection of the most elevated and sublime compositions that are to be found in any language; and it has been often lamented, that so much of the piety, dignity, and poetic excellence of the original, has been lost in all the attempts that have been yet made to give us a literal translation of it in English verse. Many Christians have also wished to see the substance of this excellent collection clothed in language more adapted to the brighter discoveries of the gospel, and the state of the Christian worship; that they may be sung with understanding and devotion, and thereby contribute to the elevation and improvement of the Christian temper. This has been happily executed by the learned and pious Dr. Watts; and the Psalms which he omitted have been supplied by Mr. Barlow, nearly in the same spirit and stile, and all local references, which were found in Dr. Watts' Imitation, have been carefully altered, so as to render the composition better adapted to the circumstances of Christians in every country.

THE
PSALMS OF DAVID,
IMITATED IN THE LANGUAGE
OF THE
NEW TESTAMENT.

PSALM I. Common Metre.

The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.

- 1 **B**LESS'D is the man who shuns the place;
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's feat.
- 2 But in the statutes of the Lord,
Has plac'd his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.
- 3 [He like a plant of gen'rous kind
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.]
- 4 Green as the leaf, and even fair,
Shall his profession shine;
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.
- 5 Not so th' impious and unjust:
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff, before the storm.
- 6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Among the sons of grace,
When Christ, the judge, at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.

7 His eye be holds the path they tread,
 His heart approves it well;
 But crooked ways of sinners lead
 Down to the gates of hell.

P S A L M I. Short Metre.

The saint happy, the sinner miserable.

- 1 **T**HE man is ever bless'd
 Who shuns the sinner's ways,
 Among their counsels never stands,
 Nor takes the scorner's place.
- 2 But makes the law of God
 His study and delight,
 Amidst the labours of the day,
 And watches of the night.
- 3 He like a tree shall thrive,
 With waters near the root :
 Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,
 His works are heav'nly fruit.
- 4 Not so th' ungodly race
 They no such blessing find :
 Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
 Before the driving wind.
- 5 How will they bear to stand
 Before that judgment seat,
 Where all the saints at Christ's right hand
 In full assembly meet?
- 6 He knows and he approves,
 The way the righteous go;
 But sinners, and their works, shall meet
 A dreadful overthrow.

P S A L M I. Long Metre.

The difference between the righteous and the wicked.

- 1 **H**APPY the man, whose cautious feet
 Shun the broad way that sinners go,
 Who hate the place where Atheists meet,
 And fears to talk as scorners do.

- 2 He loves t' employ his morning-light
 Amongst the statutes of the Lord;
 And spends the wakeful hours of night
 With pleasure pond'ring o'er the word.
- 3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
 Shall flourish in immortal green;
 And Heav'n will shine with kindest beams
 On ev'ry work his hands begin.
- 4 But sinners find their counsels cross'd;
 As chaff before the tempest flies,
 So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
 When the last trumpet shakes the skies.
- 5 In vain the rebel seeks to stand
 In judgment with the pious race;
 The dreadful Judge, with stern command,
 Divides him to a diff'rent place.
- 6 "Strait is the way my saints have trode,
 "I blest'd the path, and drew it plain,
 "But you would choose the crooked road;
 "And down it leads to endless pain."

P S A L M II. Short Metre.

Translated according to the divine pattern.

Acts iv. 24, &c.

Christ dying, rising, interceding, and reigning,

[1 **MAKER** and sov'reign Lord
 Of heav'n, and earth, and seas,
 Thy providence confirms thy word,
 And answers thy decrees.

2 The things so long foretold
 By David, are fulfill'd,
 When Jews and Gentiles join to slay,
 Jesus, thine holy child.]

3 Why did the Gentiles rage,
 And Jews with one accord,
 Bend all their counsels to destroy
 Th' Anointed of the Lord?

- 4 Rulers and kings agree
 To form a vain design ;
 Against the Lord their pow'rs unite,
 Against his Christ they join.
- 5 The Lord derides their rage,
 And will support his throne ;
 He that hath rais'd him from the dead
 Hath own'd him for his Son.

P A U S E.

- 6 Now he's ascended high,
 To rule the subject earth ;
 The merit of his blood he pleads,
 And pleads his heav'nly birth.
- 7 Beneath his sov'reign sway
 The Gentile nations bend ;
 Far as the world's remotest bounds
 His kingdom shall extend.
- 8 The nations that rebel
 Must feel his iron rod ;
 He'll vindicate those honours well
 Which he received from God.
- 9 [Be wise, ye rulers now,
 And worship at his throne ;
 With trembling joy, ye people, bow
 To God's anointed Son.
- 10 If once his wrath arise,
 Ye perish on the place :
 Then blessed is the soul that flies
 For refuge to his grace.]

P S A L M II. Common Metre.

- 1 WHY did the nations join to slay
 The Lord's anointed Son ?
 Why did they cast his laws away,
 And tread his gospel down ?

2 The Lord, that sits above the skies,
Derides their rage below,
He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,
And strikes their spirits through.

3 " I call him my eternal Son,
" And raise him from the dead :
" I make my holy hill his throne,
" And wide his kingdom spread.

4 " Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy
" The utmost heathen lands :
" Thy rod of iron shall destroy
" The rebel that withstands."

5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
Obey th' anointed Lord ;
Adore the king of heav'nly birth,
And tremble at his word.

6 With humble love address his throne ;
For if he frowns ye die ;
Those are secure, and those alone,
Who on his grace rely.

PSALM II. Long Metre.

Christ's death, resurrection, and ascension.

1 WHY did the Jews proclaim their rage ?
The Romans why their swords employ
Against the Lord ? their powers engage
His dear Anointed to destroy ?

2 " Come, let us break his bands, they say ;
" This man shall never give us laws :
And thus they cast his yoke away,
And nail'd the monarch to the cross.

3 But God, who high in glory reigns,
Laughs at their pride, their rage controuls ;
He'll smite their hearts with inward pains,
And speak in thunder to their souls.

4 " I will maintain the King's cause
" On Zion's everlasting hill,

“ My hand shall bring him from the dead
 “ And he shall be your Sov'reign still.”

- [5 His wond'rous rising from the earth
 Makes his eternal Godhead known;
 The Lord declares his heav'nly birth;
 “ This day have I begot my Son.
- 6 “ Ascend, my Son, to my right hand,
 “ There thou shalt ask, and I bestow
 “ The utmost bounds of heathen lands;
 “ To thee their suppliant tribes shall bow.”]
- 7 But nations that resist his grace
 Shall fall beneath his lifted rod;
 His arms shall crush th' impious race
 That dare provoke th' avenging God.

P A U S E.

- 8 Now ye that sit on earthly thrones,
 Be wise, and serve the Lord, the Lamb;
 Now to his feet submit your crowns,
 Rejoice and tremble at his name.
- 9 With humble love address the Son,
 Lest he grow angry, and ye die;
 His wrath will burn to worlds unknown,
 His love gives life above the sky.
- 10 His storms shall quell the stubborn foe,
 And sink his honour in the dust:
 Happy the souls their God that know,
 And make his grace their only trust.

P S A L M III. Common Metre.

*Doubts and fears suppressed; or, God our defence
 from sin and Satan.*

- 1 MY God, how many are my fears!
 How fast my foes increase!
 Conspiring my eternal death,
 They break my present peace.
- 2 The lying tempter would persuade
 There's no relief in Heav'n,

And all my growing sins appear
Too great to be forgiv'n.

3 But thou, my glory, and my strength,
Shalt on the tempter tread,
Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt,
And raise my drooping head.

4 [I cry'd, and from his holy hill
He bow'd a list'ning ear;
I call'd, my Father, and my God,
And he subdu'd my fear.

5 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,
In spite of all my foes;
I woke, and wonder'd at the grace
That guarded my repose.]

6 What though the hosts of death and hell,
All arm'd against me stood;
Terrors no more shall shake my soul,
My refuge is my God.

7 Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,
While I thy glory sing:
My God has broke the serpent's teeth,
And death has lost its sting.

8 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His arm alone can save:
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

PSALM III. ver. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8. Long Metre.

A morning psalm.

1 O LORD, how many are my foes
In this weak state of flesh and blood?
My peace they daily discompose;
But my defence and hope is God.

2 Tir'd with the burdens of the day,
To thee I rais'd an ev'ning cry;

- Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine Almighty help was nigh.
- 3 Supported by thine heav'nly aid
I laid me down, and slept secure;
Not death shall make my heart afraid,
Though I should wake, and rise no more.
- 4 But God sustains me all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong,
He rais'd my head to see the light,
And makes his praise my morning song.

PSALM IV. ver. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Long Metre.

*Hearing of prayer; or, God our portion, and
Christ our hope.*

- 1 O God of grace and righteousness,
Hear and attend when I complain;
Thou hast enlarg'd me in distress,
Bow down a gracious ear again.
- 2 Ye sons of men, in vain ye try
To turn my glory into shame:
How long will scoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's name.
- 3 Know that the Lord divides his saints
From all the tribes of men beside:
He hears and pities their complaints,
For the dear sake of Christ that died.
- 4 When our obedient hands have done
A thousand works of righteousness,
We put our trust in God alone,
And glory in thy pard'ning grace.
- 5 Let the unthinking many say,
Who will bestow some earthly good?
But, Lord, thy light and love we pray;
Our souls desire this heav'nly food.
- 6 Then shall my cheerful pow'rs rejoice
At grace divine, and love so great,

Nor will I change my happy choice,
For all their wealth and boasted state.

P S A L M IV. ver. 3, 4, 5, 8. Common Metre.

An evening psalm.

- 1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray :
I am for ever thine ;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.
- 2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.
- 3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.
- 4 Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I'll give my eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep:

P S A L M V. Common Metre.

For the Lord's day morning.

- 1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

- 4 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
- 5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make ev'ry path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

P A U S E.

- 6 My watchful enemies combine
To tempt my feet astray;
They flatter with a base design
To make my soul their prey.
- 7 Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,
And all his plots destroy;
While those that in thy mercy trust,
For ever shout for joy.
- 8 The men that love and fear thy name,
Shall see their hopes fulfil'd;
The mighty God will compass them,
With favour, as a shield.

P S A L M VI. Common Metre.

Complaint in sickness; or, Diseases healed.

- 1 [IN anger, Lord, do not chastise,
Withdraw the dreadful storm,
Nor let thine awful wrath arise
Against a feeble worm.
- 2 My soul bow'd down with heavy cares,
My flesh with pain oppress'd,
My couch is witness to my tears
My tears forbid my rest.
- 3 Sorrow and grief wear out my days:
I waste the night with cries,
And count the minutes as they pass,
'Till the slow morning rise.

P S A L M S.

- 4 Shall I be still tormented more?
My eyes consum'd with grief?
How long, my God, how long, before
Thine hand affords relief?
- 5 He hears his mourning children speak,
He pities all our groans,
He saves us for his mercy sake,
And heals our broken bones.
- 6 The virtue of his sov'reign word
Restores our fainting breath;
For silent graves praise not the Lord,
Nor is he known in death.

P S A L M VI. Long Metre.

Temptations in sickness overcome.

- 1 LORD, I can suffer thy rebukes,
When thou with kindness doth chastise
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,
O let it not against me rise.
- 2 Pity my languishing estate,
And ease the sorrows that I feel,
The wounds thine heavy hands hath made,
O let thy gentler touches heal!
- 3 See how in sighs I pass my days,
And waste in groans the weary night:
My bed is water'd with my tears;
My grief consumes and dims my sight.
- 4 Look how the powers of nature move?
How long, almighty Lord, how long?
When shall thine hour of grace return?
When shall I make thy grace my song?
- 5 I feel my flesh so near the grave,
My thoughts are tempted to despair;
But graves can never praise the Lord,
For all is dust and silence there.

- 6 Depart, ye tempters from my soul,
And all despairing thoughts depart;
My God who hears my humble moan,
Will ease my flesh, and cheer my heart.

PSALM VII. Common Metre.

*God's care of his people, and punishment of
persecutors.*

- 1 MY trust is in my heav'nly Friend,
My hope in thee, my God:
Rise, and my helpless life defend
From those that seek my blood.
- 2 With insolence and fury they
My soul in pieces tear,
As hungry lions rend the prey
When no deliv'rer's near.
- 3 If e'er my pride provok'd them first,
Or once abus'd my foe,
Then let them tread my life to dust,
And lay mine honour low.
- 4 If there be malice found in me,
I know thy piercing eyes;
I should not dare appeal to thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.
- 5 Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,
Their pride and power controul;
Awake to judgment and command
Deliv'rance for my soul.

PAUSE.

- 6 [Let sinners and their wicked rage
Be humbled to the dust;
Shall not the God of truth engage
To vindicate the just?
- 7 He knows the heart, he tries the reins,
He will defend th' upright;

P S A L M S.

His sharpest arrows he ordains
Against the sons of spight.

8 Though leagu'd in guile, their malice spread,
A snare before my way,
Their mischiefs on their impious head
His vengeance shall repay.]

9 That cruel persecuting race
Must feel his dreadful sword:
Awake, my soul, and praise the grace
And justice of the Lord.

P S A L M VIII. Short Metre.

God's sovereignty and goodness, and man's dominion over the creatures.

1 O LORD, our heav'nly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heav'ns they shine.

2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wond'ring eyes,
And see the moon complete in light,
Adorn the darksome skies;

3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
A kin to dust and worms?

4 Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou should love him so?
Next to thine angels he is plac'd,
And lord of all below.

5 Thine honours crown his head,
While beasts, like slaves, obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fish that cleave the sea.

6 How rich thy bounties are
And wond'rous are thy ways!

Of dust and worms thy power can frame:
A monument of praise.

7 [From mouths of feeble babes
And sucklings thou can'st draw
Surprising honors to thy name,
And strike the world with awe.

8 O Lord, our heav'nly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heav'ns they shine.]

P S A L M VIII. Common Metre.

*Christ's condescension and glorification; or, God
made man.*

1 O Lord, our Lord, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted name?

The glories of thy heav'nly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

2 When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And shining stars that grace the sky,
Those moving worlds of light,

3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou should'st visit him with grace,
And love his nature so?

4 That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm.

5 Yet while he liv'd on earth unknown,
And men would not adore,
Behold obedient nature own
His Godhead and his pow'r.

The waves lay spread beneath his feet;
And fish, at his command,

P S A L M S.

Bring their large shoals to Peter's net,
Bring tribute to his hand.

- 7 These lesser glories of the Son
Spoke through the fleshly cloud;
Now we behold him on his throne,
And men confess him God.]
- 8 Let him with majesty be crown'd,
Who bow'd his head to death;
And his eternal honours sound,
From all things that have breath.
- 9 Jesus, our Lord, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thine heav'nly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

P S A L M VIII. ver. 1, 2. paraphrased.

First part. Long Metre.

*The hosanna of the children ; or, Infants praising
God.*

- 1 ALMIGHTY ruler of the skies,
Thro' the wide earth thy name is spread,
And thine eternal glories rise
O'er all all the heav'ns thy hands have made.
- 2 To thee the voices of the young
Their sounding notes of honour raise;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.
- 3 Thy power assists their tender age
To bring proud rebels to the ground,
'To still the bold blasphemer's rage,
And all their policies confound.
- 4 Children amidst thy temple throng
To see their great Redeemer's face;
The Son of David is their song,
And loud hosannas fill the place.

- 5 The frowning scribes and angry priests
 In vain their impious cavils bring ;
 Revenge sits silent in their breasts,
 While Jewish babes proclaim their King.

P S A L M VIII. ver. 3, &c. paraphrased.

Second Part. Long Metre.

Adam and Christ, lords of the old and new creation.

- 1 LORD, what was man when made at first,
 Adam, the offspring of the dust,
 That thou should set him and his race
 But just below an angel's place ?
- 2 That thou should raise his nature so,
 And make him lord of all below,
 Make every beast and bird submit,
 And lay the fishes at his feet ?
- 3 But O ! what brighter glories wait
 To crown the second Adam's state !
 What honours shall thy Son adorn,
 Who condescended to be born ?
- 4 See him below his angels made ;
 Behold him number'd with the dead,
 To save a ruin'd world from sin ;
 But he shall reign with power divine.
- 5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
 The mis'ries that attend the fall,
 New-made and glorious, shall submit
 At our exalted Saviour's feet.

P S A L M IX. First part. Common Metre.

Wrath and mercy from the judgment-seat.

- 1 WITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,
 Thy wonders I'll proclaim ;
 Thou sov'reign Judge of right and wrong
 Wilt put thy foes to shame.

- 2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace ;
 My God prepares his throne
 To judge the world in righteousness,
 And make his vengeance known.
- 3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
 For all the poor oppress'd ;
 To save the people of his love.
 And give the weary rest.
- 4 The men that know thy name will trust
 In thy abundant grace :
 For thou hast ne'er forsok the just,
 Who humbly seek thy face.
- 5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
 Who dwells on Zion's hill,
 Who executes his threat'ning word,
 Whose works his grace fulfil.

PSALM IX. ver. 12. Second part.
 Common Metre.

The wisdom and equity of Providence.

- 1 **W**HEN the great Judge, supreme and just,
 Shall once enquire for blood,
 The humble souls that mourn in dust
 Shall find a faithful God.
- 2 He from the dreadful gates of death
 Does his own children raise ;
 In Zion's gates, with cheerful breath,
 They sing their Father's praise.
- 3 His foes shall fall, with heedless feet
 Into the pit they made :
 And sinners perish in the net
 That their own hands have spread.
- 4 Thus by thy judgment, mighty God,
 Are thy deep counsels known ;
 When men of mischief are destroy'd
 In snares that were their own.

P A U S E.

- 5 The wicked shall sink down to hell ;
 Thy wrath devour the lands,
 That dare forget thee, or rebel
 Against thy known commands.
- 6 Though saints to sore distress are brought,
 And wait and long complain,
 Their cries shall never be forgot,
 Nor shall their hopes be vain.
- 7 [Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat,
 To judge and save the poor,
 Let nations tremble at thy feet,
 And man prevail no more.
- 8 Thy thunder shall affright the proud,
 And put their hearts to pain,
 Make them confess that thou art God,
 And they but feeble men.]

P S A L M X. Common Metre.

*Prayer heard, and saints saved; or, Pride, athe-
 ism, and oppression punished.*

For a humiliation day.

- 1 WHY doth the Lord depart so far,
 And why conceal his face.
 When great calamities appear,
 And times of deep distress?
- 2 Lord, shall the wicked still deride
 Thy justice and thy laws?
 Shall they advance their heads in pride,
 And slight the righteous cause.
- 3 They cast thy judgments from their sight,
 And then insult the poor;
 They boast in their exalted height,
 That they shall fall no more.
- 4 Arise, O God, lift up thine hand,
 Attend our humble cry;

No enemy shall dare to stand
When God ascends on high.

P A U S E.

- 5 Why do the men of malice rage,
And say, with foolish pride,
“The God of heav’n will ne’er engage
“To fight on Zion’s side.”
- 6 But thou for ever art our Lord,
And pow’rful is thine hand,
As when the heathens felt thy sword,
And perish’d from thy land.
- 7 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
And cause thine ear to hear;
Accept the vows thy children pay,
And free thy saints from fear.
- 8 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,
No more despise the just:
And mighty sinners shall confess,
They are but earth and dust.

P S A L M XI. Long Metre.

God loves the righteous and hates the wicked.

- 1 MY refuge is the God of love;
Why do my foes insult and cry,
“Fly like a tim’rous trembling dove,
To distant woods or mountains fly.”
- 2 If government be once destroy’d,
(That firm foundation of our peace)
And violence make justice void,
Where shall the righteous seek redress?
- 3 The Lord in heav’n has fix’d his throne,
His eye surveys the world below:
To him all mortal things are known;
His eye-lids search our spirits through.
- 4 If he afflicts his saints so far
To prove their love, and try their grace,

What may the bold transgressors fear?
His soul abhors their wicked ways.

- 5 On impious wretches he shall rain
Sulphureous flames of wasting death,
Such as he kindled on the plain
Of Sodom, with his angry breath.
- 6 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere,
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that his own image bear.

P S A L M XII. Long Metre.

*The saints safety and hope in evil times ; or, Sins
of the tongue complained of, viz. blasphemy,
falshood, &c.*

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, appear and save !
For vice and vanity prevail :
The godly perish in the grave,
The just depart, the faithful fail.
- 2 The whole discourse, when crowds are met,
Is fill'd with trifles loose and vain ;
Their lips are flatt'ry and deceit,
And their proud language is profane.
- 3 But lips that with deceit abound
Shall not maintain their triumph long :
The God of vengeance will confound
The flatt'ring and blaspheming tongue.
- 4 " Yet shall our words be free, they cry :
" Our tongues shall be controul'd by none :
" Where is the Lord, will ask us why ?
" Or say, our lips are not our own ?"
- 5 The Lord, who sees the poor oppress'd,
And hears th' oppressor's haughty stain,
Will rise to give his children rest,
Nor shall they trust his word in vain.

- 6 Thy word, O Lord, though often try'd
 Void of deceit shall still appear;
 Not silver, sev'n times purity'd
 From dross and mixture, shines so clear.
- 7 Thy grace shall in the darkest hour
 Defend from danger and surprise;
 Though when the vilest men have pow'r,
 On ev'ry side oppressors rise.

P S A L M XII. Common Metre.

*Complaint of general corruption of manners; or,
 The promise and signs of Christ's coming to
 judgment.*

- 1 **H**ELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail,
 Religion loses ground:
 The sons of violence prevail,
 And treacheries abound.
- 2 Their oaths and promises they break,
 Yet act the flatt'rer's part;
 With fair deceitful lips they speak,
 And with a double heart.
- 3 If we reprove some hateful lie,
 They scorn our faithful word;
 "Are not our lips our own," they cry,
 "And who shall be our Lord?"
- 4 Scoffers appear on ev'ry side,
 Where a vile race of men
 Is rais'd to seats of pow'r and pride,
 And bears the sword in vain.

P A U S E.

- 5 Lord, when iniquities abound,
 And blasphemy grows bold,
 Where faith is rarely to be found,
 And love is waxing cold;
- 6 Is not thy chariot hast'ning on?
 Hast thou not giv'n the sign?

May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine ?

- 7 " Yes, saith the Lord, now will I rise,
" And make th' oppressors flee ;
" I shall appear to their surprise,
" And set my servants free."

- 8 Thy word, like silver sev'n times try'd,
Through ages shall endure ;
The men that in thy truth confide
Shall find thy promise sure.

PSALM XIII. Common Metre.

Complaint under temptation of the devil.

- 1 **H**OW long wilt thou conceal thy face ?
My God how long delay ?
When shall I feel those heav'nly rays
That chase my fears away ?
- 2 How long shall my poor lab'ring soul
Wrestle and toil in vain ?
Thy word can all my foes controul,
And ease my raging pain.
- 3 See how the prince of darkness tries
All his malicious arts ;
He spreads a mist around my eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.
- 4 Be thou my sun, and thou my shield,
My soul in safety keep ;
Make haste, before my eyes are seal'd
In death's eternal sleep.
- 5 How should the tempter boast aloud
Should I become his prey ?
Behold the sons of hell grow proud
To see thy long delay.
- 6 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head ;
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And bears thy voice with dread.

- 7 Thou wilt display that sov'reign grace
 Whence all my comforts spring:
 I shall employ my lips in praise,
 And thy salvation sing.

P S A L M XIV. First part. Common Metre.
By nature all men are sinners.

- 1 FOOLS, in their hearts, believe and say,
 "That all religion's vain,
 "There is no God that reigns on high,
 "Or minds th' affairs of men."
 2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane
 Corrupt discourse proceeds;
 And in their impious hands are found
 Abominable deeds.
 3 The Lord from his celestial throne,
 Look'd down on things below,
 To find the man that sought his grace,
 Or did his justice know.
 4 By nature all are gone astray;
 Their practice all the same;
 There's none that fears his Maker's hand,
 There's none that loves his name.
 5 Their tongues are us'd to speak deceit,
 Their slanders never cease;
 How swift to mischief are their feet
 Nor know the paths of peace.
 6 Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)
 In ev'ry heart are found;
 Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
 'Till grace refine the ground.

P S A L M XIV. Second part. Common Metre.
The folly of persecutors.

- 1 ARE sinners now so senseless grown
 That they thy saints devour?

And never worship at thy throne
Nor fear thine awful pow'r?

- 2 Great God, appear to their surprise!
Reveal thy dreadful name;
Let them no more thy wrath despise,
Nor turn our hope to shame.
- 3 Dost thou not dwell among the just?
And yet our foes deride,
That we should make thy name our trust;
Great God confound their pride.
- 4 O that the joyful day were come
To finish our distress!
When God shall bring his children home
Our songs shall never cease.

P S A L M XV. Common Metre.

*Characters of a saint, or a citizen of Zion; or,
the qualifications of a Christian.*

- 1 WHO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace?
- 2 The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands;
That trusts his Maker's promis'd grace,
And follows his commands.
- 3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue:
Will scarce believe in ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong.
- 4 The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord;
And though to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.
- 5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never wrong the poor:

This man shall dwell with God on earth
And end his heav'n secure.

P S A L M XV. Long Metre.

*Religion and justice, goodness and truth, or duties
to God and man; or, The qualifications of a
Christian.*

- 1 WHO shall ascend thy heav'nly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face ?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below.
- 2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean ;
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean ;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue :
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.
- 3 Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Or vent it to his neighbour's hurt :
Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honour'd in his eyes.]
- 4 Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good :
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.]
- 5 He never deals in bribing gold ;
And mourns that justice should be sold ;
While others scorn and rob the poor,
Sweet Charity attends his door.]
He loves his enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his face ;
And doth to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them.
Yet, when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone :
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

P S A L M XVI. First part. Long Metre.
Confession of our poverty, and that its the best company; or, Good works profit men, not God.

- 1 PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need,
 For succour to thy throne I flee,
 But have no merits there to plead :
 My goodness cannot reach to thee.
- 2 Oft have my heart and tongue confess'd
 How empty and how poor I am :
 My praise can never make thee bless'd,
 Nor add new glories to thy name.
- 3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
 Some profit by the good we do ;
 These are the company I keep,
 These are the choicest friends I know.
- 4 Let others choose the sons of mirth
 To give a relish to their wine,
 I love the men of heav'nly birth,
 Whose thoughts and language are divine.

P S A L M XVI. Second part. Long Metre.

Christ's all-sufficiency.

- 1 HOW fast their guilt and sorrows rise,
 Who haste to seek some idol-god !
 I will not taste their sacrifice,
 Their off'rings of forbidden blood.
- 2 My God provides a richer cup,
 And nobler food to live upon,
 He for my life has offered up
 Jesus, his best beloved Son.
- 3 His love is my perpetual feast ;
 By day his counsels guide me right :
 And be his name for ever bless'd
 Who gave me sweet advice by night.
- 4 I set him still before mine eyes ;
 At my right hand he stands prepar'd

To keep my soul from all surprise,
And be my everlasting guard.

PSALM XVI. Third part. Long Metre.

Courage in death, and hope of the resurrection.

- 1 WHEN God is nigh, my faith is strong,
His arm is an almighty prop :
Be glad, my heart, rejoice, my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 Though in the dust I lay mine head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead,
Nor lose thy children in the grave.
- 3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high ;
Then shalt thou lead the wond'rous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.
- 4 There streams of endless pleasure flow ;
And full discov'ries of thy grace,
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heav'nly joys through all the place.

PSALM XVI. ver. 1,—8. First part.
Common Metre.

Support and counsel from God without merit.

- 1 SAVE me, O Lord, from ev'ry foe ;
In thee my trust I place,
Though all the good that I can do
Can ne'er deserve thy grace ;
- 2 Yet if my God prolong my breath,
The saints may still rejoice,
The saints, the glory of the earth,
The people of my choice.
- 3 Let heathens to their idols haste,
And worship wood or stone ;
But my delightful lot is cast
Where the true God is known.

4 His hand provides my constant food,
 He fills my daily cup;
 Much am I pleas'd with present good
 But more rejoic'd in hope.

5 God is my portion and my joy;
 His counsels are my light:
 He gives me sweet advice by day,
 And gentle hints by night.

6 My soul would all her thoughts approve
 To his all-seeing eye;
 Not death, nor hell, my hope shall move
 While such a friend is nigh.

PSALM XVI. Second part. Common Metre

The death and resurrection of Christ.

1 " I SET the Lord before my face,
 " He bears my courage up;
 " My heart, my tongue, their joys express
 " My flesh shall rest in hope.

2 " My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
 " Where souls departed are;
 " Nor quit my body to the grave
 " To see corruption there.

3 " Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
 " And raise me to thy throne,
 " Thy courts immortal pleasure give,
 " Thy presence joys unknown."

4 [Thus in the name of Christ the Lord,
 The holy David sung,
 And providence fulfils the word
 Of his prophetic tongue.

5 Jesus, whom ev'ry saint adores,
 Was crucify'd and slain;
 Behold, the tomb its prey restores!
 Behold, he lives again!

6 When shall my feet arise and stand
 On heav'n's eternal hills?

There sits the Son at God's right hand,
And there the Father smiles.

PSALM XVII. ver. 13, &c. Short Metre.

Portion of saints and sinners; or, Hope and despair in death.

- 1 **A**RISE, my gracious God,
And make the wicked flee;
They are but thy chastising rod,
To drive thy saints to thee.
- 2 Behold the sinner diet,
His haughty words are vain;
Here, in this life, his pleasure lies,
And all beyond is pain.
- 3 Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store;
The Lord is my inheritance,
My soul can wish no more.
- 4 I shall behold the face
Of my forgiving God;
And stand complete in righteousness,
Wash'd in my Saviour's blood.
- 5 There's a new heav'n begun
When I awake from death;
Dress'd in the likeness of thy Son,
And draw immortal breath.

PSALM XVII. Long Metre.

The sinners portion and saints hope; or, The heaven of separate souls, and the resurrection.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the land is thine.
- 2 Their hope and portion lie below;
'Tis all the happiness they know,

- 'Tis all they seek ; they take their shares ;
And leave the rest among their heirs.
- 3 What sinners value, I resign ;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine :
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 4 This life's a dream, an empty show ;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
When shall I wake, and find me there ?
- 5 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near, and like my God ;
And flesh and sin no more controul
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
'Till the last trumpet's joyful sound :
'Then burst the chains with sweet surprise
And in my Saviour's image rise.

PSALM XVIII. ver. 1,—9. 15,—18.
First part. Long Metre.

Deliverance from despair ; or, Temptation overcome.

- 1 THEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,
My rock, my tow'r, my high defence ;
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
For I have found salvation thence.
- 2 Death, and the terrors of the grave,
Stood round me with their dismal shade,
While floods of high temptations rose,
And made my sinking soul afraid.
- 3 I saw the opening gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there,
(Which none but they that feel can tell)
While I was hurry'd in despair.
- 4 In my distress I call'd my God,
When I could scarce believe him mine,

- He bow'd his ear to my complaint ;
 And prov'd his saving grace divine.
- 5 [With speed he flew to my relief,
 As on a cherub, wing'd he rode ;
 Awful and bright as light'ning shone
 The face of my deliv'rer God.
- 6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,
 The blast of his almighty breath :
 He sent salvation from on high,
 And drew me from the deeps of death.]
- 7 Great were my fears, my foes were great,
 Much was their strength, and more their
 But Christ, my Lord, is conqu'ror still [rage ;
 In all the wars the proud can wage.
- 8 My song for ever shall record
 That terrible, that joyful hour ;
 And give the glory to the Lord
 Due to his mercy and his power.

PSALM XVIII. ver. 20, 26. Long Metre.
 Second part.

Sincerity proved and rewarded.

- 1 LORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,
 Hast made thy love and truth appear ;
 Before mine eyes I set thy laws,
 And thou hast own'd my righteous cause.
- 2 Since I have learn'd thy holy ways,
 I've walk'd upright before thy face :
 Or if my feet did e'er depart,
 Thy love reclaim'd my wand'ring heart.
- 3 What sore temptations broke my rest !
 What wars and strugglings in my breast !
 But through thy grace that reigns within,
 I guard against my darling sin.
- 4 That sin that close besets me still,
 That works and strives against my will ;

When shall thy Spirit's sov'reign pow'r
Destroy it, that it rise no more.

- 5 With an impartial hand, the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward:
The kind and faithful soul shall find
A God as faithful and as kind.
- 6 And men that love revenge shall know,
God hath an arm of vengeance too.
The just and pure shall ever say,
Thou art more pure, more just than they.

PSALM XVIII. ver. 30, 31, 34, 35, 46, &c.
Third part. Long Metre.

Rejoicing in God; or, Salvation and triumph.

- 1 JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great Rock of my secure abode:
Who is a God besides the Lord?
Or where's a refuge like our God?
- 2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield;
And while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads his salvation for my shield.
- 3 He lives, and blessings crown his reign,
The God of my salvation lives,
The dark designs of hell are vain;
While heav'nly peace my Father gives.
- 4 Before the scoffers of the age,
I will exalt my Father's name,
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach and bear the shame.
- 5 To David and his royal seed
Thy grace for ever shall extend;
Thy love to saints, in Christ their head,
Knows not a limit, nor an end.

PSALM XVIII. First part. Common Metre.

Victory and triumph over temporal enemies.

- 1 WE love thee, Lord, and we adore,
Now is thine arm reveal'd ;
Thou art our strength, our heav'nly tow'r,
Our bulwark, and our shield.
- 2 We fly to our eternal Rock,
And find a sure defence ;
His holy name our lips invoke,
And draw salvation thence.
- 3 When God our leader shines in arms,
What mortal heart can bear
The thunder of his loud alarms?
The lightnings of his spear?
- 4 He rides upon the winged wind,
And angels in array,
In millions, wait to know his mind,
And, swift as flames, obey.
- 5 He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke
Whole armies are dismay'd ;
His voice, his frown, his angry look,
Strikes all their courage dead.
- 6 He forms our gen'als for the field,
With all their dreadful skill ;
Gives them his angry sword to wield,
And makes their hearts of steel.
- 7 Oft has the Lord, whole nations bless'd,
For his own church's sake ;
The pow'rs that give his people rest
Shall of his care partake.

PSALM XVIII. Second part. Common Metre.

The conqueror's song.

- 1 TO thine almighty arm we owe
The triumphs of the day ;
Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,
And melt their strength away.

- 'Tis by thy aid our troops prevail,
And break united pow'rs ;
'Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
The proudest of their tow'rs.
- 3 How have we chas'd them through the field,
And trod them to the ground,
While thy salvation was our shield,
But they no shelter found !
- 4 In vain to idol saints they cry,
And perish in their blood ;
Where is the rock so great, so high,
So pow'rful as our God.
- 5 The God of Israel ever lives,
His name be ever bless'd ;
'Tis his own arm the victory gives,
And gives his people rest.

P S A L M XIX. First part. Short Metre.

The book of nature and scripture.

For the Lord's day morning.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the lofty sky
Declares its maker God,
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his pow'r abroad.
- 2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same ;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.
- 3 In ev'ry different land
Their gen'ral voice is known
They shew the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.
- 4 Ye Christian lands rejoice :
Here he reveals his word ;
We are not left to Nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

- 5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes,
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.
- 6 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit,
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.
- 7 Not honey to the taste
Affords so much delight;
Nor gold that has the furnace pass'd,
So much allures the sight.
- 8 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.

PSALM XIX. Second part. Short Metre.

God's word most excellent ; or, Sincerity and watchfulness.

For a Lord's day morning.

- 1 **BEHOLD** the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And light and life convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just;
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions giv'n?
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heav'n!

P A U S E.

- 5 I heard thy word with love,
And I would fain obey ;
Send thy good Spi it from above
To guide me, lest I stray.
- 6 O who can ever find
The errors of his ways?
Yet with a bold presumptuous mind,
I would not dare transgress.
Warn me of ev'ry sin,
Forgive my secret faults,
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.
- 8 While, with my heart and tongue,
I spread thy praise abroad ;
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour, and my God.

P S A L M XIX. Long Metre.

*The books of nature and scripture compared ; or,
The glory and success of the gospel.*

- 1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy goodness shines ;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess ;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise.
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run ;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise
 Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
 Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
 In souls renew'd and sins forgiv'n,
 Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
 And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

PSALM XIX. To the tune of 113th Psalm.

The book of nature and scripture.

1 GREAT God, the heav'n's well order'd frame
 Declares the glories of thy name:
 There thy rich works of wonder shine,
 A thousand starry beauties there,
 A thousand radiant marks appear
 Of boundless pow'r and skill divine.

2 From night to day, from day to night,
 The dawning and the dying light,
 Lectures of heav'nly wisdom read;
 With silent eloquence they raise
 Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
 And neither sound nor language need.

3 Yet their divine instructions run
 Far as the journeys of the sun,
 And ev'ry nation knows their voice.
 The sun, like some young bridegroom drest,
 Breaks from the chambers of the east,
 Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice,

4 Where e'er he spreads his beams abroad,
 He smiles, and speaks his maker God;
 All nature joins to shew thy praise:
 Thus God in ev'ry creature shines;
 Fair as the book of nature's lines,
 But fairer is the book of grace.

PAUSE.

5 I love the volumes of thy word;
 What light and joy those leaves afford
 To souls benighted and distressed

Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
 Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
 Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

6 From the discov'ries of thy law

The perfect rules of life I draw;

These are my study and delight;

Not honey so invites the taste,

Nor gold that hath the furnace past,

Appears so pleasant to the sight.

7 Thy threat'nings wake my slumbering eyes,

And warn me where my danger lies;

But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,

That makes my guilty conscience clean,

Converts my soul, subdues my sin,

And gives a free, but large reward.

8 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?

My God forgive my secret faults,

And from presumptuous sin restrain

Accept my poor attempts of praise,

That I have read thy book of grace,

And book of nature, not in vain.

PSALM XX. Long Metre.

Prayer, and hope of victory.

For a day of prayer in time of war.

1 NOW may the God of pow'r and grace :

Attend his people's humble cry!

Jehovah hears when Israel pray,

And brings deliverance from on high.

2 The name of Jacob's God defends

When bucklers fail and brazen walls;

He from his sanctuary sends

Succour and strength when Zion calls.

3 Well he remembers all our sighs,

His love exceeds our best deserts;

His love accepts the sacrifice

Of humble groans and broken hearts.

- 4 In his salvation is our hope,
And in the name of Israel's God
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.
- 5 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boast ;
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heav'nly hosts.
- [6 O may the memory of thy name
Inspire our armies for the fight !
Our foes shall fall and die with shame,
Or quit the field with coward flight.]
- 7 Now save us, Lord from slavish fear,
Now let our hopes be firm and strong,
'Till thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

P S A L M XXI. Common Metre.

National blessings acknowledged.

- 1 [IN thee, great God, with songs of praise,
Our favour'd realms rejoice ;
And bless'd with thy salvation, raise
To heav'n their chearful voice.
- 2 Thy sure defence through nations round,
Hath spread our rising name,
And all our feeble efforts crown'd
With freedom and with fame.
- 3 In deep distress our injur'd land
Implor'd thy pow'r to save ;
For life we pray'd : thy bounteous hand
The timely blessing gave.
- 4 Thy mighty arm, eternal Pow'r,
Oppos'd their deadly aim,
In mercy swept them from our shore,
And spread their sails with shame.
- 5 On thee, in woe or pain,
Our hearts alone rely :

Our rights thy mercy will maintain,
And all our wants supply.

- 6 Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous pow'r declare,
And still exalt thy fame ;
While we glad songs of praise prepare
For thine almighty name.

PSALM XXI. ver. 1,—9. Long Metre.

Christ exalted to the kingdom.

- 1 DAVID rejoic'd in God his strength,
Rais'd to the throne by special grace,
But Christ, the Son, appears at length,
Fulfil the triumph and the praise.
- 2 How great the blest Messiah's joy
In the salvation of thy hand !
Lord, thou hast rais'd his kingdom high,
And giv'n the world to his command.
- 3 Thy goodness grants whate'er he will,
Nor doth the least request withhold ;
Blessings of love prevent him still,
And crowns of glory, not of gold.
- 4 Honour and majesty divine
Around his sacred temples shine ;
Bless'd with the favour of thy face,
And length of everlasting days.
- 5 Thine hand shall find out all his foes ;
And as a fiery oven glows
With raging heat, and living coals,
So shall thy wrath devour their souls.

PSALM XXII. ver. 1,—16. First part.
Common Metre.

The sufferings and death of Christ.

- 1 WHY has my God my soul forsook,
Nor will a smile afford ?
(Thus David once in anguish spoke,
And thus our dying Lord)

- 2 Though 'tis thy chief delight to dwell,
Among thy praising saints,
Yet thou canst hear our groans as well,
And pity our complaints.
- 3 Our fathers trusted in thy name,
And great deliv'rance found;
But I'm a worm despis'd of men,
And trodden to the ground.
- 4 With shaking head they pass me by,
And laugh my soul to scorn;
*"In vain he trusts in God, they cry,
"Neglected, and forlorn."*
- 5 But thou art he who form'd my flesh,
By thine Almighty word;
And since I hung upon the breast,
My hope is in the Lord.
- 6 Why will my Father hide his face
When foes stand threat'ning round,
In the dark hour of deep distress,
And not an helper found?
- P A U S E.
- 7 Behold thy darling left among
The cruel and the proud,
By foes encompass'd fierce and strong,
As lions roaring loud.
- 8 From earth and hell my sorrows meet,
To multiply the smart;
They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,
And try to vex my heart.
- 9 Yet if thy sov'reign hand let loose
The rage of earth and hell,
Why will my heav'nly Father bruise
The Son he loves so well?
- 10 My God, if possible it be,
Withhold this bitter cup;
But I resign my will to thee,
And drink the sorrows up.

- 11 My heart dissolves with pangs unknown,
 In groans I waste my breath :
 Thy heavy hand has brought me down,
 Low as the dust of death.
- 12 Father, I give my spirit up,
 And, trust it in thy hand ;
 My dying flesh shall rest in hope
 And rise at thy command.

PSALM XXII. ver. 20, 21, 27, 31. Second part.
 Common Metre.

- 1 " NOW from the roaring lion's rage,
 " O Lord, protect thy Son,
 " Nor leave thy darling to engage
 " The pow'rs of hell alone."
- 2 Thus did our suff'ring Saviour pray
 With mighty cries and tears,
 God heard him in that dreadful day,
 And chas'd away his fears.
- 3 Great was the victory of his death,
 His throne exalted high ;
 And all the kindreds of the earth
 Shall worship or shall die.
- 4 A numerous offspring must arise
 From his expiring groans ;
 They shall be reckon'd in his eyes
 For daughters and for sons.
- 5 The meek and humble souls shall see
 His table richly spread ;
 And all that seek the Lord shall be
 With joys immortal fed.
- 6 The isles shall know the righteousness
 Of our incarnate God,
 And nations yet unborn profess
 Salvation in his blood.

P S A L M XXII. Long Metre.

Christ's sufferings and exaltation.

- 1 NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he complain'd in tears of blood,
As one forsaken of his God.
- 2 The Jews behold him thus forlorn,
And shake their heads and laugh in scorn;
"He rescu'd others from the grave :
"Now let him try himself to save.
- 3 "This is the man did once pretend
"God was his Father and his friend ;
"If God the blessed lov'd him so,
"Why doth he fail to help him now ?"
- 4 O savage people ! cruel priests !
How they stood round like raging beasts ;
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God hath left him in their power.
- 5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet ;
By lot his garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which he died.
- 6 But God his Father heard his cry ;
Rais'd from the dead he reigns on high ;
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

P S A L M XXIII. Long Metre.

God our shepherd.

- 1 MY shepherd is the living Lord ;
Now shall my wants be well supply'd ;
His providence and holy word
Become my safety and my guide.
- 2 In pastures where salvation grows
He makes me feed, he makes me rest,
There living waters gently flows,
And all the food divinely blest.

- 3 My wandering feet his ways mistake :
But he restores my soul to peace,
And leads me for his mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness.
- 4 Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fail,
For God, my shepherd's with me there.
- 5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay ;
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.
- 6 The sons earth and sons of hell
Gaze at thy goodness, and repine
To see my table spread so well
With living bread and chearful wine.
- [7 How I rejoice, when on my head
Thy Spirit condescends to rest !
'Tis a divine anointing shed,
Like oil of gladness at a feast.
- 8 Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his household all their days ;
There will I dwell to hear his word,
To seek his face and sing his praise.]

P S A L M XXIII. Common Metre.

- 1 MY Shepherd will supply my need,
JEHOVAH is his name ;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings my wandering spirit back
When I forsake his ways,
And leads me for his mercy's sake
In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 When I walk thro' the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay ;

One word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread ;
Thy cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days ;
Oh may thy house be my abode,
And all my work be praise !

6 There would I find a settled rest,
(While others go and come) ;
No more a stranger and a guest,
But like a child at home.

P S A L M XXIII. Short Metre.

1 THE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supply'd ;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside ?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear ;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amidst surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread,
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

- 6 The bounties of thy love
 Shall crown my following days;
 Nor from thy house will I remove,
 Nor cease to speak thy praise.

P S A L M XXIV. Common Metre.

Dwelling with God.

- 1 THE earth for ever is the Lord's,
 With Adam's numerous race;
 He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,
 And built it on the seas.
- 2 But who among the sons of men
 May visit thine abode?
 He that has hands from mischief clean,
 Whose heart is right with God.
- 3 This is the man may rise and take
 The blessings of his grace;
 This is the lot of those that seek
 The God of Jacob's face.
- 4 Now let our soul's immortal pow'rs,
 To meet the Lord prepare,
 Lift up their everlasting doors,
 The King of glory's near.
- 5 The King of glory! who can tell
 The wonders of his might?
 He rules the nations; but to dwell
 With saints is his delight.

P S A L M XXIV. Long Metre.

Saints dwell in heaven; or, Christ's ascension.

- 1 THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
 And men and worms, and beasts and birds;
 He rais'd the building on the seas,
 And gave it for their dwelling place.
- 2 But there's a brighter world on high,
 Thy palace, Lord, above the sky;
 Who shall ascend that bless'd abode,
 And dwell so near his maker God?

- 3 He that abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean
Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness.
- 4 These are the men, the pious race,
That seek the God of Jacob's face :
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

P A U S E.

- 5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of glory nigh !
Who can the King of glory be ?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.
- 6 Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display,
To make the Lord, the Saviour way :
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The Conqu'ror comes with God to dwell.
- 7 Rais'd from the dead in awful state,
He opens heav'n's eternal gate,
To give his saints a bleis'd abode
Near their Redeemer and their God.

P S A L M XXV. ver. 1,—11. First part.
Short Metre.

Waiting for pardon and direction.

- 1 I LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in his name ;
Let not my foes that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame.
- 2 Sin, and the pow'rs of hell,
Persuade me to despair ;
Lord make me know thy cov'nant well,
That I may 'scape the snare.
- 3 From beams of dawning light
'Till evening shades arise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever longing eyes.

- 4 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.
- 5 The Lord is just and kind,
The meek shall learn his ways;
And ev'ry humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.
- 6 For his own goodness' sake
He saves my soul from shame;
He pardons (though my guilt be great)
Through my Redeemer's name.

P S A L M XXV. ver. 12, 14, 10, 13.
Second part. Short Metre.

Divine instruction.

- 1 **WHERE** shall the man be found
That fears t' offend his God,
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?
- 2 The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart,
The wonders of his cov'nant show,
And all his love impart.
- 3 The dealings of his pow'r
Are truth and mercy still,
With such as keep his cov'nant sure,
And love to do his will.
- 4 Their soul shall dwell at ease,
Before their Maker's face;
Their seed shall taste the promises
In their extensive grace.

P S A L M XXV. ver. 15,—22, Third part.
Short Metre.

Distress of soul; or, Backsliding and desertion.

- 1 **MINE** eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;

I love to plead his promis'd grace,
And rest upon his word.

- 2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near;
When will thy hand assist my feet
To 'scape the deadly snare?
- 3 When shall the sov'reign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dang'rous ways
My wand'ring feet have trod?
- 4 The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my woe;
My spirit languishes, my heart
Is desolate and low.
- 5 With ev'ry morning light
My sorrow new begins;
Look on my anguish, and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

P A U S E.

- 6 Behold, the hosts of hell,
How cruel is their hate!
Against my life, they rise, and join
Their fury with deceit.
- 7 O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame:
For I have plac'd my holy trust
In my Redeemer's name.
- 8 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

P S A L M XXVI. Long Metre.

Self-examination; or, Evidences of grace.

- 1 JUDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways,
And try my reins, and try my heart;

My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit,
With men of vanity and lies;
The scoffer and the hypocrite
Are the abhorrence of my eyes.

3 Amongst thy saints will I appear,
Array'd in robes of innocence;
But when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of Christ is my defence.

4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thine honors dwell;
There shall I hear thy holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.

5 Let not my soul be join'd at last
With men of treachery and blood,
Since I on earth my days have pass'd
Among the saints, and near my God.

P S A L M XXVII. ver. 1, 6. First part.
Common Metre.

The church is our delight and safety.

1 **T**HE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God of my strength; nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires;
O grant me mine abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God!

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still:
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there enquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;

God hath a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

P S A L M XXVII. ver. 8, 9, 13, 14.
Second part. Common Metre.

Prayer and hope.

- 1 SOON as I heard my Father say,
“ Ye children, seek my grace,”
My heart reply'd without delay,
“ I'll seek my Father's face.”
- 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I flee to thee
In a distressing day.
- 3 Should friends and kindred near and dear
Leave me to want or die,
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.
- 4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believ'd,
To see thy grace provide relief,
Nor was my hope deceiv'd.
- 5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

P S A L M XVIII. Long Metre.

God the refuge of the afflicted.

- 1 TO thee, O Lord, I raise my cries;
My fervent pray'r in mercy hear;
For ruin waits my trembling soul,
If thou refuse a gracious ear.

- 2 When suppliant tow'rd thy holy hill,
I lift my mournful hands to pray,
Afford thy grace, nor drive me still
With impious hypocrites away.
- 3 To sons of falsehood, that despise
The works and wonders of thy reign,
Thy vengeance gives their due reward,
And sinks their souls to endless pain.
- 4 But ever blessed be the Lord,
Whose mercy hears my mournful voice,
My heart, that trusted in his word,
In his salvation shall rejoice.
- 5 Let ev'ry saint, in sore distress,
By faith approach his Saviour God;
Then grant, O Lord, thy pard'ning grace,
And feed thy church with heav'nly food.

PSALM XXIX. Long Metre.

Storm and thunder.

- 1 **G**IVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and pow'r,
Ascribe due honors to his name,
And his eternal might adore.
- 2 The Lord proclaims his pow'r aloud
Thro' ev'ry ocean, ev'ry land;
His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.
- 3 He speaks, and tempest, hail, and wind,
Lay the wide forest bare around;
The fearful hart and frightened hind,
Leap at the terror of the sound.
- 4 To Lebanon he turns his voice,
And lo, the stately cedars break;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The vallies roar, the deserts quake.
- 5 The Lord sits sov'reign on the flood,
The Thund'rer reigns for ever King;

But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

- 6 In gentler language, there the Lord
The counsel of his grace imparts :
Amidst the raging storm, his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

PSALM XXX. First part. Long Metre.

Sickness healed, and sorrows removed.

- 1 I WILL extol thee, Lord, on high,
At thy command diseases fly :
Who but a God can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave ?
- 2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints, and prove
How large his grace, how kind his love ;
Let all your pow'rs rejoice, and trace
The wond'rous records of his grace.
- 3 His anger but a moment stays ;
His love is life and length of days ;
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores the joy.

PSALM XXX. ver. 6. Second part. Long Metre

Health, sickness, and recovery.

- 1 FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night ;
Fondly I said within my heart,
" Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."
- 2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long ;
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts died.
- 3 I cry'd aloud to thee my God,
" What canst thou profit by my blood ?
" Deep in the dust can I declare
" Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there ?

- 4 "Hear me, O God of grace, (I said)
 "And bring me from among the dead :"
 Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,
 Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.
- 5 My groans and tears, and forms of woe,
 Are turn'd to joys and praises now ;
 I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
 And ease and gladness gird me round.
- 6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
 Shall ne'er be silent of thy name ;
 Thy praise shall sound thro' earth and heav'n,
 For sickness heal'd, and sins forgiv'n.

PSALM XXXI. ver. 5, 13,—19, 22, 23.

First part. Common Metre.

Deliverance from death.

- 1 TO thee, O God of truth and love,
 My spirit I commit:
 Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death,
 And sav'd me from the pit.
- 2 Despair and comfort, hope and fear,
 Maintain'd a doubtful strife ;
 While sorrow, pain, and sin conspir'd
 To take away my life.
- 3 "My time is in thy hand," I cry'd,
 "Through I draw near the dust ;"
 Thou art the refuge where I hide,
 The God in whom I trust.
- 4 Oh make thy reconciled face
 Upon thy servant shine,
 And save me for thy mercy's sake,
 For I'm entirely thine.
- PAUSE.
- 5 'Twas in my haste my spirit said,
 "I must despair and die,
 "I am cut off before thine eyes ;"
 But thou hast heard my cry.

- 6 Thy goodness how divinely free !
 How sweet thy smiling face,
 To those that fear thy majesty,
 And trust thy promis'd grace.
- 7 Oh love the Lord, all ye his saints,
 And sing his praises loud ;
 He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
 And recompence the proud.

PSALM XXXI. ver. 7, 33, 41, 24.

Deliverance from slander and reproach.

- 1 MY heart rejoices in thy name,
 My God, my heav'nly trust ;
 Thou hast preserv'd me free from shame,
 Mine honour from the dust.
- 2 " My life is spent with grief," I cry'd,
 " My years consum'd in groans,
 " My strength decays, mine eyes are dry'd.
 " And sorrows waste my bones."
- 3 Among mine enemies my name
 A proverb vile was grown,
 While to my neighbours I became
 Forgotten and unknown.
- 4 Slander and fear on ev'ry side
 Seiz'd and beset me round,
 I to thy throne of grace applied,
 And speedy rescue found.

PAUSE.

- 5 How great deliv'rance thou hast wrought
 Before the sons of men !
 The lying lips to silence brought,
 And made their boasting vain !
- 6 Thy children from the strife of tongues
 Shall thy pavilion hide,
 Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
 And crush the sons of pride.

- 7 Within thy secret presence, Lord,
Let me for ever dwell :
No fenced city, wall'd and barr'd,
Secures a saint so well.

P S A L M XXXII. Short Metre.

Forgiveness of sins upon confession.

- 1 OH blessed souls are they
Whose sins are cover'd o'er !
Divinely bless'd to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care,
Their lips and lives without deceit
Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound,
'Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne ;
Our help in times of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

P S A L M XXXII. Common Metre.

*Free pardon and sincere obedience ; or, Confession
and forgiveness.*

- 1 HOW bless'd the man to whom his God
No more imputes his sin,
But wash'd in the Redeemer's blood,
Hath made his garments clean !
- 2 And blest beyond expression he
Whose debts are thus discharg'd ;
While from the guilty bondage free
He feels his soul enlarg'd.
- 3 His spirit hates deceit and lies,
His words are all sincere ;

He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,
To keep his conscience clear.

- 4 While I my inward grief suppress,
No quiet could I find;
Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
And rack'd my tortur'd mind.
- 5 Then I confess'd my troubled thoughts,
My secret sins reveal'd,
Thy pard'ning grace forgave my faults,
Thy grace my pardon seal'd.
- 6 This shall invite thy saints to pray;
When, like a raging flood,
Temptations rise, our strength and stay
Is a forgiving God.

P S A L M XXXII. First part. Long Metre.

*Repentance and free pardon; or, Justification
and sanctification.*

- 1 BLESS'd is the man, for ever bless'd,
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
And cover'd with a Saviour's blood.
- 2 Before his judgment seat the Lord
No more permits his crimes to rise;
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace, relies.
- 3 From guile his heart and lips are free,
His humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree,
And join to prove his faith sincere.
- 4 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins?
While a bright evidence of grace
Through all his life appears and shines.

PSALM XXXII. Second part. Long Metre.
A guilty conscience eased by confession and pardon.

- 1 WHILE I keep silence, and conceal
 My heavy guilt within my heart,
 What torments doth my conscience feel!
 What agonies of inward smart!
- 2 I spread my sins before the Lord,
 And all my secret faults confess;
 Thy gospel speaks a pard'ning word,
 Thine holy Spirit seals the grace.
- 3 For this shall ev'ry humble soul
 Make swift addresses to thy seat;
 When floods of huge temptations roll,
 There shall they find a bless'd retreat.
- 4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
 When days grow dark, and storms arise!
 And when I walk, thy watchful eye
 Shall guide me safe from ev'ry snare.

PSALM XXXIII. First part. Common Metre.
Works of creation and providence.

- 1 REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord
 This work belongs to you:
 Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
 How holy, just, and true!
- 2 His mercy and his righteousness
 Let heav'n and earth proclaim;
 His works of nature and of grace
 Reveal his wond'rous name.
- 3 His word, with energy divine,
 Those heav'nly arches spread,
 Bade starry hosts around them shine,
 And light the heav'ns pervade.
- 4 He taught the swelling waves to flow
 To their appointed deep;

- Bade raging seas their limits know,
And still their station keep.
- 5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand ;
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.
- 6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs ;
His counsel stands through ev'ry age,
And in full glory shines.

PSALM XXXIII. Second part. Common Metre.

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

- 1 BLESS'D is the nation where the Lord
Hath fix'd his gracious throne ;
Where he reveals his heav'nly word,
And calls their tribes his own.
- 2 His eye, with infinite survey,
Does the whole world behold ;
He form'd us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.
- 3 Kings are not rescu'd by the force
Of armies from the grave ;
Nor speed nor courage of an horse
Can his bold rider save.
- 4 Vain is the strength of beasts or men,
Nor springs our safety thence ;
But holy souls from God obtain
A strong and sure defence.
- 5 God is their fear, and God their trust ;
When plagues or famine spread,
His watchful eye secures the just,
Among ten thousand dead.
- 6 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bless us from thy throne ;
For we have made thy word our choice,
And trust thy grace alone.

PSALM XXXIII. As the 113th psalm. First part.

Works of creation and providence.

- 1 YE holy souls, in God rejoice,
Your Maker's praise becomes your voice,
Great is your theme, your songs be new;
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
How wise and holy, just and true!
- 2 Behold, to earth's remotest ends
His goodness flows, his truth extends;
His pow'r the heav'nly arches spread;
His word, with energy divine,
Bade starry hosts around them shine,
And light the circling heav'ns pervade.
- 3 His hand collect's the flowing seas;
Those wat'ry treasures know their place,
And fill the store-house of the deep:
He spake, and gave all nature birth;
And fires, and seas, and heav'n, and earth;
His everlasting orders keep.
- 4 Let mortals tremble and adore
A God of such resistless pow'r;
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage:
Vain are your thoughts, and weak your hands,
But his eternal counsel stands,
And rules the world from age to age.

PSALM XXXIII. As the 113th psalm.
Second part.

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

- 1 OH happy nation, where the Lord
Reveals the treasure of his word,
And builds his church, his earthly throne!
His eye the heathen world surveys,
He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways,
But God their maker is unknown.

- 2 Let kings rely upon their host,
And of his strength the champion boast ;
In vain they boast, in vain rely ;
In vain we trust the brutal force,
Or speed, or courage of an horse,
To guard his rider, or to fly.
- 3 The arm of our almighty Lord
Doth more secure defence afford,
When death or dangers threat'ning stand ;
Thy watchful eye preserves the just.
Who make thy name their fear and trust,
When wars and famine waste the land.
- 4 In sickness, or the bloody field,
Our great Physician, and our Shield
Shall send salvation from his throne ;
We wait to see thy goodness shine ;
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

PSALM XXXIV. First part. Long Metre.
God's care of his saints ; or, Deliverance by prayer.

- 1 LORD, I will bless thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue :
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.
- 2 Come, magnify the Lord with me,
Let ev'ry heart exalt his name ;
I sought th' eternal God, and he
Has not expos'd my hope to shame.
- 3 I told him all my secret grief,
My secret groaning reach'd his ear ;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.
- 4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
With heav'nly joy their faces shine,
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and love divine.

His holy angels pitch their tents
 Around the men that serve the Lord,
 Oh fear and love him all his saints,
 Taste of his grace, and trust his word.

- 6 The wild young lions, pinch'd with pain
 And hunger, roar through all the wood;
 But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
 Nor want supplies of real good.

P S A L M XXXIV. ver. 11, 22. Second part.
 Long Metre.

Religious education; or, instruction of piety.

- 1 CHILDREN, in years and knowledge young,
 Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
 Attend the counsels of my tongue,
 Let pious thoughts your minds employ.
- 2 If you desire a length of days,
 And peace to crown your mortal state,
 Restrain your feet from impious ways,
 Your lips from slander and deceit.
- 3 The eyes of God regard his saints,
 His ears are open to their cries;
 He sets his frowning face against
 The sons of violence and lies.
- 4 To humble souls and broken hearts
 God with his grace is ever nigh;
 Pardon and hope his love imparts,
 When men in deep contrition lie.
- 5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
 His Son redeems their souls from death,
 His Spirit heals their broken bones,
 His praise employs their tuneful breath.

P S A L M XXXIV. ver 1,—10. First part.
 Common Metre.

Prayer and praise for eminent deliverance.

- 1 I'LL bless the Lord from day to day,
 How good are all his ways!

- Ye humble souls that use to pray,
Come, help my lips to praise.
- 2 Sing to the honor of his name,
How a poor sutt'rer cry'd,
Nor was his hope expos'd to shame,
Nor was his suit deny'd.
- 3 When threat'ning sorrows round me flood,
And endless fears arose,
Like the loud billows of a flood,
Redoubling all my woes :
- 4 I told the Lord my sore distress,
With heavy groans and tears ;
He gave my sharpest torments ease,
And silenc'd all my fears.

P A U S E.

- [5 O sinners, come and taste his love,
Come, learn his pleasant ways,
And let our own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.
- 6 He bids the angels pitch their tents
Round where his children dwell ;
What ills their heav'nly cares prevents
No earthly tongue can tell.]
- [7 O love the Lord, ye saints of his ;
His eye regards the just !
How richly blest their portion is
Who make the Lord their trust !
- 8 Young lions, pinch'd with hunger, roar,
And famish in the wood :
But God supplies his holy poor
With ev'ry needful good.]

P S A L M XXXIV. ver. 11, 12, Second part.
Common Metre.

Exhortation to peace and holiness.

- 1 COME, children, learn to fear the Lord,
And that your days be long,

Let not a false or spiteful word
Be found upon your tongue.

2 Depart from mischief, practise love,
Pursue the works of peace;
So shall the Lord your ways approve,
And set your souls at ease.

3 His eyes awake to guard the just,
His ears attend their cry :
When broken spirits dwell in dust,
The God of grace is nigh.

4 What though the sorrows here they taste
Are sharp and tedious too,
The Lord, that saves them all at last,
Is their supporter now.

5 Evil shall smite the wicked dead ;
But God secures his own,
Prevents the mischief when they slide,
Or heals the broken bone.

6 When desolation, like a flood,
O'er the proud sinner rolls,
Saints find a refuge in their God,
For he redeem'd their souls.

P S A L M XXXV. ver. 12, 13, 14.
Common Metre.

*Love to enemies ; or, The love of Christ to sin-
ners typified in David.*

1 **B**EHOLD the love, the gen'rous love,
That holy David shows :
Behold his kind compassion move
For his afflicted foes !

2 When they are sick his soul complains,
And seems to feel the smart ;
The spirit of the gospel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.

3 How did his flowing tears condole,
As for a brother dead !

And fasting, mortify'd his soul,
While for their life he pray'd.

4 They groan'd, and curs'd him on their bed,
Yet still he pleads and mourns ;
And double blessings on his head
The righteous God returns.

5 O glorious type of heav'nly grace !
Thus Christ the Lord appears ;
While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears.

6 He, the true David, Isra'ls King,
Bless'd and lov'd of God,
To save us rebels dead in sin
Pay'd his own dearest blood.

P S A L M XXXVI. ver. 5, 9. Long Metre.
*The perfections and providence of God ; or, Gen-
eral providence and special grace.*

1 **H**IGH in the heav'ns, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep ;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share ;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God ! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs ;
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast,

There mercy, like a river, flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

Li fe, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

PSALM XXXVI. ver. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9.
Common Metre.

Practical atheism exposed; or, The being and attributes of God asserted.

1 WHILE men grow bold in wicked ways,
And yet a God they own,
My heart within me often says,
“ Their thoughts believe there's none.”

2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare,
(Whate'er their lips profess)
God hath no wrath for them to fear,
Nor will they seek his grace.

3 How strange self-flatt'ry blinds their eyes?
But there's a hali'ning hour
When they shall see, with more surprise,
The terrors of thy pow'r.

4 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
Though mountains melt away;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep unfathom'd sea.

5 Above these heaven's created rounds,
Thy mercy, Lord, extend;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds
Where time and nature end.

6 Safety to man thy goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the beast;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy children chuse to rest.

[7 From thee, when creature streams run low,
And mortal comforts die,

Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
And raise our pleasures high.

Though all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day,
Where clouds can never rise.]

PSALM XXXVI. ver. 1—7. Short Metre.
*The wickedness of man, and the majesty of God; or,
Practical atheism exposed.*

WHEN man grows bold in sin,
My heart within me cries,
“He hath no faith of God within,
“Nor fear before his eyes.”

2 He walks awhile conceal’d
In a self-flatt’ring dream,
Till his dark crimes, at once reveal’d,
Expose his hateful name.]

His heart is false and foul,
His words are smooth and fair;
Wisdom is banish’d from his soul,
And leaves no goodness there.

He plots upon his bed
New mischiefs to fulfil;
He sets his heart, and hand, and head,
To practise all that’s ill.

But there’s a dreadful God,
Though men renounce his fear;
His justice, hid behind a cloud,
Shall one great day appear.

His truth transcends the sky,
In heav’n his mercies dwell;
Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
His anger burns to hell.

How excellent his love,
Whence all our safety springs!

O never let my soul remove
From underneath his wings !

PSALM XXXVII. ver. 1,—15. First part.
Common Metre.

*The cure of envy, fretfulness, and unbelief; or,
The rewards of the righteous and the wicked.*

- 1 WHY should I vex my soul, and fret
To see the wicked rise?
Or envy sinners waxing great
By violence and lies?
 - 2 As flow'ry grass, cut down at noon,
Before the ev'ning fades,
So shall their glories vanish soon
In everlasting shades.
 - 3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,
And practise all that's good ;
So shall I dwell among the just,
And he'll provide me food.
 - 4 I to my God my ways commit,
And chearful wait his will :
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfil.
 - 5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.
 - 6 The meek at last the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heav'n ;
True riches, with abundant peace,
To humble souls are giv'n.
- P A U S E.
- 7 Rest in the Lord, and keep his way,
Nor let your anger rise,
Though providence should long delay
To punish haughty vice.
 - 8 Let sinners join to break your peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam ;

The Lord derides them, for he sees
Their day of vengeance come.

9 They have drawn out the threat'ning sword,
Have bent the murd'rous bow,
To slay the men that fear the Lord,
And bring the righteous low.

10 My God shall break their bows, and burn
Their persecuting darts;
Shall their own swords against them turn,
And pierce their stubborn hearts.

P S A L M XXXVII. ver. 16, 21, 26, 31.

Second part. Common Metre.

Charity to the poor; or, Religion in words and deeds.

1 WHY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold?

The meanest portion of the just,
Excels the sinners' gold.

2 The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er designs to pay;

The faint is merciful, and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.

3 His alms, with lib'ral heart, he gives
Amongst the sons of need;

His mem'ry to long ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.

4 His lips abhor to talk profane,
To slander and defraud;

His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learn'd of God.

5 The law and gospel of the Lord
Deep in his heart abide;

Led by the Spirit and the Word,
His feet shall never slide.

6 When sinners fall, the righteous stand
Preserv'd from ev'ry snare;

They shall possess the promis'd land,
And dwell for ever there.

P S A L M XXXVI. ver. 23,—37. Third part
Common Metre.

The way and end of the righteous and wicked.

- 1 MY God, the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will;
Though they should fall, they rise again,
Thy hands supports them still.
- 2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtue he approves;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.
- 3 The heav'nly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home;
He feasts them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.
- 4 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown;
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,
When justice casts them down.

P A U S E.

- 5 The haughty sinner have I seen,
Not fearing man nor God,
Like a tall bay-tree, fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad.
- 6 And, lo, he vanish'd from the ground,
Destroy'd by hands unseen;
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf, was found,
Where all that pride had been.
- 7 But mark the man of righteousness,
His sev'ral steps attend;
True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

P S A L M XXXVIII. Common Metre.

*Guilt of conscience and relief; or, Repentance
and prayer for pardon and health.*

- 1 **A**MIDST thy wrath remember love,
Restore thy servant, Lord;
Nor let a Father's chast'ning prove
Like an avenging sword.
- 2 Thine arrows stick within my heart,
My flesh is sorely press'd;
Between the sorrow and the smart
My spirit finds no rest.
- 3 My sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t' atone.
- 4 My thoughts are like a troubled sea,
That sinks my comforts down;
And I go mourning all the day
Beneath my Father's frown.
- 5 Lord, I am weaken'd and dismay'd,
None of my pow'rs are whole;
My wounds with piercing anguish bleed,
The anguish of my soul.
- 6 All my desires to thee are known,
Thine eye counts ev'ry tear,
And ev'ry sigh, and ev'ry groan,
Is notic'd by thine ear.
- 7 Thou art my God, my only hope,
My God will hear my cry;
My God will bear my spirit up
When Satan bids me die.
- 8 [My foes rejoice whene'er I slide,
To see my virtue fail;
They raise their pleasure and their pride
Whene'er their wiles prevail.

- 9 But I'll confess my guilty ways,
 And grieve for all my sin ;
 I'll mourn how weak the seeds of grace,
 And beg support divine.
- 10 My God forgive my follies past,
 And be for ever nigh,
 O Lord of my salvation haste,
 Before thy servant die.]

PSALM XXXIX. ver. 1, 2, 3. First part.
 Common Metre.

*Watchfulness over the tongue ; or, Prudence and
 zeal.*

- 1 THUS I resolv'd before the Lord,
 " Now will I watch my tongue,
 " Lest I let slip one sinful word,
 " Or do my neighbour wrong."

- 2 Whene'er constrain'd a while to stay
 With men of life profane,
 I'll set a double guard that day,
 Nor let my talk be vain.

- 3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
 The pious thoughts I feel,
 Lest scoffers should th' occasion take
 To mock my holy zeal.

- 4 Yet if some proper hour appear,
 I'll not be overaw'd,
 But let the scoffing sinner hear
 That we can speak for God.

PSALM XXXIX. ver. 4, 5, 6, 7.
 Second part. Common Metre.

The vanity of man as mortal.

- 1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
 Thou Maker of my frame ;
 wo uld survey life's narrow space,
 And learn how frail I am,

- 2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flower and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all the noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore,
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish or wait for then,
From creatures, earth, and dust
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.
- 6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall:
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

PSALM XXXIX. ver. 9,—13. Third part.
Common Metre.

Sick-bed devotion; or, Pleading without repining.

- 1 GOD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.
- 2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murm'ring word
Against thy chast'ning hand.
- 3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes:
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.

- 4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
 We moulder to the dust :
 Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withstand,
 And all our beauty's lost.
- 5 I'm but a stranger here below,
 As all my father's were ;
 May I be well prepar'd to go,
 When I thy summons hear !
- 6 But if my life be spar'd a while
 Before my last remove,
 Thy praise shall be my business still,
 And I'll declare thy love.

P S A L M XL. ver. 1, 2, 3, 5, 17. First part.
 Common Metre.

A song of deliverance from great distress.

- 1 I WAITED patient for the Lord,
 He bow'd to hear my cry ;
 He saw me resting on his word,
 And brought salvation nigh.
- 2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,
 Where mourning, long I lay,
 And from my bonds releas'd my feet,
 Deep bonds of miry clay.
- 3 Firm as a rock he made me stand,
 And taught my cheerful tongue
 To praise the wonders of his hand,
 In a new thankful song.
- 4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad ;
 The saints with joy shall hear,
 And sinners learn to make my God,
 Their only hope and fear.
- 5 How many are the thoughts of love ;
 Thy mercies, Lord, how great !
 We have not words nor hours enough
 Their numbers to repeat.

- 7 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on his heart.

P S A L M XL. ver. 6,—9. Second part.
Common Metre.

The incarnation and sacrifice of Christ.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord, "Your work is vain,
" Give your burnt off'rings o'er,
" In dying goats and bullocks slain
" My soul delights no more."
2 Then spake the Saviour, "Lo, I'm here,
" My God, to do thy will;
" Whate'er thy sacred books declare,
" Thy servant shall fulfil.
3 " Thy love is ever in my sight,
" I keep it near my heart;
" Mine eyes are open'd with delight
" To what my lips impart."
4 And see! the blest Redeemer comes!
Th' eternal Son appears,
And at th' appointed time assumes
The body God prepares.
5 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,
And much his truth he shew'd,
And preach'd the way of righteousness
Where great assemblies stood.
6 His Father's honour touch'd his heart;
He pity'd sinners cries,
And to fulfil a Saviour's part
Was made a sacrifice.

P A U S E.

- 7 No blood of beasts on altars shed
Could wash the conscience clean,
But the rich sacrifice he paid
Atones for all our sin.

- 8 Then was the great salvation spread,
 And Satan's kingdom shook;
 Thus, by the woman's promis'd seed
 The serpent's head was broke.

PSALM XL. ver. 5,—10. Long Metre.

Christ our sacrifice.

- 1 THE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,
 Exceed our praise, surmount our thought;
 Should I attempt the long detail,
 My speech would faint, my numbers fail.
- 2 No blood of beasts, on altars spilt,
 Can cleanse the soul of man from guilt;
 But thou hast set before our eyes
 An all sufficient sacrifice.
- 3 Lo! thine eternal Son appears,
 To thy designs he bows his ears,
 Assumes a body well prepar'd,
 And well performs a work so hard.
- 4 "Behold I come," the Saviour cries,
 With love and duty in his eyes;
 "I come to bear the heavy load
 Of sins, and do thy will my God.
- 5 "'Tis written in thy great decree,
 "'Tis in thy book foretold of me;
 "I must fulfil the Saviour's part,
 "And, lo, the law is in my heart.
- 6 "I'll magnify thy holy law,
 "And rebels to obedience draw,
 "When on thy cross I'm lifted high,
 "Or to my crown above the sky.
- 7 "The Spirit shall descend and show
 "What thou hast done, and what I do;
 "The wond'ring world shall learn thy grace,
 "And all creation tune thy praise."

PSALM XLI. ver. 1, 2, 3. Long Metre.

Charity to the poor; or, Pity to the afflicted.

- 1 BLESS'D is the man whose breast can move
And melt with pity to the poor,
Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.
- 2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do;
He, in the time of gen'ral grief,
Shall find the Lord has mercy too.

- 3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth,
Around him multiply their dead.

- 4 Or if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n,
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heav'n.

PSALM XLII. ver. 1,—9. First part.
Common Metre.

*Desertion and hope; or, Complaint of absence
from public worship.*

- 1 WITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God to thee I look;
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taste the cooling brook.
- 2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again?
So long an absence from thy face
My heart indures with pain.
- 3 Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast;
The foe insults without controul,
“And where's your God at last?”
- 4 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days;

Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.

3 But why, my soul, sunk down so far
Beneath this heavy load?

My spirit why indulge despair,
And sin against my God?

Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove,

For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

PSALM XLII. ver. 6,—12. Second part.
Long Metre.

Melancholy thoughts reproved; or, Hope in affliction.

1 MY spirit sinks within me, Lord,
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.

2 Huge troubles, with tumultuous noise,
Swell like a sea, and round me spread;
The rising waves drown all my joys,
And roll tremendous o'er my head.

3 Yet will the Lord command his love,
When I address his throne by day,
Nor in the night his grace remove;
The night shall hear me sing and pray.

4 I'll cast myself before his feet,
And say, "My God, my heav'nly Rock,
"Why doth thy love so long forget
"The soul that groans beneath thy stroke?"

5 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low;
Why should my soul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praise him too;
He is my rest, my sure relief.

6 My God, my most exceeding joy,
Thy light and truth shall guide me still,

Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thine heav'nly hill.

PSALM XLIII. Common Metre.

Safety in divine protection.

- 1 JUDGE me, O God, and plead my cause,
Against a sinful race;
From vile oppression and deceit,
Secure me by thy grace.
- 2 On thee my stedfast hope depends,
And am I left to mourn?
To sink in sorrows, and in vain
Implore thy kind return?
- 3 Oh send thy light to guide my feet,
And bid thy truth appear,
Conduct me to thine holy hill,
To taste thy mercies there.
- 4 Then to thy altar, oh, my God,
My joyful feet shall rise,
And my triumphant song shall praise
The God that made the skies.
- 5 Sink not, my soul, beneath thy fear,
Nor yield to weak despair;
For I have liv'd to praise the Lord,
And bless his guardian care.

PSALM XLIV. ver. 1, 2, 3, 8, 15,—26.
Common Metre.

The church's complaint in persecution.

- 1 LORD, we have heard thy works of old,
Thy works of pow'r and grace,
When to our ears our father's told
The wonders of their days :
- 2 They saw thy beauteous churches rise,
The spreading gospel run;
While light and glory from the skies
Through all their temples shone.

- 3 In God they boasted all the day,
And in a cheerful throng
Did thousands meet to praise and pray,
And grace was all their song.
- 4 But now our souls are seiz'd with shame,
Confusion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaspheme,
And fools reproach thy grace.
- 5 Yet we have not forgot our God,
Nor falsely dealt with heav'n;
Nor have our steps declin'd the road
Of duty thou hast giv'n.
- 6 Though dragons all around us roar,
With their destructive breath,
And thine own hand has bruise'd us sore,
Hard by the gates of death.
- P A U S E.
- 7 We are expos'd all day to die,
As martyrs for thy name;
As sheep for slaughter sound we lie,
And wait the kindling flame.
- 8 Awake, arise, almighty Lord,
Why sleeps thy wonted grace?
Why should we seem like men abhorr'd,
Or banish'd from thy face.
- 9 Wilt thou for ever cast us off,
And still neglect our cries?
For ever hide thine heav'nly love
From our afflicted eyes?
- 10 Down to the dust our soul is bow'd,
And dies upon the ground;
Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,
And all their pow'rs confound.
- 11 Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Saviour and our God;
To plead the honours of thy name,
The merits of thy blood.

P S A L M XLV. Short Metre.

*The glory of Christ; the success of the gospel;
and the Gentile church.*

- 1 MY Saviour and my King,
Thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And ev'ry grace is thine.
- 2 Now make thy glory known,
Gird on thy dreadful sword,
And rise in majesty to spread
The conquests of thy word.
- 3 Strike through thy stubborn foes,
Or make their hearts obey,
While justice, meekness, grace, and truth,
Attend thy glorious way.
- 4 Thy laws, O God, are right,
Thy throne shall ever stand;
And thy victorious gospel prove
A sceptre in thy hand.
- 5 [Thy Father and thy God
Hath without measure shed
His Spirit, like a grateful oil,
To anoint thy sacred head.]
- 6 [Behold, at thy right hand
The Gentile church is seen,
A beauteous bride, in rich attire,
And princes guard the queen.]
- 7 Fair bride, receive his love,
Forget thy father's house;
For sake thy gods, thy idol gods,
And pay the Lord thy vows.
- 8 Oh let thy God and King
Thy sweetest thoughts employ;
Thy children shall his honour sing,
And taste the heav'nly joy.

P S A L M XLV. Common Metre.

The personal glories and government of Christ.

- 1 I'LL speak the honours of my King,
His form divinely fair:
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.
- 2 Sweet is thy speech, and heav'nly grace,
Upon thy lips is shed;
Thy God with blessing infinite
Hath crown'd thy sacred head.
- 3 Gird on thy sword, victorious prince,
Ride with majestic sway;
Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.
- 4 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,
Thy word of grace shall prove
A faithful sceptre in thy hands,
To rule thy saints by love.
- 5 Justice and truth attend thee still,
But mercy is thy choice;
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
With most peculiar joys.

P S A L M XLV. First part. Long Metre.

The glory of Christ, and the power of his gospel.

- 1 NOW be my heart inspir'd to sing
The glories of my Saviour King,
Jesus, the Lord; how heav'nly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!
- 2 O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with far superior grace,
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.
- 3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord;
Gird on the terrors of thy sword,
In majesty and glory ride,
With truth and meekness at thy side.

- 4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart ;
Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.
- 5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,
Grace is the sceptre, in thy hands ;
Thy laws and works are just and right,
But grace and justice thy delight.
- 6 God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head ;
And with his sacred Spirit blest
His first born Son above the rest.

PSALM XLV. Second part. Long Metre.

Christ and his church ; or, The mystical marriage.

- 1 THE King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majesty and grace !
He comes with blessings from above,
And wins the nations to his love.
- 2 At his right hand our eyes behold
The queen, array'd in purest gold ;
The world admires her heav'nly dress,
Her robes of joy and righteousness.
- 3 He forms her beauties like his own,
He calls and seats her near his throne ;
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
The idols of thy native state.
- 4 So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the fav'rite of his choice ;
Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.
- 5 Oh happy hour when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace, in the skies,
And all thy sons (a num'rous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign.
- 6 Let endless honours crown his head ;
Let ev'ry age his honours spread ;

While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescension of his love.

PSALM XLVI. First part. Long Metre.

*The church's safety and triumph among national
desolations.*

1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God!
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And wat'ring our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controuls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour:
Nor can her firm foundation move.
Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

PSALM XLVI. Second part. Long Metre.

God fights for his church.

1 LET Zion in her King rejoice,
Though tyrants rage, and kingdoms rise;
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

- 2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
And Jacob's God is still our aid;
Behold the works his hand has wrought,
What desolations he hath made.
- 3 From sea to sea through all the shores
He makes the noise of battle cease;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace,
- 4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear,
Chariots he burns with heav'nly flame;
Let earth in silent wonder hear
The sound and glory of his name.
- 5 "Be still, and learn that I am God,
"I reign exalted o'er the lands;
"I will be known and fear'd abroad,
"But still my throne in Zion stands."
- 6 O Lord of hosts, almighty King,
While we so near thy presence-dwell,
Our faith shall sit serene, and sing,
Nor fear the raging pow'rs of hell.

P S A L M XLVII. Common Metre.

Christ ascending and reigning.

- 1 OH for a shout of sacred joy
To God the sov'reign King!
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high,
His heav'nly guards around
Attend him, rising through the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honours sing;
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge guide the song;

Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In Israel stood his ancient throne,
He lov'd that chosen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
And beathens taste his grace.

6 The Gentile nations are the Lord's,
There Abrah'm's God is known,
While powers and princes, shields and swords,
Submit before his throne.

P S A L M XLVIII. ver. 1,—8. First part.
Short Metre.

The church is the honour and safety of a nation.

1 [GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 The temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place
And bulwarks of our land.]

3 In Zion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone,
How fair his heav'nly grace!

4 When kings against her join'd,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind
They fled with hasty fear.

5 When navies, tall and proud
Attempt to spoil our peace,
He sends his tempest roaring loud,
And sinks them in the seas.

6 Oft have our father's told,
Our eyes have often seen,

P S A L M S.

How well our God secures the fold
Where his own flocks have been.

- 7 In ev'ry new distress
We'll to his house repair,
Recall to mind his wond'rous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

P S A L M XLVII. ver. 10,—14. Second part.
Short Metre.

The beauty of the church; or, Gospel worship and order.

- 1 FAR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honour raise.

- 2 With joy thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

- 3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well.

- 4 The orders of thy house,
Thy worship of thy court,
The chearful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

How decent and how wise !

How glorious to behold !

Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.

The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die ;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

P S A L M XLIX. ver. 6,—14. First part.
Common Metre.

Pride and death ; or, The vanity of life and riches

1 WHY doth the man of riches grow
To insolence and pride,
To see his wealth and honours flow
With ev'ry rising tide?

[2 Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,
Made of the self-same clay,
And boast as tho' his flesh were born
Of better dust than they?]

3 Not all his treasures can procure
His soul a short reprieve,
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.

[4 Eternal life can ne'er be sold,
The ransom is too high;
Justice will ne'er be brib'd with gold,
That man may never die.]

5 He sees the brutish and the wise,
The tim'rous and the brave,
Quit their possessions, close their eyes,
And hasten to the grave.

6 Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,
" My house shall ever stand;
" And that my name may long abide
" I'll give it to my land "

[7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost,
How soon his mem'ry dies!
His name is bury'd in the dust,
Where his own body lies.]

P A U S E.

8 This is the folly of their way!
And yet their sons, as vain,
Approve the words their fathers say,
And act their works again.

9 Men void of wisdom and of grace,
 Though honour raise them high,
 Live like the beast, a thoughtless race,
 And like the beast they die.

[10 Laid in the grave, like silly sheep,
 Death triumphs o'er them there,
 Till the last trumpet breaks their sleep,
 And wakes them in despair.

P S A L M XLIX. ver. 14, 15. Second part.
 Common Metre.

Death and the resurrection.

- 1 YE sons of pride, that hate the just,
 And trample on the poor,
 When death has brought you down to dust,
 Your pomp shall rise no more
- 2 The last great day shall change the scene;
 When will that hour appear?
 When shall the just revive, and reign
 O'er all that scorn'd them here?
- 3 God will my naked soul receive,
 Call'd from the world away,
 And break the prison of the grave,
 To raise my mould'ring clay.
- 4 Heav'n is my everlasting home,
 Th' inheritance is sure;
 Let men of pride their rage resume,
 But I'll repine no more.

P S A L M XLIX. Long Metre.

The rich sinner's death, and the saint's resurrection.

- 1 WHY do the proud insult the poor,
 And boast the large estates they have?
 How vain are riches to secure
 Their haughty owners from the grave!
- 2 They can't redeem an hour from death,
 With all the wealth in which they trust;

Nor give a dying brother breath,
When God commands him down to dust.

3 There the dark earth, an dismal shade,
Shall clasp their naked bodies round:
That flesh, so delicately fed,
Lies cold, and moulders in the ground.

4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
And leaves his glories in the tomb:
The saints shall in the morning rise,
And hear the oppressor's awful doom.

5 His honours perish in the dust,
And pomp and beauty, birth and blood:
That glorious day exalts the just
To full dominion o'er the proud.

6 My Saviour shall my life restore,
And raise me from my dark abode;
My flesh and soul shall part no more,
But dwell for ever near my God.

PSALM L. ver. 1,—6. First part.
Common Metre.

The last judgment; or, The saints rewarded.

1 THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
“Judgment will ne’er begin;”
No more abuse his long delay
To impudence and sin.

3 Thron’d on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way,
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heav’n from above his call shall hear,
Attending angels come,

And earth and hell shall know, and fear
His justice and their doom.

- 5 " But gather all my saints," he cries
" That made my peace with God,
" By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
" And seal'd it with his blood.
- 6 " Their faith and works, brought forth to light,
" Shall make the world confess
" My sentence of reward is right,
" And heav'n adore my grace."

PSALM L. ver. 10, 11, 14, 15, 23.

Second part. Common Metre.

Obedience better than sacrifice.

- 1 THUS saith the Lord, " The spacious fields,
" And flocks and herds, are mine ;
" O'er all the cattle of the hills
" I claim a right divine.
- 2 " I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
" Nor bullocks burnt with fire ;
" To hope and love, to pray and praise,
" Is all that I require.
- 3 " Invoke my name when trouble's near,
" My hand shall set thee free ;
" Then shall thy thankful lips declare
" The honour due to me.
- 4 " The man that offers humble praise,
" Declares my glory best :
" And those that tread my holy ways
" Shall my salvation taste.

PSALM L. ver. 1, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22.

Third part. Common Metre.

Judgment of hypocrites.

- 1 WHEN Christ to judgment shall descend,
And saints surround their Lord,
He calls the nations to attend,
And hear his awful word.

- 2 " Not for the want of bullocks slain,
 " Will I the world reprove ;
 " Altars, and rites, and forms, are vain.
 " Without the fire of love.
- 3 " And what have hypocrites to do
 " To bring their sacrifice ?
 " They call my statutes just and true,
 " But deal in theft and lies.
- 4 " Could you expect to 'scape my sight,
 " And sin without controul ?
 " But I shall bring your crimes to light
 " With anguish in your soul."
- 5 Consider, ye that flight the Lord,
 Before his wrath appear ;
 If once you fall beneath his sword,
 There's no deliv'rer there.

P S A L M L. Long Metre.

Hypocrisy exposed.

- 1 THE Lord, the Judge, his churches warn
 Let hypocrites attend and fear,
 Who place their hopes in rites and forms,
 Who make not faith nor love their care.
- 2 Vile wretches dare rehearse his name,
 With lips of falshood and deceit ;
 A friend or brother they defame,
 And sooth and flatter those they hate.
- 3 They watch to do their neighbours wrong,
 Yet dare to seek their Maker's face ;
 They take his covenant on their tongue,
 But break his laws, abuse his grace.
- 4 To heav'n they lift their hands unclean,
 Defil'd with lust, defil'd with blood ;
 By night they practise every sin,
 By day their mouths draw near to God.
- 5 And while his judgments long delay,
 They grow secure, and sin no more ;

They think he sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour.

- 6 O dreadful hour! when God draws near.
And sets their crimes before their eyes!
His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,
And no deliv'rer dare to rise.

PSALM I. To a new tune.

The last judgment.

- 1 THE Lord, the Sov'reign, sends his summons
forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north;
From east to west the sov'reign orders spread,
Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead:
No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the day!
- 2 Behold, the Judge descends; his guards are nigh,
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky.
Heav'n, earth, and hell draw near; let all
things come
To hear his justice, and the sinner's doom:
"But gather first my saints," the Judge com-
mands, [lands.
"Bring them, ye angels, from their distant
Behold, my cov'nant stands for ever good,
Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood, [Jew,
And sign'd with all their names; the Greek, the
That paid the ancient worship, or the new,
There's no distinction here; prepare their
thrones,
And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons.
I, their almighty Saviour, and their God,
I am their Judge: ye heav'ns proclaim abroad
My just eternal sentence, and declare
Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear;
Sinners in Zion, tremble, and retire;
I doom the painted hypocrite to fire,

- 5 Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain,
Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain
Without the flames of love; in vain the store
Of brutal off'rings, that were mine before;
Mine are the tamer beasts, and savage breed,
Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where
they feed.
- 6 If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?
When did I thirst, or take the victim's blood?
Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
Thy solemn chatt'rings, and fantastic vows?
Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold,
Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?
- 7 Unthinking wretch! how could'st thou hope
to please

A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these?
While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,
Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong;
In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
Thieves and adult'ers are thy chosen friends.

- 8 Silent, I waited with long-suff'ring love,
But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?
And cherish such an impious thought within,
That God the righteous would indulge thy sin;
Behold my terrors now; my thunders roll,
And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul."
- 9 Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools be wise;
Awake before this dreadful morning rise;
Change your vain thoughts, your sinful works
amend,
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend;
Lest, like a lion, his last vengeance tear
Your trembling souls, and no deliv'rer near.

PSALM L. To the old proper tune.

The last judgment.

- 1 THE God of glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north;

From east to west the sov'reign orders spread,
Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead.
*The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.*

2 No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the day!
Behold, the Judge descends; his guards are nigh,
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky.

*When God appears, all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.*

3 Heav'n, earth, and hell draw near; let all
things come

To hear my justice, and the sinners doom:

But gather first my saints, the Judge commands,
Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.
*When Christ returns, wake ev'ry cheerful passion,
And shout, ye saints; he comes for your salvation.*

4 Behold, my cov'nant stands for ever good,
Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood, [Jew,
And sign'd with all their names; the Greek, the
That paid the ancient worship, or the new.
*There's no distinction here; join all your voices.
And raise your heads, ye saints, for heav'n rejoices.*

5 Here, saith the Lord, ye angels spread their
thrones,

And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons;
Come, my redeem'd, possess the joys prepar'd
Ere time began, 'tis your divine reward.

*When Christ returns, wake ev'ry cheerful passion,
And shout, ye saints; he comes for your salvation.*

PAUSE the first.

6 I am the Saviour, I th' almighty God, [broad
The sov'reign Judge; ye heav'n's proclaim a-
My just eternal sentence, and declare

Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear.

*When God appears, all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.*

7 Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer, and profane,
Now feel my wrath, nor call my threat'nings
vain;

Thou hypocrite, once dress'd in saints attire,
I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.

*Judgment proceeds, hell trembles, heaven rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.*

8 Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
Do I condemn thee, bulls and goats are vain
Without the flames of love: in vain the store
Of brutal off'rings, that were mine before.

*Earth is the Lord's, all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.*

9 If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?
When did I thirst? and drink thy bullocks blood?
Mine are the tamer beasts, and savage breed,
Flocks, herds; and fields and forests, where
they feed.

*All is the Lord's; he rules the wide creation;
Gives sinners vengeance, and the saints salvation.*

10 Can I be flatter'd with thy cringings bows,
Thy solemn chatt'rings, and fantastic vows?
Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold,
Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?

*God is the judge of hearts, no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.*

PAUSE the second. [please

11 Unthinking wretch! how could thou hope to
A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these:
While, with my grace and statutes on thy tongue
Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong.

*Judgment proceeds, hell trembles, heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.*

12 In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends;
Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends:
While the false flatt'rer at mine altar waits,
His harden'd soul divine instruction hates

*God is the judge of hearts, no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.*

13 Silent I waited with long-suff'ring love,
But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove;
And cherish such an impious thought within,
That the All-holy would indulge thy sin?
*See, God appears; all nations join t' adore him;
Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before him.*

14 Behold my terrors now; my thunders roll,
And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul;
Now, like a lion, shall my vengeance tear
Thy bleeding heart, and no deliv'rer near.
*Judgment concludes, hell trembles, heav'n rejoices.
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.*

EPIPHONEMA.

Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise:
Awake before this dreadful morning rise;
Change your vain thoughts, your sinful works
amend;

Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend.
*Then join, ye saints; wake ev'ry cheerful passion;
When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.*

PSALM LI. First part. Long Metre.

A penitent pleading for pardon.

1 **S**HEW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The pow'r and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
 Against thy law, against thy grace;
 Lord, should thy judgments grow severe,
 I am condemn'd, but thou art clear:
 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
 I must pronounce him just in death:
 And if my soul were sent to hell,
 Thy righteous law approves it well.
 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word,
 Would light on some sweet promise there,
 Some sure support, against despair.

PSALM LI. Second part. Long Metre.

Original and actual sin confessed and pardoned.

LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
 And born unholy and unclean:
 Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
 Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

Soon as we drew our infant breath,
 The seeds of sin grew up for death;
 The law demands a perfect heart,
 But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.

[Great God, create my heart anew,
 And form my spirit pure and true:
 O make me wise betimes to spy
 My danger and my remedy.]

Behold, I fall before thy face;
 My only refuge is thy grace:
 No outward forms can make me clean;
 The leprosy lies deep within.

No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
 Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
 Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
 Can wash the dismal stain away.

Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
 Hath pow'r sufficient to atone;

Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

- 7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh, nor soul, hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make my broken heart rejoice.

PSALM LI. Third part. Long Metre.

*The backslider restored; or, Repentance and faith
in the blood of Christ.*

- 1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their inem'ry from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 7 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace;

I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

- 8 O may thy love inspire my tongue !
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord my strength and righteousness.

P S A L M LI. ver. 3,—13. First part.
Common Metre.

Original and actual sin confessed and pardoned.

- 1 LORD, I would spread my sore distress
And guilt before thine eyes ;
Against thy laws, against thy grace,
How high my crimes arise !
- 2 Should'st thou condemn my soul to hell,
And crush my flesh to dust,
Heav'n would approve thy vengeance well,
And earth must own it just.
- 3 I from the stock of Adam came
Unholy and unclean ;
All my original is shame,
And all my nature sin.
- 4 Born in a world of guilt, I drew
Contagion in my breath ;
And, as my days advanc'd, I grew
A juster prey for death.
- 5 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul
With thy forgiving love ;
O make my broken spirit whole,
And make my pains remove.
- 6 Let not thy Spirit e'er depart,
Nor drive me from thy face ;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace.
- 7 Then will I make thy mercy known
Before the sons of men ;

Backsliders shall address thy throne,
And turn to God again.

PSALM LI. ver. 14,—17. Second part.
Common Metre.

Repentance and faith in the blood of Christ.

- 1 O GOD of mercy, hear my call,
My loads of guilt remove,
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from thy love.
- 2 Give me the presence of thy grace,
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.
- 3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.
- 4 A soul oppress'd with sin's desert
My God will ne'er despise?
A humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

PSALM LII. Common Metre.

The disappointment of the wicked.

- 1 WHY should the mighty make their boast,
And heav'nly grace despise?
In their own arm they put their trust,
And fill their mouth with lies.
- 2 But God in vengeance shall destroy,
And drive them from his face;
No more shall they his church annoy,
Nor find on earth a place.
- 3 But like a cultur'd olive grove,
Dress'd in immortal green,
Thy children blooming in thy love,
Amid thy courts are seen.

- 4 On thine eternal grace, O Lord,
 Thy saints shall rest secure,
 And all who trust thy holy word,
 Shall find salvation sure.

P S A L M LII. Long Metre.

The folly of self-dependence.

- 1 WHY should the haughty hero boast,
 His vengeful arm, his warlike host!
 While blood defiles his cruel hand,
 And desolation wastes the land.
- 2 He joys to hear the captive's cry,
 The widow's groan, the orphan's sigh;
 And when the wearied sword would spare,
 His falsehood spreads the fatal snare.
- 3 He triumphs in the deeds of wrong,
 And arms with rage his impious tongue;
 With pride proclaims his dreadful pow'r,
 And bids the trembling world adore.
- 4 But God beholds, and with a frown,
 Casts to the earth his honours down;
 The righteous freed, their hopes recall,
 And hail the proud oppressors fall.
- 5 How low th' insulting tyrant lies,
 Who dar'd th' eternal Pow'r despise;
 And vainly deem'd, with envious joy,
 His arm almighty to destroy.
- 6 We praise thee, Lord, who heard our cries,
 And sent salvation from the skies;
 The saints who saw our mournful days,
 Shall join our grateful songs of praise.

P S A L M LIII. ver. 4,—6. Common Metre.

Victory and deliverance from persecution.

- ARE all the foes of Zion fools,
 Who thus destroy her saints?
 Do they not know her Saviour rules,
 And pities her complaints?

- 2 They shall be seiz'd with sad surpris'd;
For God's avenging arm
Shall crush the hand that dares arise
To do his children harm.
- 3 In vain the sons of Satan boast
Of armies in array;
When God has first despis'd their host,
They fall an easy prey.
- 4 O for a word from Zion's King,
Her captives to restore!
Thy joyful saints thy praise shall sing,
And Israel weep no more.

P S A L M LIV. Common Metre.

- 1 **B**EHOLD us, Lord, and let our cry
Before thy throne ascend,
Cast thou on us a pitying eye,
And still our lives defend.
- 2 For slaught'ring foes insult us round,
Oppressive, proud, and vain;
They cast thy temples to the ground,
And all our rites profane.
- 3 Yet thy forgiving grace we trust,
And in thy power rejoice;
Thine arm shall crush our foes to dust,
Thy praise inspire our voice.
- 4 Be thou with those whose friendly hand
Upheld us in distress,
Extend thy truth thro' ev'ry land,
And still thy people bless.

P S A L M LV. ver. 1,—3, 16, 17, 18, 22.
Common Metre.*Support for the afflicted and tempted soul.*

- 1 **O** GOD, my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears,
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.

- 2 Their rage is levell'd at my life,
My soul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward strife,
To shake my hope in God.
- 3 What inward pain my heart-strings wound,
I groan with ev'ry breath;
Horror and fear beset me round
Amongst the shades of death.
- 4 O were I like a feather'd dove,
And innocence had wings,
I'd fly, and make a long remove
From all these restless things.
- 5 Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home,
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.
- 6 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all,
To'scape the rage of hell!
The mighty God, on whom I call,
Can save me here as well.

P A U S E.

- 7 By morning light I'll seek his face,
At noon repeat my cry,
The night shall hear me ask his grace,
Nor will he long deny.
- 8 God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand angels must appear
If he command their aid.
- 9 I cast my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord sustains them all;
My courage rests upon his word,
That saints shall never fall.
- 10 My highest hopes shall not be vain,
My lips shall spread his praise;
While cruel and deceitful men
Scarce live out half their days.

P S A L M LV. ver. 15, 16, 17, 19, 22.

Short Metre.

- 1 LET sinners take their course,
And chuse the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.
- 2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing ev'ry noon,
And pay my vows at night.
- 3 Thou wilt reward my cries,
O my eternal God,
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thy angry rod.
- 4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.
- 5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.
- 6 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly pow'r can move.

P S A L M LVI. Common Metre.

*Deliverance from oppression and falsehood; or,
God's care of his people, in answer to faith
and prayer.*

- 1 O THOU whose justice reigns on high,
And makes th' oppression cease,
Behold how envious sinners try
To vex and break my peace.
- 2 The sons of violence and lies
Join to devour me, Lord;

But as my hourly dangers rise,
My refuge is thy word.

3 In God most holy, just, and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
The offspring of the dust.

4 They wrest my words to mischief still,
Charge me with unknown faults;
For mischief all their counsels fill,
And malice all their thoughts.

5 Shall they escape without thy frown?
Must their devices stand?
Oh cast the haughty sinner down,
And let him know thy hand!

P A U S E.

6 God sees the sorrows of his saints,
Their groans affect his ears:
Thy mercy counts my just complaints,
And numbers all my tears.

7 When to thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee:
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.

8 In thee, most holy, just, and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.

Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord
Thou shalt receive my praise;
I'll sing, "How faithful is thy word!"
"How righteous all thy ways!"

10 Thou hast secur'd my soul from death;
O set thy pris'ner free,
That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employ'd for thee.

PSALM LVII. Long Metre.

Praise for protection; grace and truth.

- 1 MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.
- 2 Up to the heav'ns I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.
- 3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns, where angels dwell
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.
- 4 My heart is fix'd; my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.
- 5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless year remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.
- 6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns, where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

PSALM LVIII. As the 113th psalm.

Warning to magistrates.

- 1 JUDGES, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye despise the righteous cause?
When vile oppression wastes the land,
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich sinners 'scape secure,
While gold and greatness bribe your hand?
- 2 Have ye forgot, or never knew
That God will judge the judges too?

- High in the heav'ns his justice reigns ;
 Yet you invade the rights of God ;
 And send your bold decrees abroad,
 To bind the conscience in your chains.
- 3 A'poison'd arrow is your tongue,
 The arrow sharp, the poison strong,
 And death attends where'er it wounds ;
 You know no counsels, cries, or tears ;
 So deaf the adder stops her ears
 Against the pow'r of charming sounds !
- 4 Break out their teeth, eternal God,
 Those teeth of lions dy'd in blood ;
 And crush the serpents to the dust :
 As empty chaff, when whirlwinds rise,
 Before the sweeping tempest flies,
 So let their hopes and names be lost.
- 5 Th' Almighty thunders from the sky,
 Their grandeur reigns, their titles die,
 As hills of snow dissolve and run :
 Or snails that perish in their slime,
 Or births that come before their time,
 Vain births that never see the sun.
- 6 Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord
 Safety and joy to saints afford ;
 And all that hear shall join and say,
 " Sure there's a God that rules on high,
 " A God that hears his children cry,
 " And will their sufferings well repay"

PSALM LIX. Short Metre.

Prayer for national deliverance.

- 1 FROM foes that round us rise,
 O God of heav'n defend,
 Who brave the vengeance of the skies,
 And with thy saints contend.
- 2 Behold, from distant shores
 And desert wilds they come,

Combine for blood their barb'rous force,
And through thy cities roam.

3 Beneath the silent shade
Their secret plots they lay,
Our peaceful walls by night invade,
And waste the fields by day.

4 And will the God of grace,
Regardless of our pain,
Permit, secure, that impious race
To riot in their reign?

5 In vain their secret guile
Or open force they prove ;
His eye can pierce the deepest veil,
His hand their strength remove.

6 Yet save them, Lord, from death,
Lest we forget their doom ;
But drive them, with thine angry breath,
Thro' distant worlds to roam.

7 Then shall our grateful voice
Proclaim our guardian God ;
The nations round the earth rejoice,
And sound thy praise abroad.

P S A L M LX. Common Metre.

Looking to God in the distress of war.

1 LORD, thou hast scour'd our guilty land,
Behold thy people mourn :
Shall vengeance ever guide thy hand,
And mercy ne'er return ?

2 Beneath the terrors of thine eye
Earth's haughty tow'rs decay ?
Thy frowning mantle spreads the sky,
And mortals melt away.

3 Our Zion trembles at thy stroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand !
Oh, heal the people thou hast broke,
And save the sinking land.

- 4 Exalt thy banner in the field,
For those that fear thy name :
From barb'rous hosts our nation shield,
And put our foes to shame.
- 5 Attend our armies to the fight,
And be their guardian God ;
In vain shall num'rous pow'rs unite
Against thy lifted rod.
- 6 Our troops beneath thy guiding hand,
Shall gain a glad renown :
'Tis God who makes the feeble stand,
And treads the mighty down.

PSALM LXI. ver. 1,—6. Short Metre.

Safety in God.

- 1 WHEN overwhelm'd with grief
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heav'n I lift my eyes.
- 2 Oh lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide ;
Thou art the tow'r of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name ;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

PSALM LXII. ver. 5,—12. Long Metre.

*No trust in the creatures ; or, Faith in divine
grace and power.*

- 1 MY spirit looks to God alone ;
My rock and refuge is his throne ;

In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

- 2 Trust him ye saints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.
- 3 False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in the balance both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.
- 4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glitt'ring dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke.
- 5 Once has his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard,
All power is his eternal due;
He must be fear'd and trusted too.
- 6 For sov'reign pow'r reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne;
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

PSALM LXIII. ver. 1, 2, 5, 3, 4. First part.
Common Metre.

The morning of a Lord's day.

- 1 **E**ARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims, on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r
Through all thy temple shine;

My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,
That vision so divine.

- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.
- 5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.
- 6 Thus till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

PSALM LXIII. ver. 6,—20. Second part.
Common Metre.

Midnight thoughts recollected.

- 1 'TWAS in the watches of the night
I thought upon thy pow'r,
I kept thy lovely face in sight
Amidst the darkest hour.
- 2 My flesh lay resting on my bed,
My soul arose on high;
"My God, my life, my hope, I said,
"Bring thy salvation nigh."
- 3 My spirit labors up thine hill,
And climbs the heav'nly road;
But thy right hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my God.
- 4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wings:
My heart rejoices in thine aid,
My tongue awakes and sings.
- 5 But the destroyers of my peace
Shall fret and rage in vain;

The tempter shall for ever cease,
And all my sins be slain.

- 6 Thy sword shall give my foes to death,
And send them down to dwell
In the dark caverns of the earth,
Or in the deeps of hell.

PSALM LXIII. Long Metre.

*Longing after God; or, The love of God better
than life.*

- 1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father, and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.
- 3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water brook.
- 4 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face,
Oft' have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the power of sov'reign grace.
- 5 Not fruits or wines, that tempt our taste,
No pleasures that to sense belong
Could make me so divinely blest,
Or raise so high my cheerful song.
- 6 My life itself without thy love
No taste or pleasure could afford;
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from the Lord.
- 7 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,

One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.

- 8 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And bless the remnant of my days.

PSALM LXIII. Short Metre.

Seeking God.

- 1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore:
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for waters more.
- 3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place;
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning grace.
- 4 For life without thy love
No relish can afford:
No joy can be compar'd with this,
To serve and please the Lord.
- 5 To thee I lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live;
Not the rich dainties of a feast
Such food or pleasure give.
- 6 In wakeful hours of night
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.
- 7 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

8 The shadow of thy wings
 My soul in safety keeps :
 I follow where my Father leads,
 And he supports my steps.

PSALM LXIV. Long Metre.

1 **G**REAT God attend to my complaint,
 Nor let my drooping spirit faint ;
 When foes in secret spread the snare,
 Let my salvation be thy care.

2 Shield me without, and guard within,
 From treach'rous foes and deadly sin ;
 May envy, lust, and pride depart,
 And heav'nly grace expand my heart.

3 Thy justice and thy power display,
 And scatter far thy foes away ;
 While list'ning nations learn thy word,
 And saints triumphant bless the Lord.

Then shall thy church exalt her voice,
 And all that love thy name rejoice ;
 By faith approach thine awful throne,
 And plead the merits of thy Son.

PSALM LXV. ver. 1,—5. First part.
 Long Metre.

Public prayer and praise.

THE praise of Zion waits for thee,
 My God ; and praise becomes thine house ;
 There shall thy saints thy glory see,
 And there perform thy public vows.

O thou, whose mercy bends the skies,
 To save when humble sinners pray,
 All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
 And every yielding heart obey.

Against my will my sins prevail,
 But grace shall purge away the stain ;
 The blood of Christ will never fail
 To wash my garments white again.

- 4 Bless'd is the man whom thou shalt choose,
And give him kind access to thee;
Give him a place within thy house,
To taste thy love divinely free.

P A U S E.

- 5 Let Babel fear when Zion prays;
Babel, prepare for long distress,
When Zion's God himself arrays
In terror and in righteousness.
- 6 With dreadful glory God fulfils
What his afflicted saints request;
And with Almighty wrath reveals
His love, to give his churches rest.
- 7 Then shall the flocking nations run
To Zion's hill, and own their Lord;
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name ador'd.

P S A L M LXV. ver. 5,—13. Second part
Long Metre.

*Divine Providence in air, earth, and sea; or
The God of nature and of grace.*

- 1 **T**HE God of our salvation hears
The groans of Zion, mix'd with tears;
Yet when he comes with kind designs,
Through all the way his terror shines.
- 2 On him the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends,
Where the Creator's name is known
By nature's feeble light alone.
- 3 Sailors, that travel o'er the flood,
Address their frighted souls to God,
When tempests rage, and billows roar,
At dreadful distance from the shore.
- 4 He bids the noisy tempests cease;
He calms the raging crowd to peace,
When a tumultuous nation raves,
Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.

- 5 Whole kingdoms shaken by the storm,
He settles in a peaceful form;
Mountains establish'd by his hand,
Firm on their old foundations stand.
- 6 Behold, his ensigns sweep the sky,
Now comets blaze, and light'nings fly;
The heathen lands with swift surprise,
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.
- 7 At his command the morning ray
Smiles in the east, and leads the day;
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Over the tops of western hills.
- 8 Seasons and times obey his voice;
The ev'ning and the morn rejoice,
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit, add dress'd in flowers.
- 9 'Tis from his wat'ry stores on high
He gives the thirsty ground supply;
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Both his enriching drops dispense.
- 10 The desert grows a fruitful field,
Abundant fruit the vallies yield;
The vallies shout with cheerful voice,
And neighbouring hills repeat their joys.
- 11 The pastures smile in green array,
There lambs and larger cattle play;
The larger cattle and the lamb,
Each in his language speaks thy name.
- 12 Thy works pronounce thy pow'r divine;
O'er ev'ry field thy glories shine,
Through ev'ry month thy gifts appear;
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM LXV. First part. Long Metre.

A prayer-hearing God; and the Gentiles called.

PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee,
There shall our vows be paid;

- Thou hast an ear when sinners pray,
All flesh shall seek thine aid.
- 2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
But pard'ning grace is thine,
And thou wilt grant us pow'r and skill
To conquer ev'ry sin.
- 3 Blest are the men whom thou wilt chuse
To bring them near thy face,
Give them a dwelling in thine house,
To feast upon thy grace.
- 4 In answ'ring what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine,
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil thy kind design.
- 5 Thus shall the wond'ring nations see
The Lord is good and just;
And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.
- 6 They dread thy glitt'ring tokens, Lord,
When signs in heav'n appear;
But they shall learn thy holy word,
And love as well as fear.

PSALM LXV. Second part. Common Metre.
*The providence of God in air, earth, and sea; or,
The blessings of rain.*

- 1 'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 Thy morning light and ev'ning shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons and times, and moons, and hours,
Heav'n, earth, and air, are thine;

When clouds distil in fruitful show'rs,
The author is divine.

- 4 Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky
Boine by the winds around,
Whose wat'ry treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.
- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear ;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM LXV. First part. Common Metre
The blessings of the spring ; or, God gives rain.

A Psalm for the Husbandman.

- 1 **G**OOD is the Lord, the heav'nly King,
Who makes the earth his care ;
Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,
And bids the grass appear.
- 2 The clouds, like rivers, rais'd on high,
Pour out at his command
The wat'ry blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.
- 3 The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring :
The vallies rich provision yield,
And the poor lab'ers sing.
- 4 The little hills on ev'ry side
Rejoice at falling show'rs,
The meadows, dress'd in beauteous pride
Perfume the air with flow'rs.
- 5 The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,
Promise a joyful crop ;
The parched ground looks green again,
And raise the reapers' hope.
- 6 The various months thy goodness crowns,
How bounteous are thy ways !

The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

PSALM LXVI. First part. Common Metre.

*Governing power and goodness; or, Our grace
tried by affliction.*

- 1 SING, all ye nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noise;
With melody of sound record
His honours and your joys.
- 2 Say to the Pow'r that form'd the sky,
"How terrible art thou!
"Sinners before thy presence fly,
"Or at thy feet they bow."
[Come, see the wonders of our God,
How glorious are his ways?
In Moses' hand he put the rod,
And clave the frightened seas.
- 4 He made the ebbing channel dry,
While Isra'l pass'd the flood;
There did the church begin their joy,
And triumph in their God.]
- 3 He rules by his resistless might;
Will rebel mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the fight
And tempt that dreadful war?
- 6 O bless the Lord, and never cease
Ye saints, fulfil his praise;
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.
- 7 Lord, thou hast prov'd our suff'ring souls,
To make our graces shine;
So silver bears the burning coals,
The metal to refine.
- 8 Through wat'ry deeps and fi'ery ways
We march at thy command,

Led to possess the promis'd place
By thine unerring hand.

PSALM LXVI. ver. 13,—20. Second part.
Common Metre.

Praise to God for hearing prayer.

- 1 NOW shall my solemn vows be paid
To thine almighty Pow'r,
That heard the long requests I made
In my distressful hour.
- 2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come, ye that fear my God and hear
The wonders he has done.
- 3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought the heav'nly aid;
He sav'd my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.
- 4 If sin lay cover'd in my heart
While pray'r employ'd my tongue,
The Lord had shown me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.
- 5 But God (his name be ever bless'd!)
Has set my spirit free,
Nor turn'd from him my poor request,
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

PSALM LXVII. Common Metre.

The nation's prosperity, and the church's increase.

- 1 SHINE, mighty God, on Zion shine,
With beams of heav'nly grace:
Reveal thy pow'r through all our coasts,
And shew thy smiling face.
- 2 [Amidst our realm, exalted high
Do thou our glory stand,
And like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround the fav'rite land.]

- 3 When shall thy name from shore to shore
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?
- 4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud, with solemn voice;
Let ev'ry tongue extalt his praise,
And ev'ry heart rejoice.
- 5 He, the great Lord, the sov'reign Judge,
That sits enthron'd above,
In wisdom rules the worlds he made
And bids them taste his love.
- 6 Earth shall obey his high command,
And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown his chosen land
With fruitfulness and peace.
- 7 God the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest favours here,
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

PSALM LXVIII. ver. 1,—6, 32,—35. First part.
Long Metre.

The vengeance and compassion of God.

- 1 [LET God arise in all his might,
And put the troops of hell to flight;
As smoke, that sought to cloud the skies,
Before the rising tempest flies.
- 2 [He comes, array'd in burning flames;
Justice and Vengeance are his names:
Behold, his fainting foes expire,
Like melting wax before the fire.]
- 3 He rides and thunders through the sky;
His name JEHOVAH sounds on high:
Sing to the Lord, ye sons of grace;
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.

- 4 The widow and the fatherless
Fly to his aid in sharp distress!
In him the poor and helpless find
A Judge that's just, a Father kind.
- 5 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And pris'ners see the light again;
But rebels, that dispute his will,
Shall dwell in chains, and darkness still.

P A U S E.

- 6 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song;
His wond'rous names and pow'rs rehearse,
His honours shall enrich your verse.
- 7 He shakes the heav'ns with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Isra'l are his mercies known,
Isra'l is his peculiar throne.
- 8 Proclaim him King, pronounce him bless'd;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest:
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of ev'ry saint.

PSALM CXVIII. ver. 17, 18. Second part.
Long Metre.

Christ's ascension, and the gift of the Spirit.

- 1 **L**ORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky;
Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.
- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there,
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.

- 4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He sent his promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

PSALM LXVIII. ver. 19, 9, 20, 21, 22.

Third part. Common Metre.

Praise for temporal blessings; or, Common and special mercies.

- 1 WE bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with heav'nly food;
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.
- 2 He sends his sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain,
Refresh the thirsty earth again.
- 3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death:
Safety and health to God belong;
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.
- 4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love;
But the wide diff'rence that remains
Is endless joy and endless pains.
- 5 The Lord, that bruis'd the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread,
The stubborn sinner's heart confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.
- 6 But his right hand his saints shall raise
From the deep earth, or deeper seas;
And bring them to his court above,
There shall they taste his special love.

PSALM LXIX. ver. 1,—14. First part.

Common Metre.

The sufferings of Christ for our salvation.

- 1 "SAVE me, O God, the swelling floods,
" Break in upon my soul:

- “ I sink ; and sorrows o’er my head,
“ Like mighty waters, roll.
- 2 “ I cry ’till all my voice be gone,
“ In tears I waste the day ;
“ My God, behold my longing eyes,
“ And shorten thy delay.
- 3 “ They hate my soul without a cause,
“ And still their number grows ;
“ More than the hairs upon my head,
“ And mighty are my foes.
- 4 “ ’Twas then I paid the dreadful debt
“ That men could never pay,
“ And gave those honours to thy law
“ Which sinners took away.”
- 5 Thus, in the great Messiah’s name,
The royal prophet mourns ;
Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,
And gives us joy by turns.
- 6 “ Now shall the faints rejoice, and find
“ Salvation in my name ;
“ For I have borne their heavy load
“ Of sorrow, pain, and shame.
- 7 “ Grief, like a garment, cloth’d me round
“ And sackcloth was my dress,
“ While I procur’d for naked souls
“ A robe of righteousness.
- 8 “ Amongst my brethren, and the Jews,
“ I like a stranger stood,
“ And bore their vile reproach, to bring
“ The Gentiles near to God.
- 9 “ I came, in sinful mortals’ stead,
“ To do my Father’s will ;
“ Yet, when I cleans’d my Father’s house,
“ They scandaliz’d my zeal.
- 10 “ My fastings and my holy groans
“ Were made the drunkard’s song ;

“ But God, from his celestial throne,
 “ Heard my complaining tongue.

11 “ He sav’d me from the fearful deep,
 “ Where fears beset me round ;
 “ He rais’d and fix’d my sinking feet,
 “ On well establish’d ground.

12 “ ’Twas in a most accepted hour
 “ My pray’r arose on high,
 “ And, for my sake, my God shall hear—
 “ The dying sinners cry.”

PSALM LXIX. ver. 14,—21, 26, 29, 32.

Second part. Common Metre.

The passion and exaltation of Christ.

1 NOW let our lips with holy fear,
 And mournful pleasure, sing
 The suff’rings of our great High Priest,
 The sorrows of our King.

2 He sinks in floods of deep distress;
 How high the waters rise !
 While to his heav’nly Father’s ear
 He sends perpetual cries.

3 “ Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,
 “ Nor hide thy shining face ;
 “ Why should thy fav’rite look like one
 “ Forsaken of thy grace?

4 “ With rage they persecute the man
 “ That groans beneath thy wound,
 “ While for a sacrifice I pour,
 “ My life upon the ground.

5 “ They tread mine honour to the dust,
 “ And laugh when I complain ;
 “ Their sharp insulting slanders add
 “ Fresh anguish to my pain.

6 “ All my reproach is known to thee,
 “ The scandal and the shame ;

- “ Reproach hath broke my bleeding heart,
 “ And lies defil’d my name.
- 7 “ I look’d for pity, but in vain;
 “ My kindred are my grief;
 “ I ask my friends for comfort round,
 “ But meet with no relief.
- 8 “ With vinegar they mock my thirst,
 “ They give me gall for food;
 “ And, sporting with my dying groans,
 “ They triumph in my blood.
- 9 “ Shine into my distressed soul,
 “ Let thy compassion save;
 “ And though my flesh sink down to death,
 “ Redeem it from the grave.
- 10 “ I shall arise to praise thy name,
 “ Shall reign in worlds unknown,
 “ And thy salvation, O my God,
 “ Shall seat me on thy throne.”

PSALM LXIX. Third part. Common Metre.

*Christ's obedience and death; or, God glorified
 and sinners saved.*

- 1 FATHER, I sing thy wond’rous grace,
 I bless my Saviour’s name;
 He brought salvation for the poor,
 And bore the sinner’s shame.
- 2 His deep distress has rais’d us high,
 His duty and his zeal
 Fulfill’d the law which mortals broke,
 And finish’d all thy will.
- 3 His dying groans, his living songs,
 Shall better please my God,
 Than harp or trumpet’s solemn sound,
 Than goat’s or bullock’s blood.
- 4 This shall his humble foll’wers see,
 And set their hearts at rest;

They by his death draw near to thee,
And live for ever blest'd.

5 Let heav'n, and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raise,
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance his praise.

6 Zion is thine, most holy God ;
Thy Son shall bless her gates ;
And glory, purchas'd by her blood,
For thine own Isra'ls waits.

PSALM LXIX. First part. Long Metre.

Christ's passion, and sinners salvation.

- 1 DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord ;
Behold, the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul !
- 2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell, and pow'rs of death,
And all the sons of malice join
To execute their curs'd design.
- 3 Yet, gracious God, thy pow'r and love
Has made the curse a blessing prove ;
Those dreadful suff'rings of thy Son
Aton'd for crimes which we have done.
- 4 The pangs of our expiring Lord,
The honours of thy law restor'd ;
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for fellicies not his own.
- 5 O for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live ;
The Lord will hear us in his name ;
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

PSALM LXIX. v. 7. &c. Second part. Long Met.

Christ's sufferings and zeal.

- 1 'TWAS for our sake, eternal God,
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy load

- Of base reproach, and sore disgrace,
While shame defil'd his sacred face.
- 2 The Jews, his brethern and his kin,
Abus'd the Man that check'd their sin ;
While he fulfill'd thy holy laws,
They hate him, but without a cause.
- 3 [" My Father's house, (said he,) was made
" A place for worship, not for trade ;"
Then, scatt'ring all the gold and brass,
He scourg'd the merchants from the place.]
- 4 [Zeal for the temple of his God
Consum'd his life, expos'd his blood :
Reproaches at thy glory thrown
He felt, he mourn'd them as his own.]
- 5 [His friends forsook, his foll'wers fled,
While foes and arms surround his head ;
They curse him with a slanderous tongue,
And the false judge maintains the wrong.]
- 6 [His life they load with hateful lies,
And charge his lips with blasphemies ;
They nail him to the shameful tree :
There hung the Man that died for me.]
- 7 But God beheld, and, from his throne,
Marks out the man that hates his Son ;
The hand that rais'd him from the dead,
Shall pour the vengeance on their head.

P S A L M LXX. Common Metre.

Protection against personal enemies.

- 1 [IN haste, O God, attend my call,
Nor hear my cries in vain ;
O let thy speed prevent my fall,
And still my hope sustain.]
- 2 When foes insidious wound my name,
And tempt my soul astray,
Then let them fall, with lasting shame,
To their own plots a prey.

3 While all that love thy name rejoice,
And glory in thy word,
In thy salvation raise your voice,
And magnify the Lord.

4 O thou my help in time of need,
Behold my sore distray;
In pity hatten to my aid,
Nor let thy grace delay.

PSALM LXXI. ver. 5,—9. First part.
Common Metre.

The aged saints reflection and hope.

1 MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.

2 My flesh was fashion'd by thy pow'r,
With all these limbs of mine;
And from my mother's painful hour,
I've been intirely thine.

3 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated ev'ry year;
Behold, my days that yet remain
I trust them to thy care.

4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

5 Then, in the hist'ry of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,
In ev'ry line thy praise.

PSALM LXXI. ver. 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24.
Second part. Common Metre.

Christ our strength and righteousness.

1 MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,

Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace ?

- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore ;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length,
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage, in thy strength,
To see my Father God.
- 4 When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.
- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King !
My soul, redeem'd from death and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.
- 6 [My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God,
His death has brought my foes to shame,
And sav'd me by his blood.]
- 7 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs ;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

P S A L M LXXI. ver. 17,—21. Third part.
Common Metre.

*The aged Christian's prayer and song ; or, Old age
death, and the resurrection.*

- 1 GOD of my childhood, and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declar'd thy heav'nly truth,
And told thy wond'rous ways.
- 2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart ?

Who shall sustain my sinking years
If God my strength depart?

3 Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim
Before the rising age,
And leave a favour of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
O may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love!

P A U S E.

5 Thy righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy deeds;
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds.

6 Oft have I heard thy threat'nings roar,
And oft endur'd the grief;
But when thy hand has press'd me sore,
Thy grace was my relief.

7 By long experience have I known
Thy sov'reign pow'r to save;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

8 When I lie buried in the dust,
My flesh shall be thy care;
These wearied limbs with thee I trust,
To raise them strong and fair.

PSALM LXXII. First part. Long Metre.

The kingdom of Christ.

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heav'n submits to his commands;

- His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.
- 3 With pow'r he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust;
His worship and his fear shall last,
'Till hours, and years, and time be past.
- 4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.
- 5 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.
- 6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dress'd in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

PSALM LXXII. Second part. Long Metre.

Christ's kingdom among the Gentiles.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
'Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 [Behold the nations with their kings;
There Europe her best tribute brings;
From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet.
- 3 There Persia, glorious to behold,
And India, shines in eastern gold;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.]
- 4 For him shall endless pray'r be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

- 5 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The joyful pris'ner bursts his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 7 [Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 8 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeats the loud Amen.]

PSALM LXXIII. First part. Long Metre.

Afflicted saints happy, & prosperous sinners cursed.

- 1 NOW I'm convinc'd the Lord is kind
To men of heart sincere,
Yet once my foolish thoughts repin'd,
And border'd on despair.
- 2 I griev'd to see the wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry breath,
"How pleasant and profane they live;
"How peaceful is their death!
- 3 "With well fed flesh and haughty eyes
"They lay their fears to sleep;
"Against the heav'ns their slanders rise,
"While saints in silence weep.
- 4 "In vain I lift my hands to pray,
"And cleanse my heart in vain;
"For I am chasten'd all the day,
"The night renews my pain."
- 5 Yet while my tongue indulg'd complaints,
I feel my heart reprove,

“Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,
“And grieve the men I love.

- 6 But still I found my doubts too hard,
The conflict too severe,
'Till I retired to search thy word,
And learn thy secrets there.
- 7 There as in some prophetic glass,
I saw the sinner sit
High mounted on a slipp'ry place,
Beside a fi'ry pit.
- 8 I heard the wretch profanely boast,
'Till at thy frown he fell;
His honours in a dream were lost,
And he awakes in hell.
- 9 Lord, what an envions fool I was!
How like a thoughtless beast!
Thus to suspect thy promis'd grace,
And think the wicked blest.
- 10 Yet I was kept from full despair,
Upheld by pow'r unknown;
That blessed hand that broke the snare
Shall guide me to thy throne.

P S A L M LXXIII. ver. 23,—28. Second part.
Common Metre.

God our portion here and hereafter.

- 1 **G**OD, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up
When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy councils, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through life's bewilder'd race;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heav'n without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me;

And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life should break,
And flesh and heart should faint,
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of ev'ry saint.

5 Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence die ;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

PSALM LXXIII. ver. 22, 3, 6, 17,—22.
Long Metre.

The prosperity of sinners cursed.

1 LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked plac'd on high,
In pride and robes of honour shine.

2 But, oh, their end, their dreadful end !
Thy sanctuary taught me so :
On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again ;
There they may stand with haughty eyes,
'Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

4 Their fancy'd joys, how fast they flee !
Like dreams, as fleeting and as vain ;
Their songs of softest harmony,
Are but a prelude to their pain.

5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood ;

Lord 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

PSALM LXXIII. Short Metre.

The mystery of Providence unfolded.

- 1 SURE there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain ;
Thoug' men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.
- 2 I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools with scornful eyes
In robes of honour shine.
- 3 [Pamper'd with wanton ease,
Their flesh looks full and fair,
Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,
And grows without their care.
- 4 Free from the plagues and pains
That pious souls endure,
Through all their life oppression reigns,
And racks the humble poor.
- 5 Their impious tongues blaspheme
The everlasting God ;
Their malice blasts the good man's name,
And spread their lies abroad.
- 6 But I with flowing tears
Indulg'd my doubts to rise ;
"Is there a God that sees or hears
"The things below the skies?"]
- 7 The tumult of my thought
Held me in hard suspense,
'Till to thine house my feet were brought
To learn thy justice thence.
- 8 Thy word with light and pow'r,
Did my mistake amend ;
I view'd the sinners life before,
But here I view'd their end.

- 9 On what a slipp'ry steep
 The thoughtless wretches go !
 And, oh ! that dreadful fiery deep
 That waits their fall below !
- 10 Lord at thy feet I bow,
 My thoughts no more repine :
 I call my God my portion now,
 And all my powers are thine.

P S A L M LXXIV. Common Metre.

The church pleading with God under sore persecution.

- 1 **WILL** God for ever cast us off ?
 His wrath for ever smoke
 Against the people of his love,
 His little chosen flock ?
- 2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought ;
 With their Redeemer's blood ;
 Nor let thy Zion be forgot,
 Where once thy glory stood.
- 3 Lift up thy feet and march in haste,
 Aloud our ruin calls ;
 See what a wide and fearful waste
 Is made within thy walls.
- 4 Where once thy churches pray'd and sang,
 Thy foes profanely rage ;
 Amidst thy gates their ensigns hang,
 And there their hosts engage.
- 5 How are the seats of worship broke ?
 They tear the buildings down,
 And he that deals the heaviest stroke
 Procures the chief renown.
- 6 With flames they threaten to destroy
 Thy children in their rest ;
 "Come let us burn at once" (they cry)
 "The temple and the priest."

7 And still to heighten our distress,
Thy presence is withdrawn;
Thy wonted signs of pow'r and grace,
Thy pow'r and grace are gone.

8 No prophet speaks to calm our grief,
But all in silence mourn;
Nor know the times of our relief,
The hour of thy return.

P A U S E.

9 How long, eternal God, how long
Shall men of pride blaspheme;
Shall saints be made their endless song,
And bear immortal shame.

10 Canst thou for ever sit and hear
Thy holy name profan'd?
And still thy jealousy forbear,
And still withhold thy hand?

11 What strange deliv'rance hast thou shewn,
In ages long before?
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.

12 Thou didst divide the raging sea
By thy resistless might,
To make thy tribes a wond'rous way,
And then secure their flight.

13 Is not the world of nature thine,
The darkness and the day?
Didst thou not bid the morning shine,
And mark the sun his way?

14 Hath not thy pow'r form'd ev'ry coast,
And set the earth its bounds,
With summer's heat, and winter's frost,
In their perpetual rounds?

15 And shall the sons of earth and dust
That sacred pow'r blaspheme!
Will not thy hand that form'd them first
Avenge thine injur'd name.

- 16 Think on the cov'nant thou hast made,
And all thy words of love ;
Nor let the birds of prey invade
And vex thy trembling dove.
- 17 Our foes would triumph in our blood,
And make our hope their jest ;
Plead thine own cause, almighty God,
And give thy children rest.

PSALM LXXV. Long Metre.

Praise to God for the return of peace.

- 1 TO thee, most high and holy God,
To thee our thankful hearts we raise ;
Thy works declare thy name abroad,
Thy wond'rous works demand our praise.
- 2 To slav'ry doom'd, thy chosen sons
Behold their foes triumphant rise ;
And, sore oppress'd by earthly thrones,
They sought the Sov'reign of the skies.
- 3 'Twas then, great God, with equal power
Arose thy vengeance and thy grace,
To scourge their legions from the shore,
And save the remnant of thy race.
- 4 Thy hand, that form'd the restless main,
And rear'd the mountain's awful head,
Bade raging seas their course restrain,
And desert winds receive their dead.
- 5 Such wonders never come by chance,
Nor can the winds such blessings blow ;
'Tis God, the judge, doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.
- 6 Let haughty tyrants sink their pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful head,
But lay their impious thoughts aside,
And own the empire God hath made.

P S A L M LXXVI. Common Metre.

Israel saved and the Assyrians destroyed; or, God's vengeance against his enemies proceeds from his church.

- 1 IN Judah God of old was known;
His name in Israel great;
In Salem stood his holy throne,
And Zion was his seat.
- 2 Among the praises of his saints,
His dwelling there he chose;
There he receiv'd their just complaints
Against their haughty foes.
- 3 From Zion went his dreadful word,
And broke that threat'ning spear;
The bow, the arrows, and the sword,
And crush'd th' Assyrian war.
- 4 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else
But mighty hills of prey!
The hill on which JÉHOVAH dwells
Is glorious more than they.
- 5 'Twas Zion's King that stopp'd the breath
Of captains and their bands;
The men of might sleep fast in death,
That quells their warlike hands.
- 6 At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Both horse and chariot fell:
Who knows the terrors of thy rod?
Thy vengeance who can tell.
- 7 What pow'r can stand before thy sight
When once thy wrath appears?
When heav'n shines round with dreadful light,
The earth adores and fears.
- 8 When God in his own sov'reign ways,
Comes down to save th' oppress'd,
The wrath of man shall work his praise,
And he'll restrain the rest.

- [9 Vows to the Lord, and tribute bring;
 Ye princes fear his frown;
 His terrors shake the proudest king,
 And smite his armies down.
 10 The thunder of his sharp rebuke
 Our haughty foes shall feel;
 For Jacob's God hath not forlook,
 But dwells in Zion still]

PSALM LXXVII. First part. Common Metre.

Melancholy assaulting, and hope prevailing.

- 1 TO God I cry'd with mournful voice,
 I sought his gracious ear,
 In the sad hour, when trouble rose,
 And fill'd my heart with fear.
 2 Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
 My soul refus'd relief;
 I thought on God, the just and wise,
 But thoughts increas'd my grief.
 3 Still I complain'd, and still oppress'd,
 My heart began to break;
 My God, thy wrath forbade my rest,
 And keep my eyes awake.
 4 My overwhelming sorrows grew,
 'Till I could speak no more;
 Then I within myself withdrew,
 And call'd thy judgments o'er.
 5 I call'd back years and ancient times,
 When I beheld thy face;
 My spirit search'd for secret crimes
 That might withhold thy grace.
 6 I call'd thy mercies to my mind,
 Which I enjoy'd before;
 And will the Lord no more be kind?
 His face appear no more?
 7 Will he for ever cast me off?
 His promise ever fail?

- Has he forgot his tender love ?
 Shall anger still prevail ?
8. But I forbid this hopeless thought,
 This dark, despairing frame,
 Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought ;
 Thy hand is still the same.
9. I'll think again of all thy ways,
 And talk thy wonders o'er,
 Thy wonders of recov'ring grace,
 When flesh could hope no more.
10. Grace dwelt with justice on the throne ;
 And men that love thy word
 Have in thy sanctuary known
 The counsels of the Lord.

PSALM LXXVII. Second part. Common Metre.

*Comfort derived from ancient providences ; or Is-
 rael delivered from Egypt and brought to Canaan.*

1. " HOW awful is thy chaf'ning rod ?
 (May thy own children say ;)
 " The great, the wise, the dreadful God !
 " How holy is his way !"
2. I'll meditate his works of old,
 Who reigns in heav'n above ;
 I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
 And learn to trust his love.
3. He saw the house of Joseph lie
 With Egypt's yoke oppress ;
 Long he denied to hear their cry ;
 Nor gave his people rest.
4. The sons of pious Jacob seem'd
 Abandon'd to their foes ;
 But his almighty arm redeem'd
 The nation whom he chose.
5. From slavish chains he sets them free,
 They follow where he calls ;

He bade them venture through the sea,
And made the waves their walls.

6 The waters saw thee, mighty God,
The waters saw thee come;
Backward they fled, and frightened stood,
To make thine armies room.

7 Strange was thy journey thro' the sea,
Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown;
Terrors attend the wond'rous way
That brings thy mercies down.

8 [Thy voice, with terror in the sound,
Through clouds and darkness broke;
All heav'n in light'ning shone around,
And earth with thunder shook.

9 Thine arrows through the skies were hurl'd,
How glorious is the Lord!
Surprize and trembling seiz'd the world,
And all his saints ador'd.

10 He gave them water from the rock;
And, safe by Moses' hand,
Through a dry desert led his flock
To Canaan's promis'd land.]

PSALM LXXVIII. First part. Common Metre.

*Providence of God recorded; or, Pious education
and instruction of children.*

LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God perform'd of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our father's told.

He bids us make his glories known;
His works of pow'r and grace:
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through ev'ry rising race.

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to their's,

That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

- 4 Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

PSALM LXXVIII. Second part.
Common Metre.

*Israel's rebellion and punishment; or, The sins
and chastisements of God's people.*

- 1 O WHAT a stiff rebellious house
Was Jacob's ancient race!
False to their own most solemn vows,
And to their Maker's grace!
- 2 They broke the cov'nant of his love,
And did his laws despise;
Forgot the works he wrought to prove
His pow'r before their eyes!
- 3 They saw the plagues on Egypt light
From his avenging hand;
With dreadful tokens of his might
Spread o'er the stubborn land!
- 4 They saw him cleave the mighty sea,
And march with safety through,
With war'ry walls to guard their way,
'Till they had 'scap'd the foe.
- 5 A wond'rous pillar mark'd the road,
Compos'd of shade and light;
By day it prov'd a shelt'ring cloud,
A leading fire by night.
- 6 He from the rock their thirst supply'd;
The gushing waters flow'd,
And ran in rivers by their side,
Along the desert road.
- 7 Yet they provok'd the Lord Most High,
And dar'd distrust his hand:

“ Can he with bread our host supply
 “ Amidst this barren land ? ”

- 8 The Lord, with indignation, heard,
 And cans'd his wrath to flame ;
 His terrors ever stand prepar'd
 To vindicate his name.

PSALM LXXVIII. Third part.
 Common Metre.

*The punishment of luxury and intemperance ; or,
 Chastisement and salvation.*

- 1 WHEN Israel sinn'd, the Lord reprov'd,
 And fill'd their hearts with dread ;
 Yet he forgave the men he lov'd,
 And sent them heav'nly bread.
- 2 He fed them with a lib'ral hand,
 And made his treasures known ;
 He gave the midnight clouds command
 To pour provision down.
- 3 The manna, like a morning show'r,
 Lay thick around their feet ;
 The food of heav'n, so light, so pure,
 As though 'twere angels' meat.
- 4 But they, in murm'ring language, said,
 “ Is manna all our feast ?
 “ We loath this light, this airy bread ;
 “ We must have flesh to taste.”
- 5 “ You shall have flesh to please your lust,”
 The Lord in wrath reply'd ;
 And sent them quails, like sand, or dust,
 Heap'd up on ev'ry side.
- 6 He gave them all their own desire ;
 And, greedy as they fed,
 His vengeance burnt with secret fire,
 And smote the rebels dead.
- 7 When some were slain, the rest return'd,
 And sought the Lord with tears ;

Under the rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
But soon forgot their fears.

- 8 Oft he chastis'd, and still forgave,
Till, by his gracious hand,
The nation he resolv'd to save
Possess'd the promis'd land.

PSALM LXXVIII. ver. 32, &c.

Fourth part. Long Metre.

*Backsliding and forgetfulness; or, Sin punished
and saints saved.*

- 1 GREAT God, how oft did Israel prove,
By turns, thine anger and thy love;
There, in a glass, our hearts may see
How fickle, and how false they be.
- 2 How soon the faithless Jews forgot
The dreadful wonders God had wrought
Then they provok'd him to his face,
Nor fear his pow'r, nor trust his grace.
- 3 The Lord consum'd their years in pain,
And made their travels long and vain;
A tedious march thro' unknown ways,
Wore out their strength, and spent their days.
- 4 Oft, when they saw their brethren slain,
They mourn'd, and fought the Lord again;
Call'd him the Rock of their abode,
Their high Redeemer, and their God.
- 5 Their pray'rs and vows before him rise,
A flattery'ing words, or solemn lies,
While their rebellious tempers prove
False to his covenant and his love.
- 6 Yet could his sovereign grace forgive
The men that ne'er deserv'd to live;
His anger off away he turn'd,
Or else with gentle flame it burn'd.
- 7 He saw their flesh was weak and frail,
He saw temptations still prevail;

Himself a noble wine, and we
The lesser branches of the tree.

11 'Tis thy own Son; and he shall stand,
Girt with thy strength, at thy right hand;
Thy first-born Son, adorn'd and bless'd
With pow'r and grace above the rest.

12 O! for his sake, attend my cry,
Shine on thy churches, lest they die;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PSALM LXXXI. ver. 1, 8,—16.
Short Metre.

*The warnings of God to his people; or, Spiritual
blessings and punishments.*

1 SING to the Lord aloud
And make a joyful noise;
God is our strength, our Saviour God;
Let Isra'el hear his voice.

2 " From idols false and vain
" Preserve my rights divine;
" I am the Lord, who broke thy chain
" Of slavery and of sin.

3 " Stretch thy desires abroad,
" And I'll supply them well;
" But if ye will refuse your God,
" If Isra'el will rebel,

4 " I'll leave them," saith the Lord,
" To their own lusts a prey,
" And let them run the dang'rous road;
" 'Tis their own chosen way.

5 " Yet, O! that all my saints
" Would hearken to my voice!
" Soon I would ease their sore complaints,
" And bid their hearts rejoice.

6 " While I destroy their foes,
" I'll richly feed my flock,

“ And they shall taste the streams that flows
 “ From their eternal Rock.”

PSALM LXXXII. Long Metre.

*God the supreme Governor; or, Magistrates
 warned.*

- 1 **A**MONG th' assemblies of the great,
 A greater Ruler takes his seat;
 The God of heav'n, as Judge, surveys
 Those gods on earth, and all their ways.
- 2 Why will ye frame oppressive laws?
 Or why support th' unrighteous cause?
 When will ye once defend the poor,
 That foes may vex the saints no more;
- 3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know,
 Dark are the ways in which they go;
 Their name of earthly gods is vain,
 For they shall fall and die like men.
- 4 Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son
 Possess his universal throne,
 And rule the nations with his rod;
 He is our Judge, and he our God.

PSALM LXXXII. Short Metre.

A complaint against persecutors.

- 1 **A**ND will the God of grace
 Perpetual silence keep?
 The God of justice hold his peace,
 And let his vengeance sleep?
- 2 Behold what cursed snares
 The men of mischief spread
 The men that hate thy sins and thee,
 Lift up their threat'ning head.
- 3 Against thy hidden ones
 Their counsels they employ,
 And malice, with her watchful eye,
 Pursues them to destroy.

- 4 "Come, let us join," they cry,
 "To root them from the ground,
 "'Till not the name of saints remain,
 "Nor mem'ry shall be found."

5 Awake, almighty God,
 And call thy wrath to mind,
 Give them, like forests, to the fire,
 Or stubble to the wind.

6 Convince their madness, Lord,
 And make them seek thy name:
 Or else their stubborn rage confound,
 That they may die in shame.

7 Then shall the nations know
 Thy glorious dreadful word,
 JEHOVAH is thy name alone,
 And thou the sov'reign Lord.

PSALM LXXXIV. First part. Long Metre

The pleasures of public worship.

1 HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
 O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
 With long desire my spirit faints,
 To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
 My panting heart cries out for God;
 My God! my King! why should I be
 So far from all my joys and thee?

The sparrow chuses where to rest,
 And for her young provides a nest;
 But will my God to sparrows grant
 That pleasure which his children want?

4 Bless'd are the saints who sit on high
 Around thy throne above the sky;
 Thy brightest glories shine above,
 And all their work is praise and love.

5 Bless'd are the souls who find a place
 Within the temples of thy grace;

There to behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

- 6 Bless'd are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the road,
They lean upon their helper God.
- 7 Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,
'Till all shall meet in heav'n at length,
'Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

PSALM LXXXIV. Second part. Long Metre.

God and his church; or, Grace and glory.

- 1 **G**REAT God, attend while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs:
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
- 5 O God our King, whose sov'reign sway
The glorious hosts of heav'n obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Bless'd is the man that trusts in thee.

PSALM LXXXIV. ver. 1, 2, 3, 10. paraphrased.
Common Metre.

*Delight in ordinances of worship; or, God pre-
sent in his churches.*

- 1 MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heav'n to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.
- 2 There he great Monarch of the skies
His saving pow'r displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quick'ning rays.
- 3 With his rich gifts the heav'nly Dove
Descends, and fills the place;
While Christ reveals his wond'rous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.
- 4 There, mighty God, thy works declare
The secret of thy will;
And still we find thy mercies there,
And sing thy praises still.

P A U S E.

- 5 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode;
When shall I tread thy courts, and see
My Saviour and my God?
- 6 The sparrow builds herself a nest,
And suffers no remove;
O make me, like the sparrow, blest'd,
To dwell but where I love.
- 7 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.
- 8 Lord, at thy threshold I should wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Among the tents of sin.

- 6 Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one bless'd hour at thy right hand
I'd give them both away.

P S A L M LXXXIV. As the 148th Psalm.

Longing for the house of God.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires,
To see my God.

- 2 The sparrow for her young,
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wand'ring swallows long
To find their wonted rest:
My spirit faints,
With equal zeal,
To rise and dwell
Among thy saints.

- 3 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

- 4 They go from strength to strength,
Thro' this dark vale of tears,
'Till each arrives at length,
'Till each in heav'n appears.
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet.

P A U S E.

- 5 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside :
Where God resorts
I love it more
To keep the door,
Than shine in courts.
- 6 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence ;
With gifts our hands are fill'd,
We draw our blessings thence :
He shall bestow
On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace
And glory too.
- 7 The Lord his people loves ;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls ;
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

P S A L M LXXXV. ver. 1,—3. First part.
Long Metre.

*Waiting for an answer to prayer ; or, Deliverance
begun and completed.*

- 1 LORD, thou hast call'd thy grace to mind,
Thou hast revers'd our heav' doom ;
So God forgave when Israel sinn'd,
And brought his wand'ring captives home.
- 2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercer wrath abate :
Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee,
And our salvation be complete.

- 3 Revive our dying graces, Lord,
And let thy saints in thee rejoice ;
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word ;
We wait for praise to tune our voice .
- 4 We wait to hear what God will say ;
He'll speak, and give his people peace :
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning wrath increase.

PSALM LXXXV. ver. 9, &c. Second part.
Long Metre.

Salvation by Christ.

- 1 SALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that fear and trust the Lord ;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.
- 2 Mercy and truth on earth are met, [heav'n
Since Christ the Lord came down from
By his obedience, so complete,
Justice is pleas'd, and peace is giv'n.
- 3 Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heav'nly influence bless the ground
In our Redeemer's gentler reign.
- 4 His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God ;
Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

PSALM LXXXVI. ver. 8,—13.
Common Metre.

A general song of praise to God.

- 1 AMONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath pow'r divine ;
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their works like thine.
- 2 The nations thou hast made, shall bring
Their off'rings round thy throne ;

P A U S E.

- 5 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside :
Where God resorts
I love it more
To keep the door,
Than shine in courts.
- 6 God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence ;
With gifts our hands are fill'd,
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- 3 Now truth and honour shall abound,
 Religion dwell on earth again,
 And heav'nly influence bless the ground
 In our Redeemer's gentler reign.
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 To give us free access to God;
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 But mark his steps, and keep the road.

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 Common Metre.

A general song of praise to God.

- 1 AMONG the princes, earthly gods,
 There's none hath pow'r divine;
 Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
 Nor are their works like thine.
- 2 The nations thou hast made, shall bring
 Their off'rings round thy throne;

For thou alone dost wond'rous things,
For thou art God alone.

3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet;
Teach me thine heav'nly ways,
And a'l my wand'ring thoughts unite
In God my Father's praise.

4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
Shall these sweet wonders tell,
How by thy grace my sinking soul
'Rose from the deeps of hell.

P S A L M LXXXVII. Long Metre.

*The church the birth place of the saints; or, Jews
and Gentiles united in the Christian church.*

1 **G**OD in his earthly temple lays
Foundations for his heav'nly praise;
He lik'd the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 But mercy visits ev'ry house,
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay,
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were describ'd of old!
What wonders were in Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew;
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new-born and nourish'd there.

P S A L M S.

PSALM LXXXVIII. As the 113th Long Metre.
Loss of friends, and absence of divine grace.

- 1 O God of my salvation, hear
 My nightly groan, my daily pray'r,
 That still employ my wa'ring breath;
 My soul, declining to the grave,
 Implores thy sov'reign pow'r to save
 From dark despair and lasting death.
- 2 Thy wrath lies heavv on my soul,
 And waves of sorrows o'er me roll,
 While dust and silence spread the gloom:
 My friends belov'd in hap'ier days,
 The dear companions of my ways,
 Descend around me to the tomb.
- 3 As left in lonely grief I tread
 The mournful mansions of the dead,
 Or to some throng'd assembly go;
 Through all alike I rove alone,
 While, here forgotten, there unknown,
 The change renews my piercing woe.
- 4 And why will God neglect my call?
 Or who shall profit by my fall,
 When life departs and love expires?
 Can dust and darkness praise the Lord?
 Or wake, or brighten at his word,
 And tune the harp with heav'nly choirs?
- 5 Yet, thro' each melancholy day,
 I've pray'd to thee, and still will pray,
 Implo'ing still thy kind return —
 But oh! my friends, my comforts, fled,
 And all my kindred of the dead
 Recall my wand'ring thoughts to mourn.

PSALM LXXXIX. First part. Long Metre.
The covenant made with Christ; or, The true David.

FOR ever shall my song record
 The truth and mercy of the Lord;

Mercy and truth for ever stand,
Like heav'n establish'd by his hand.

- 2 Thus to his Son he sware and said,
" With thee my cov'nant first is made ?
" In thee shall dying sinners live ;
" Glory and grace are thine to give.
- 3 " Be thou my prophet, thou my priest ;
" Thy children shall be ever blest'd ;
" Thou art my chosen King, thy throne
" Shall stand eternal like my own.
- 4 " There's none of all my sons above
" So much my image, or my love ;
" Celestial powers thy subjects are,
" Then what can earth to thee compare ?
- 5 " David, my servant, whom I chose,
" To guard my flock, to crush my foes,
" And rais'd him to the Jewish throne,
" Was but a shadow of my Son."
- 6 Now let the church rejoice and sing
Jesus her Saviour and her King :
Angels his heav'nly wonders show,
And saints declare his works below.

PSALM LXXXIX. First part. Common Metre
The faithfulness of God.

- 1 MY never-ceasing song shall show
The mercies of the Lord ;
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is his word.
- 2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heav'n endure ;
And if he speak a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.
- 3 How long the race of David held
The promis'd Jewish throne !
But there's a nobler cov'nant seal'd
To David's greater Son.

- 4 His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subjects of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.
- 5 Lord God of hosts, thy wond'rous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honours raise
To thy unchanging love.

P S A L M LXXXIX. ver. 7, &c. Second part.
Common Metre.

*The power and majesty of God; or, Reverential
worship.*

- 1 WITH rev'rence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord,
His high commands with rev'rence hear,
And tremble at his word.
- 2 How terrible thy glories rise!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power with thee that vies,
Or truth compar'd with thine?
- 3 The northern pole, and southern, rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at thy command.
- 4 Thy words the raging winds controul,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.
- 5 Heav'n, earth, and air, and sea, are thine
And the dark world of hell;
They saw thine arm in vengeance shine
When Egypt durst rebel.
- 6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wond'rous is thy grace!
While truth and mercy join'd in one,
Invite us near thy face.

PSALM LXXXIX. ver. 15, &c. Third part.
Common Metre.

Blessed gospel.

- 1 BLESS'D are the souls who hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound !
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Thro' their Redeemer's name ;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
And fills their foes with shame.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives ;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

PSALM LXXXIX. ver. 15, &c. Fourth part.
Common Metre.

*Christ's mediatorial kingdom ; or, His divine
and human nature.*

- 1 HEAR what the Lord in vision said,
And made his mercies known :
" Sinners, behold, your help is laid
" On my almighty Son.
- 2 " Behold the man my wisdom chose
" Among your mortal race ;
" His head my holy oil o'erflows
" With full supplies of grace.
- 3 " High shall he reign on David's throne,
" My people's better King ;
" My arm shall beat his rival's down,
" And still new subjects bring.
- 4 " My truth shall guard him in the way,
" With mercy by his side ;
" While, in my name, o'er earth and sea
" He shall in triumph ride.

- 5 " Me for his Father, and his God,
 " He shall for ever own ;
 " Call me his rock, his high abode,
 " And I'll support my Son.
- 6 " My first-born Son, arrav'd in grace,
 " At my right hand shall sit ;
 " Beneath him angels know their place,
 " And monarchs at his feet.
- 7 " My cov'nant stands for ever fast,
 " My promises are strong ;
 " Firm as the heav'n's his throne shall last,
 " His seed endure as long."

P S A L M LXXXIX. ver. 30, &c. Fifth part.
 Common Metre.

*The covenant of grace unchangeable ; or, Affliction
 without rejection.*

- 1 "YET," saith the Lord, " if David's race,
 " The children of my Son,
 " Should break my laws, abuse my grace,
 " And tempt mine anger down ;
- 2 " Their sin I'll visit with the rod,
 " And makes their folly smart ;
 " But I'll not cease to be their God,
 " Nor from my truth depart.
- 3 " My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
 " But keep my grace in mind ;
 " And what my love eternal spoke,
 " Eternal truth shall bind.
- 4 " Once have I sworn, (I need no more,)
 " And pledg'd my holiness,
 " To seal the sacred promise sure
 " To David and his race.
- 5 " The sun shall see his offspring rise,
 " And spread from sea to sea,
 " Long as he travels round the skies
 " To give the nations day.

- 6 "Sure as the moon, that rules the night,
 "His kingdom shall endure,
 "'Till the fix'd laws of shade and light
 "Shall be observ'd no more."

PSALM LXXXIX. ver. 47, &c. Sixth part
 Long Metre.

Mortality and hope.

A Funeral Psalm.

- 1 REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,
 How frail our life, how short our date!
 Where is the man that draws his breath
 Safe from disease, secure from death.
- 2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
 Our flesh and strength repine and cry,
 "Must death for ever rage and reign!
 "Or hast thou made mankind in vain?"
- 3 "Where is thy promise to the just?
 "Are not thy servants turn'd to dust?"
 But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
 And sees the sleeping dust arise.
- 4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
 Wipes the reproach of saints away,
 And clears the honour of thy word:
 Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

PSALM LXXXIX. ver. 47, &c. Last part.
 As the 112th Psalm.

Life, death, and the resurrection.

- 1 THINK, mighty God, on feeble man,
 How few his hours, how short his span!
 Short from the cradle to the grave:
 Who can secure his vital breath
 Against the bold demands of death,
 With skill to fly, or pow'r to save?
- 2 Lord, shall it be for ever said,
 "The race of man was only made

“ For sickness, sorrow, and the dust? ”
 Are not thy servants, day by day,
 Sent to their graves, and turn'd to clay?
 Lord, where's thy kindness to the just?

- 3 Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son,
 And all his seed, a heav'nly crown?
 But flesh and sense indulge despair;
 For ever blessed be the Lord,
 That faith can read his holy word,
 And find a resurrection there.
- 4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
 Who gives his saints a long reward,
 For all their toil, reproach and pain;
 Let all below, and all above,
 Join to proclaim thy wond'rous love,
 And each repeat the loud *Amen*.

PSALM XC. Long Metre.

Man mortal, and God eternal.

A mournful song at a funeral.

- 1 THRO' ev'ry age, eternal God,
 Thou art our rest, our safe abode:
 High was thy throne e'er heav'n was made,
 Or earth thy humble footstool laid,
- 2 Long hadst thou reign'd e'er time began,
 Or dust was fashion'd into man;
 And long thy kingdom shall endure
 When earth and time shall be no more.
- 3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
 Made up of guilt and vanity:
 Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
 “ Return, ye sinners, to your dust.”
- 4 [A thousand of our years amount
 Scarce to a day in thine account,
 Like yesterday's departed light
 Or the last watch of ending night.]

P A U S E.

- 5 Death, like an over-flowing stream,
Sweeps us away: our life's a dream;
A empty tale; a morning flow'r,
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.
- 6 [Our age to seventy years is set;
How short the time! how frail the state!
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan, than live.
- 7 But oh! how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years!
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread!
We fear the pow'r that strikes us dead.]
- 8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man,
And kindly lengthen out the span,
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

P S A L M XC. ver. 1,—5. First part.
Common Metre.

Man frail, and God eternal.

- 1 O UR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.
- 2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And my defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
“Return ye sons of men;”
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

- 5 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an ev'ning gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising dawn.
- 6 [The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by the flood
And lost in foll'wing years.
- 7 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away,
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at th' opening day.
- 8 Like flow'ry fields the nations stand,
Pleas'd with the morning light;
The flow'rs beneath the mower's hand
Lie with'ring ere 'tis night.]
- 9 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope, for years to come,
Be thou our guard when troubles last,
And our eternal home.

PSALM XC. ver. 8, 11, 2, 10, 12.

Second part. Common Metre.

*Infirmities and mortalities the effect of sin; or,
Life, old age, and preparation for death.*

- 1 LORD, if thine eye survey our faults,
And justice grows severe,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.
- 2 Thine anger turns our frame to dust;
By one offence to thee,
Adam, with all his sons have lost
Their immortality.
- 3 Life, like a vain amusement, flies,
A fable, or a song;
By swift degrees our nature flies,
Nor can our joys be long.

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- 4 'Tis but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten ;
And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.
- 5 [Our vitals with laborious strife
Bear up the crazy load,
And drag these poor remains of life
Along the tiresome road.]
- 6 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone :
Oh let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne.
- 7 Our souls would learn the heav'nly art
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.

PSALM XC. ver. 13, &c. Third part.
Common Metre.

Breathing after heaven.

- 1 RETURN, O God of love, return ;
Earth is a tiresome place ;
How long shall we, thy children, mourn
Our absence from thy face ?
- 2 Let heav'n succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease,
And in proportion to our tears
So make our joys increase.
- 3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thy own works complete ;
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.
- 4 Then shall we shine before thy throne,
In all thy beauty, Lord ;
And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward.

PSALM XC. ver. 5, 10, 12. Short Metre.

The frailty and shortness of life.

- 1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame!
Our life! how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name!
- 2 Alas, the brittle clay
That built our bodies first!
And ev'ry month, and ev'ry day,
'Tis mould'ring back to dust.
- 3 Our moments fly apace,
Our feeble pow'rs decay,
Swift as a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.
- 4 Yet, if our days must fly
We'll keep their end in sight,
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.
- 5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of bless'd eternity.

PSALM XCI. First part. Long Metre.

Safety in public diseases and dangers.

- 1 HE that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.
- 2 Then will I say, "My God, thy pow'r
" Shall be my fortress and my tow'r:
" I that am form'd of feeble dust,
" Make thine almighty arm my trust"
- 3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare;
From Satan's wiles, who still betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

- 4 Just as a hen protects her brood
From birds of prey, that seek their blood,
The Lord his faithful saints shall guard,
And endless life be their reward.
- 5 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire;
God is their life, his wings are spread
To shield them with a healthful shade.
- 6 If vapours, with malignant breath,
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
Isra'l is safe: the poison'd air
Grows pure, if Isra'l's God be there.

P A U S E.

- 7 What tho' a thousand, at thy side,
Around thy path, ten thousand dy'd,
Thy God his chosen people saves,
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.
- 8 So when he sent his angel down
To make his wrath in Egypt known,
And slew their sons, his careful eye
Pass'd all the doors of Jacob by.
- 9 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord,
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are bless'd.
- 10 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire;
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

PSALM XCI. ver. 9—16. Second part.
Common Metre.

*Protection from death, guard of angels, victory,
and deliverance.*

- 1 YE sons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to ev'ry snare,
Come make the Lord your dwelling place,
And try and trust his care.

- 2 No ill shall enter where you dwell,
Or if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raise the saints on high.
- 3 He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all their ways;
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.
- 4 Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall
And dash against the stones;
Are they not servants at his call,
And sent t' attend his sons?
- 5 Adders and lions ye shall tread;
The tempters wiles defeat:
He that hath bruis'd the serpent's head,
Puts them beneath your feet.
- 6 "Because on me they set their love,
"I'll save them," saith the Lord;
"I'll bear their joyful souls above
"Destruction and the sword.
- 7 "My grace shall answer when they call,
"In trouble I'll be nigh;
"My pow'r shall help them when they fall,
"And raise them when they die.
- 8 "Those that on earth my name have known,
"I honour will in heav'n;
"There my salvation shall be shown,
"And endless life be giv'n."

P S A L M XCII. First part. Long Metre.

A psalm for the Lord's day.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast,

- Oh may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!
- 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die,
Like grass they flourish, 'till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.
- 5 But I shall have a glorious part,
When grace has well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 6 Sin, (my worst enemy before,)
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.
- 7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd, or wish'd below;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

PSALM XCII. ver. 12, &c. Second part.
Long Metre.

The church is the garden of God.

- 1 LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thine hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.
- 2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Bless'd with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.
- 3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive,)

Time, that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish, strong and fair.

- 4 Laden with fruits of age, they shew
The Lord is holy, just, and true;
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful, or unkind.

PSALM XCIII. First Metre. As the 100th Psalm.

The eternal and the sovereign God.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns; he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might:
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.
- 2 But ere this spacious earth was made,
Or had its first foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.
- 3 Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies;
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.
- 4 For ever shall thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

PSALM XCIII. Second Metre.

As the old 50th Psalm.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on high;
His robes of state are strength and majesty;
This wide creation rose at his command,
Built by his word, establish'd by his hand:
Long stood his throne ere he began creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.
- 2 God is th' eternal King; thy foes in vain
Raise their rebellions to confound thy reign;
In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,
And roar, and toss their waves against the skies;

Foaming at heav'n, they rage with wild com-
 motion, [ocean.

But heav'n's high arches scorn the swelling
 3 Ye tempests, rage no more; ye floods, be still,
 And thou, mad world, submissive to his will:
 Built on his truth his church must ever stand;
 Firm are his promises, and strong his hand:
 See his own sons, when they appear before him,
 Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him.

P S A L M XCIII. Third part.

As the old 122d Psalm.

1 THE Lord JEHOVAH reigns,
 And royal state maintains,
 His head with awful glories crown'd;
 Array'd in robes of light,
 Begirt with sov'reign might,
 And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,
 The world securely stands,
 And skies and stars obey thy word:
 Thy throne was fix'd on high
 Ere stars adorn'd the sky;
 Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 In vain the noisy croud,
 Like billows, fierce and loud.
 Against thine empire rage and roar;
 In vain, with angry spite,
 The farly nations fight,
 And dash, like waves, against the shore.

4 Let floods and nations rage,
 And all their pow'r engage,
 Let swelling floods assault the sky:
 The terrors of thy frown
 Shall beat their madness down;
 Thy throne for ever stands on high.

5 Thy promises are true,
 Thy grace is ever new,

There fix'd thy church shall ne'er remove ;
 Thy saints with holy fear
 Shall in thy courts appear,
 And sing thine everlasting love.

Repeat the fourth stanza to complete the tune.

PSALM XCIV. ver. 1, 2, 7,—14. First part.
 Common Metre.

*Saints chastised, and sinners destroyed; or, In-
 structive afflictions.*

- 1 O GOD ! to whom revenge belongs,
 Proclaim thy wrath aloud ;
 Let sov'reign pow'r redress our wrongs,
 Let justice smite the proud.
- 2 They say, " the Lord nor sees nor hears ;"
 When will the vain be wise ;
 Can he be deaf, who form'd their ears ?
 Or blind who made their eyes ?
- 3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
 And they shall feel his pow'r ;
 His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain
 In some surprising hour.
- 4 But if thy saints deserve rebuke,
 Thou hast a gentler rod ;
 Thy providence, thy sacred book,
 Shall make them know their God.
- 5 Blest is the man thy hands chastise,
 And to his duty draw ;
 Thy scourges makes thy children wise
 When they forget thy law.
- 6 But God will ne'er cast off his saints,
 Nor his own promise break ;
 He pardons his inheritance
 For their Redeemer's sake.

P S A L M XCIV. ver. 16,—23.

Second part. Common Metre.

*God our support and comfort ; or, Deliverance
from temptation and persecution.*1 **WHO** will arise and plead my right
Against my num'rous foes ?While earth and hell their force unite,
And all my hope oppose.Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
Sustain'd my fainting head,My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul amongst the dead.3 " Alas ! my sliding feet !" I cry'd,
Thy promise bore me up ;Thy grace stood constant by my side,
And rais'd my sinking hope.4 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll,Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.5 Pow'rs of iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious laws ;But God my refuge rules the skies,
He will defend my cause.Let malice vent her rage aloud,
Let bold blasphemers scoff ;The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
And cut the sinner off.

P S A L M XCV. Common Metre.

*A psalm before prayer.*1 **SING** to the Lord **JEHOVAH**'s name,
And in his strength rejoice ;When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing ;

The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

- 3 Let princes hear, let nations know,
How mean their natures seem,
Those gods on high, and gods below,
Were once compar'd with him.
- 4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep
Lies in his spacious hand;
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.
- 5 Come, and with humble souls adore,
Come, kneel before his face;
Oh, may the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace.
- 6 Now is the time, he bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
"Ye shall not see my rest."

PSALM XCV. Short Metre.

A psalm before sermon.

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
JEHOVAH is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own;
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own;
He form'd us by his word.
- 4 To day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

- 5 But if your ears refuse
 The language of his grace,
 And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
 That unbelieving race;
- 6 The Lord, in vengeance dress'd,
 Will lift his hand and swear,
 " You that despise my promis'd rest,
 " Shall have no portion there."

P S A L M XCV. ver. 1, 2, 3, 6,—11.

*Canaan lost through unbelief; or, A warning to
 delaying sinners.*

- 1 COME, let your voices join to raise
 A sacred song of solemn praise:
 God is a sov'reign King; rehearse
 His honour in exalted verse.
- 2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
 Who fram'd our natures with his word;
 He is our Shepherd; we the sheep
 His mercy chose, his pastures keep.
- 3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
 The counsels of his love obey;
 Nor let our harden'd hearts renew
 The sins and plagues that Isra'l knew.
- 4 Isra'l, that saw his works of grace,
 Yet tempt their Maker to his face;
 A faithless, unbelieving brood,
 That tempt their Maker, and their God.
- 5 Thus saith the Lord, " How false they prove!
 " Forget my pow'r, abuse my love;
 " Since they despise my rest, I swear,
 " Their feet shall never enter there."
- 6 [Look back, my soul, with holy dread;
 And view those ancient rebels dead;
 Attend the offer'd grace to day,
 Nor lose the blessings by delay.

- 7 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heav'nly gates;
Believe, and take the promis'd rest;
Obey, and be for ever bless'd.]

PSALM XCVI. ver. 2, 10, &c. Common Metre.

Christ's first and second coming.

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue;
His new discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His pow'r the sinking worlds sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.
- 4 The joyous earth, the bending skies
His glorious train display;
Ye mountains sink, ye vallies rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.
- 5 Behold he comes, he comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To shew the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.
- 6 His voice shall raise the slumb'ring dead,
And bid the world draw near;
But how will guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear.

PSALM XCVII. As the 113th Psalm.

The God of the Gentiles.

- 1 LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
To sing and bless JEHOVAH'S name;

His glory let the heathens know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.

- 2 The heathens know thy glory, Lord,
The wond'ring nations read thy word,
But here JEHOVAH's name is known :
Nor shall our worship e'er be aid
To gods which mortal hands have made ;
Our Maker is our God alone.
- 3 He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there ;
His beams are majesty and light ;
His beauties how divinely bright !
His temple how divinely fair !
- 4 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barb'rous nations fear his name ;
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

P S A L M XCVII. ver 1,—5. First part.
Long Metre.

Christ reigning in heaven, and coming to judgment.

- 1 HE reigns ; the Lord, the Saviour reigns !
Praise him in evangelic strains ;
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown ;
But grace and truth support his throne ;
Tho' gloomy clouds his ways surround,
Justice is their eternal ground
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs ;

Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

- 4 His enemies, with fore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

PSALM XCVII. ver. 6,—9. Second part.
Long Metre.

Christ's incarnation.

- 1 THE Lord is come; the heav'ns proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name;
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.
- 2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go worship where the Saviour lies;
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high, and gods below.
- 3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound;
But Zion shall his glories sing,
And earth confess her sov'reign King.

PSALM XCVII. Third part. Long Metre.

Grace and glory.

- 1 THE Almighty reigns, exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Through clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is his mercy seat.
- 2 O, ye that love his holy name,
Hate ev'ry work of sin and shame:
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.
- 3 Immortal light and joys unknown,
Are for his saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

- 4 Rejoice ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord ;
None but the souls that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

PSALM XCVII. ver. 3, 5,—7, 11.
Common Metre.

Christ's incarnation, and the last judgment.

- 1 LET earth, with ev'ry isle and sea,
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns ;
His word, like fire, prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.
- 2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the vallies rise ;
The humble souls enjoy the smiles,
The haughty sinner dies.
- 3 The heav'ns his rightful pow'r proclaim ;
The idol gods around
Fill their own worshippers with shame,
And totter to the ground.
- 4 Adoring angels at his birth
Make the Redeemer known ;
Thus shall he come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne.
- 5 His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire :
His children take their unknown flight,
And leave the world in fire.
- 6 The seeds of joy and glory sown,
For saints in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown
And a rich harvest bear.

PSALM XCVIII. First part. Common Metre.

Praise for the gospel.

- 1 TO our almighty Maker, God,
New honours be address'd ;

His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blest'd.

- 2 To Abr'ham first he spoke the word,
And taught his num'rous race ;
The Gentiles own him sov'reign Lord,
And learn to trust his grace.
- 3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her diff'rent tongues ;
And spread the honor of his name
In melody and songs.

PSALM XCVIII. Second part. Common Metre.

The Messiah's coming and kingdom.

- 1 JOY to the world, the Lord is come ;
Let earth receive her King :
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns ;
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Re-echo the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infect the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

PSALM XCIX. First part. Short Metre.

Christ's kingdom and majesty.

- 1 THE God JEHOVAH reigns,
Let all the nations' fear ;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
To execute his word.
- 3 In Zion stands his throne,
His honours are divine,
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.
- 4 How holy is his name!
How terrible his praise!
Justice, truth, and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

PSALM XCIX. Second part. Short Metre.

A holy God worshipped with reverence.

- 1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet,
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.
- 2 When Isra'l was his church,
When Aaron was her priest,
When Moses cry'd, when Samuel pray'd—
He gave his people rest.
- 3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known
When they abus'd his grace.
- 4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

PSALM C. First Metre. A plain translation.

Praise to our Creator.

- 1 YE nations round the earth rejoice
Before the Lord your sov'reign King:
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

The Lord is God : 'tis he alone
 Doth live and breath, and being give :
 We are his work, and not our own :
 The sheep that on his pasture live.
 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
 With praises to his courts repair ;
 And make it your divine employ
 To pay your thanks and honours there.

The Lord is good, the Lord is kind :
 Great is his grace his mercy sure ;
 And the whole race of man shall find
 His truth from age to age endure.

PSALM C. Second Metre. A paraphrase.

BEFORE JEHOVAH's awful throne,
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
 Know that the Lord is God alone—
 He can create, and he destroy.
 His sov'reign pow'r without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men :
 And when, like wandering sheep, we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.

We are his people we his care,
 Our souls, and all our mortal frame :
 What lasting honours shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heaven our voices raise :
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command,
 Vast as eternity thy love !
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move !

PSALM CI. Long Metre.

The magistrate's psalm.

MERCY and judgment are my song ;
 And since they both to thee belong,

My gracious God, my righteous King,
To thee my songs and vows I bring.

- 2 If I am rais'd to bear the sword,
I'll take my counsel from thy word;
Thy justice and thy heav'nly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.
- 3 Let wisdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reside:
No wicked thing shall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy jealousy.
- 4 No sons of slander, rage, and strife,
Shall be companions of my life;
The haughty look, the heart of pride,
Within my doors shall ne'er abide.
- 5 [I'll search the land, and raise the just
To posts of honour, wealth, and trust:
The men that work thy holy will
Shall be my friends and fav'rites still.]
- 6 In vain shall sinners hope to rise
By flatt'ring or malicious lies;
Nor, while the innocent I guard,
Shall bold offenders e'er be spar'd.
- 7 The impious crew, (that factious band,)
Shall hide their heads, or quit the land;
And all that break the public rest,
Where I have pow'r shall be suppress'd.

P S A L M C I. Common Metre.

A psalm for a master of a family.

- 1 **O**F justice and of grace I sing,
And pay my God my vows,
Thy grace and justice, heav'nly King,
Teach me to rule my house.
- 2 Now to my tent, O God repair,
And make thy servant wise;
I'll suffer nothing near me there
That shall offend thine eyes.

- 3 The man that doth his neighbour wrong,
By falsehood or by force,
The scornful eye, the scandalous tongue,
I'll banish from my doors.
- 4 I'll seek the faithful and the just,
And all their help enjoy;
These are the friends that I shall trust,
The servants I'll employ.
- 5 The wretch that deals in sly deceit,
I'll not endure a night;
The liars tongue I ever hate,
And banish from my sight.
- 6 I'll purge my family around,
And make the wicked flee;
So shall my house be ever found
A dwelling fit for thee.

PSALM CII. ver. 1,—13, 20, 21. Fifth part.
Common Metre.

A prayer of the afflicted.

- 1 HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,
But answer lest I die:
Hast thou not built a throne of grace,
To hear when sinners cry?
- 2 Like smoke my wasting days depart,
When it dissolves in air,
My strength is dried, my broken heart
Is sinking in despair.
- 3 My spirits flag, like withered grass
Burnt with excessive heat:
In secret groans my minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.
- 4 As on some lonely building's top
The sparrow tells her moan:
Far from the tents of joy and hope
I sit and grieve alone.

- 5 My soul is like a wilderness,
Where beasts of midnight howl;
Where the ad raven finds her place,
And where the screaming owl
- 6 Dark dismal thoughts and boding fears
Dwell in my troubled breast;
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my spirit rest.
- 7 My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repast;
My daily bread, like ashes, grows
Unpleasant to my taste.
- 8 Sense can afford no real joy
To souls that feel thy frown;
Lord, 'twas thy hand advanc'd me high,
Thy hand hath cast me down.
- 9 My looks like wither'd leaves appear;
And life's declining light
Grows faint, as ev'ning shadows are,
That vanish into night.
- 10 But thou for ever art the same,
O my eternal God;
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.
- 11 Thou wilt arise, and shew thy face,
Nor will my Lord delay,
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long expected day.
- 12 He hears his saints, he knows their cry,
And, by mysterious ways,
Redeems the pris'ners doom'd to die,
And fills their tongue with praise.

PSALM CII. ver. 13.—21. Second part.
Common Metre.

Prayer heard, and Zion restored.

- 1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice—
Behold the promis'd hour;

Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his pow'r.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain,
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits a sov'reign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying pris'ners groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the soul condemn'd to death
And, when his saints complain,
It sha'n't be said, "That praying breath
"Was ever spent in vain."

6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long record;
That ages yet unborn may read,
And trust, and praise the Lord.

P S A L M CII. ver. 23;—28. Third part.
Long Metre.

*Man's mortality, and Christ's eternity; or, Saints
die, but Christ and the church live.*

1 IT is the Lord our Saviour's hand
Weakens our strength amidst the race;
Disease and death, at his command,
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon?

3 Yet, in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrows shall assuage;

“ Our Father and our Saviour live ;
 “ Christ is the same thro’ ev’ry age.”

- 4 ’Twas he this earth’s foundations laid ;
 Heav’n is the building of his hand ;
 This earth grows old, these heav’ns shall fade
 And all be chang’d at his command.
- 5 The starry curtains of the sky,
 Like garments, shall be laid aside ;
 But still thy throne stands firm and high ;
 Thy church for ever must abide.
- 6 Before thy face thy church shall live ;
 And on thy throne thy children reign ;
 This dying world shall they survive,
 And the dead saints be rais’d again.

PSALM CIII. ver. 1,—7. First part.
 Long Metre.

Blessing God for his goodness to soul and body.

- 1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
 Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad,
 Let all the pow’rs within me join
 In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;
 His favors claim the highest praise ;
 Why should ungrateful silence hide
 The blessings which his hands provide !
- 3 ’Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
 To die for crimes which thou hast done :
 He owns the ransom, and forgives
 The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 The vices of the mind he heals,
 And cures the pain that nature feels—
 Redeems the soul from hell and saves
 Our wasting life from threat’ning graves.
- 5 Our youth decay’d, his pow’r repairs ;
 His mercy crowns our growing years ;

- He fills our hearts with ev'ry good,
And fills our souls with heav'nly food.
- 6 He sees th' oppressor and th' oppressed,
And often gives the suff'rer rest :
But will his justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.
- 7 [His pow'r he shew'd by Moses' hands,
And gave to Isra'l his commands;
But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.]
- 8 Let the whole earth his pow'r confess—
Let the whole earth adore his grace ;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

PSALM CIII. Second part. Long Metre.

*God's gentle chastisement ; or, His tender mercy
to his people.*

- 1 **THE** Lord, how wond'rous are his ways !
How firm his truth ! how large his grace !
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.
- 2 Not half so high his pow'r hath spread
The starry heav'ns above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
- 3 Not half so far hath nature plac'd,
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.
- 4 How slow his awful wrath to rise !
On swifter wings salvation flies
And if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn !
- 5 Amidst his wrath compassion shines ;
His strokes are lighter than our sins.

And, while his rod corrects his saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.

So fathers their young sons chastise,
With gentle hands and melting eyes ;
The children weep beneath the smart,
And move the pity of their heart.

P A U S E.

- 7 The mighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust ;
And will no heavy loads impose
Beyond the strength that he bestows.
- 8 He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by ev'ry wind that flies,
Like grass we spring, and die as soon,
Or morning flow'rs that fade at noon.
- 9 But his eternal love is sure,
To all the saints, and shall endure ;
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

P S A L M CIII. ver. 1,—7 First part.
Short Metre.

Praise for spiritual and temporal mercies.

- 1 OH bless the Lord, my soul !
Let all within me join
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.
- 2 Oh bless the Lord, my soul !
Nor let his mercy lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave :

He that redeem'd my soul from hell
Hath sov'reign pow'r to save.

5 He fills the poor with good ;
He gives the suff'ers rest ;
The Lord hath judgment for the proud,
And justice for th' oppress'd.

6 His wond'rous works and ways
He made by Moses known ;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

PSALM CIII. ver. 8,—18. Second part.
Short Metre.

*Abounding compassion of God ; or, Mercy in the
midst of judgment.*

- 1 MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide ;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 4 His pow'r subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 5 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel—
He knows our feeble frame.
- 6 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with ev'ry breath : .

His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like a morning flow'r !
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

8 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

PSALM CIII. ver. 19,—22. Third part.
Short Metre.

*God's universal dominion ; or, Angels praise
Lord.*

- 1 THE Lord, the sov'reign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high,
O'er all the heav'nly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.
- 2 Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.
- 3 Let the bright hosts, who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.
- 4 While all his wond'rous works,
Through his vast kingdom, shew
Their Maker's glory, then, my soul,
Shall sing his graces too.

PSALM CIV.

The glory of God in creation and providence.

- 1 MY soul, thy great Creator praise ;
When cloth'd in his celestial rays ;
He in full majesty appears,
And like a robe his glory wears.

Note, *This psalm may be sung to the tune of the old 112th or 127th psalm, by adding these two Lines to every stanza—viz.*

“Great is the Lord! what tongue can frame
“An equal honour to his name!”

Otherwise it must be sung as the 100th psalm.

- 2 The heav'ns are for his curtain spread;
The unfathom'd deep he makes his bed;
Clouds are his chariot, when he flies
On winged storms across the skies.
- 3 Angels, whom his own breath inspires,
His ministers are flaming fires,
And swift as thought their armies move
To bear his vengeance, or his love.
- 4 The worlds foundations by his hand
Is pois'd, and shall for ever stand;
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.
- 5 When earth was cover'd with a flood,
Which high above the mountains stood,
He thunder'd, and the ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed bed.
- 6 The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channel walk their round;
Refreshing streams by secret veins,
Break from the hills, and drench the plains.
- 7 He bids the chrystal fountains flow,
And cheer the vallies as they go;
There gentle herds their thirst allay,
And for the streams wild asses bray.
- 8 From pleasant trees which shade the brink,
The lark and linnet light to drink;
Their songs the lark and linnet raise,
And chide our silence in his praise.

PAUSE the first.

- 9 God, from his cloudy cistern, pours
On the parch'd earth enriching show'rs;

The groves, the garden, and the field,
A thousand joyful blessings yield.

10 He makes the grassy food arise.
And gives the cattle large supplies;
With herbs, for man, of various pow'r,
To nourish nature, and to cure.

11 What noble fruit the vines produce!
The olive yields a pleasing juice;
Our hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous wine,
His gifts proclaim his love divine.

12 His bounteous hands our table spread,
He fills our cheerful stores with bread;
While food our vital strength imparts,
Let daily praise inspire our hearts.

P A U S E the second.

13 Behold the stately cedars stand,
Rais'd in the forest by his hands;
Birds to the boughs for shelter fly,
And builds their nests secure and high.

14 To craggy hills ascends the goat;
And at the airy mountain's foot
The feeble creatures make their cell—
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.

15 He sets the circling sun his race,
Appoints the moon to change her face:
And, when thick darkness veils the day,
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.

16 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
And, roaring, ask their meat from God;
But when the morning beams arise,
The savage beast to covert flies.

17 Then man to daily labour goes;
The night was made for man's repose;
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief
From tiresome toil and and wasting grief.

18 How strange thy works! how great thy skill!
While ev'ry land thy riches fill;

Thy wisdom round the world we see,
This spacious earth is full of Thee.

19 Nor less thy glories in the deep,
Where fish in millions swim and creep,
With wond'ring motions, swift or slow,
Still wand'ring in the paths below.

20 There ships divide their wat'ry way,
And flocks of scaly monsters play;
The huge leviathan resides,
And, fearless, sports amid the tides.

PAUSE the third.

21 Vast are thy works, almighty Lord,
All nature rests upon thy word,
And the whole race of creatures stands,
Waiting their portion from thy hands.

22 While each receives his diff'rent food,
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good:
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms,
Rejoice and praise in diff'rent forms.

23 But when thou hid'st thy face, they mourn
And, dying, to their dust return;
Both man and beast their souls resign;
Life, breath, and spirit, are all thine.

24 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the earth with beasts and men;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.

25 His works, the wonders of his might,
Are honour'd with his own delight:
How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.

26 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke;
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sov'reign grace.

27 In thee my hope and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet;
Thy praises shall my breath employ,
'Till it expire in endless joy.

28 While haughty sinners die accurst,
Their glory buried with their dust,
I to my God, my heav'nly King,
Immortal hallelujahs sing.

PSALM CV. Abridged. Common Metre.

God's conduct to Israel, and the plagues of Egypt.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.
- 2 His cov'nant which he kept in mind
For num'rous ages past,
To num'rous ages yet behind
In equal force shall last.
- 3 He sware to Abrah'm and his seed,
And made the blessing sure:
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.
- 4 "Thy seed shall make all nations blest;"
Said the Almighty voice,
"And Canaan's land shall be thy rest,
"The type of heav'nly joys."
- 5 [How large the grant! how rich the grace!
To give them Canaan's land,
When they were strangers in the place,
A small and feeble band!
- 6 Like pilgrims, through the country round,
Securely they remov'd;
And haughty kings, that on them frown'd,
Severely he reprov'd.
- 7 "Touch mine anointed, and mine arm,
"Shall soon avenge the wrong;

“The man that does my prophets harm,
“ Shall know their God is strong.”

8 *Then let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear;
Isra'l must live thro' ev'ry age,
And be th' Almighty's care.*

PAUSE the first.

9 When Pharoah dar'd to vex the saints,
And thus provok'd their God,
Moses was sent, at their complaints,
Arm'd with his dreadful rod.

10 He call'd for darkness; darkness came,
Like an o'erwhelming flood:
He turn'd each lake, and ev'ry stream,
To lakes and streams of blood.

11 He gave the sign, and noisome flies
Through the whole country spread;
And frogs, in baneful armies, rise
About the monarch's bed.

12 Thro' fields, and towns, and palaces,
The tenfold vengeance flew:
Locusts, in swarms, devour'd their trees,
And hail their cattle flew.

13 Then, by an angel's midnight stroke,
The flow'r of Egypt dy'd;
The strength of ev'ry house he broke,
Their glory and their pride.

14 *Now let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear;
Isra'l must live thro' ev'ry age,
And be th' Almighty's care.*

PAUSE the second.

15 Thus were the tribes from bondage freed,
And left the hated ground;
Rich with Egyptian spoils, they fled,
Nor was one feeble found.

- 16 The Lord himself chose out their way,
And mark'd their journeys right,
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fi'ry guide by night.
- 17 They thirst; and waters from the rock,
In rich abundance flow,
And, foll'wing still the course they took,
Ran all the desert through.
- 18 Oh wond'rous stream! O blessed type
Of ever-flowing grace!
So Christ, our Rock, maintains our life,
And aids our wand'ring race,
- 19 Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand,
The chosen tribes possess
Canaan, the rich, the promis'd land,
And there enjoy'd their rest.
- 20 *Then let the world forbear its rage,
The church renounce her fear;
Isra'el must live thro' ev'ry age,
And be th' Almighty's care.*

PSALM CVI. ver. 1,—5. First part.
Long Metre.

Praise to God; or, Communication with saints.

- 1 TO God, the great, the ever blest'd,
Let songs of honour be address'd;
His mercy firm for ever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.
- 2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?
Blest are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.
- 3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

- 4 O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
And aid their triumphs with my voice;
This is my glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy saints, and near to thee.

PSALM CVI. ver. 7, 8, 12,—14, 43,—48.

Second part. Short Metre.

Israel punished and pardoned; or, God's unchangeable love.

- 1 **G**OD of eternal love,
How fickle are our ways!
And yet how oft did Israel prove
Thy constancy of grace!
- 2 They saw thy wonders wrought,
And then thy praise they sung;
But soon thy works of pow'r forgot,
And murmur'd with their tongue.
- 3 Now they believe his word,
While rocks with rivers flow;
Now, with their lusts, provoke the Lord,
And he reduc'd them low.
- 4 Yet, when they mourn'd their faults,
He hearken'd to their groans,
Brought his own cov'nant to his thoughts,
And call'd them still his sons.
- 5 Their names were in his book,
He sav'd them from their foes;
Oft he chastis'd, but ne'er forsook
The people that he chose.
- 6 Let Isra'el bless the Lord,
Who lov'd their ancient race;
And Christians join the solemn word
Amen, to all the praise.

PSALM CVII. First part. Long Metre.

Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to heaven.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God, he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is Love;

His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

- 2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record ;
Isra'el, the nation whom he chose,
And rescu'd from their mighty foes.
- 3 [When God's own arm their fetters broke,
And freed them from th' Egyptian yoke,
They trac'd the desert, wand'ring round,
A wild and solitary ground.
- 4 There they could fix no leading road,
Nor city for their fix'd abode ;
Nor food, nor fountain to assuage
Their burning thirst, or hunger's rage.]
- 5 In their distress to God they cry'd,
God was their Saviour and their guide ;
He led their wand'ring march around,
And brought their tribes to Canaan's ground.
- 6 Thus, when our first release we gain
From sin's old yoke, and Satan's chain,
We have this desert world to pass,
A dang'rous and a tiresome place.
- 7 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray,
He guards us with a pow'ful hand,
And brings us the heav'nly land.
- 8 O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord !
How great his works ! how kind his ways ?
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

P S A L M CVII. Second part. Long Metre.

Correction for sin, and release by prayer.

- 1 FROM age to age exalt his name,
God and his grace are still the same :
He fills the hungry soul with food
And feeds the poor with ev'ry good.

- 2 But if their hearts rebel, and rise
Against the God who rules the skies,
If they reject his heav'nly word,
And slight the counsels of the Lord,
- 3 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,
And no deliv'rer shall be found;
Laden with grief, they waste their breath
In darkness and the shades of death.
- 4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He makes the dawning light arise,
And scatters all that dismal shade,
That hung so heavy round their head.
- 5 He cuts the bars of brass in two,
And lets the smiling pris'ners through;
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the lab'ring soul relief.
- 6 O may the sons of men record
The wond'rous goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM CVII. Third part. Long Metre.

*Intemperance punished and pardoned; or, A
psalm for the drunkard and the glutton.*

- 1 VAIN man, on foolish pleasures bent,
Prepares for his own punishment;
What pains, what loathsome maladies,
From luxury and lust arise!
- 2 The drunkard feels his vitals waste,
Yet drowns his health to please his taste;
'Till all his active pow'rs are lost,
And fainting life draws near the dust.
- 3 The glutton groans, and lothes to eat,
His soul abhors delicious meat;
Nature, with heavy loads oppress'd,
Would yield to death to be releas'd.

- 4 Then how the frightened sinners fly
To God for help with earnest cry !
He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,
And saves them from approaching death.
- 5 No med'cines could affect the cure
So quick, so easy, or so sure ;
The deadly sentence God repeals,
He sends his sov'reign word and heals.
- O may the sons of men record
The wond'rous goodness of the Lord !
And let their thankful off'rings prove
How they adore their Maker's love.

P S A L M CVII. Fourth part. Long Metre.

*Deliverance from storms and shipwrecks ; or,
The seaman's song.*

- 1 WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad ?
With the bold mariner survey
The unknown regions of the sea.
- 2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favor of the wind ;
'Till God command, and tempests rise,
That heave the ocean to the skies.
- 3 Now to the heav'ns they mount amain,
Now sink to dreadful deeps again ;
What strange affrights young sailors feel,
And like a stagg'ring drunkard reel !
- 4 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, to God they cry !
His merey hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.
- 5 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
And stormy tempests cease to rage ;
The gladsome train their fears give o'er,
And hail with joy their native shore.

- 6 O may the sons of men record
The wond'rous goodness of the Lord !
Let them their private off'rings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

PSALM CVII. Fourth part. Common Metre.

The mariner's psalm.

- 1 **THY** works of glory, mighty Lord,
That rules the boist'rous sea,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who tempt that dang'rous way.
- 2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the tow'ring waves ;
The men, astonish'd, mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.
- 3 [Again they climb the wat'ry hills,
And plunge in deeps again ;
Each, like a tott'ring drunkard, reels,
And finds his courage vain.
- 4 Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
They pant with flutt'ring breath,
And, hopeless of the distant shore,
Expect immediate death.]
- 5 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He hears their loud request,
And orders silence thro' the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.
- 6 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storm allay'd ;
Now to their eyes the port appears ;
There let their vows be paid.
- 7 'Tis God that brings them safe to land ;
Let stupid mortals know,
That waves are under his command,
And all the winds that blow.
- 8 Oh that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord !

And those that seek thy wond'rous ways
Thy wond'rous love record.

P S A L M . CVII. Last part. Long Metre.

Colonies planted; or, Nations blessed and punished.

- 1 WHEN God, provok'd with daring crimes,
Scourges the madness of the times,
He turns their fields to barren sand,
And dries the rivers from the land.
- 2 His word can raise the springs again,
And make the wither'd mountains green,
Send show'ry blessings from the skies,
And harvests in the desert rise.
- 3 [Where nothing dwells but beasts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they,
He bids th' oppress'd and poor repair,
And builds them towns and cities there.
- 4 They sow the fields, and trees they plant,
Whose early fruit supplies their want :
Their race grows up from fruitful rocks,
Their wealth encreases with their flocks.
- 5 Thus they are bless'd; but if they sin,
He lets the heathen nations in ;
A savage crew invades their lands,
Their princes die by barb'rous hands.
- 6 Their captive sons expos'd to scorn,
Wander, unpity'd, and forlorn :
The country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
And desolation spreads the field.
- 7 Yet, if the humbled nation mourns,
Again his dreadful hand he turns ;
Again he makes their cities thrive,
And bids the dying churches live.]
- 8 The righteous, with a joyful sense,
Admire the works of Providence ;
And tongues of atheists shall no more
Blaspheme the God that saints adore.

- How few, with pious care, record
 These wond'rous dealings of the Lord !
 But wise observers still shall find
 The Lord is holy, just, and kind.

PSALM CVIII. Common Metre.

A song of praise.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, to sound his praise,
 Awake my harp to sing :
 Join all my pow'rs the song to raise,
 And morning incense bring.
- 2 Among the people of his care,
 And thro' the nations round ;
 Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
 And there his name resound.
- 3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
 Above the starry train ;
 Diffuse thy heav'nly grace abroad,
 And teach the world thy reign.
- 4 So shall thy chosen sons rejoice,
 And throng thy courts above ;
 While sinners hear thy pard'ning voice,
 And taste redeeming love.

PSALM CIX. ver. 1,—5, 31. Common Metre.

Love to enemies from the example of Christ,

- 1 **G**OD of my mercy and my praise,
 Thy glory is my song ;
 Tho' sinners speak against thy grace
 With a blaspheming tongue.
- 2 When in the form of mortal man,
 Thy Son on earth was found,
 With cruel slanders, false and vain,
 They compass'd him around.
- 3 Their mis'ries his compassion move,
 Their peace he still pursu'd ;
 They render hatred for his love,
 And evil for his good.

- 4 Their malice rag'd without a cause,
 Yet, with his dying breath
 He pray'd for murd'ers on his cross,
 And bless'd his foes in death.
- 5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine
 In vain before my eyes;
 Give me a soul akin to thine,
 To love mine enemies.
- 6 The Lord shall on my side engage,
 And in my Saviour's name
 I shall defeat their pride and rage,
 Who slander and condemn.

PSALM CX. First part. Long Metre.

*Christ exalted, and multitudes converted; or,
 The success of the gospel.*

- 1 THUS God, th' eternal Father, spake
 To Christ the Son: "Ascend and sit
 "At my right hand, till I shall make
 "Thy foes submissive at thy feet.
- 2 "From Zion shall thy word proceed;
 "Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
 "Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
 "And bow their wills to thy command.
- 3 "That day shall show thy pow'r is great,
 "When saints shall flock with willing minds
 "And sinners crowd thy temple gate,
 "Where holiness in beauty shines."
- 4 O blessed pow'r! O glorious day!
 What a large vict'ry shall ensue!
 And converts, who thy grace obey,
 Exceed the drops of morning dew.

PSALM CX. Second part. Long Metre.

The kingdom and priesthood of Christ.

- 1 THUS the great Lord of earth and sea
 Spake to his Son, and thus he swore:

- “ Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
 “ And change from hand to hand no more.
- 2 “ Aaron and all his sons must die ;
 “ But everlasting life is thine,
 “ To save for ever those that fly
 “ For refuge from the wrath divine.
- 3 “ By me Melchisedeck was made,
 “ On earth, a king and priest at once ;
 “ And thou my heav’nly Priest, shalt plead,
 “ And thou, my King, shalt rule my sons.”
- 4 Jesus, the Priest ascends his throne,
 While counsels of eternal peace,
 Between the Father and the Son,
 Proceed with honour and success.
- 5 Thro’ the whole earth his reign shall spread,
 And crush the powers that dare rebel ;
 Then shall he judge the rising dead,
 And send the guilty world to hell.
- 6 Though, while he treads his glorious way,
 He drinks the cup of threats and blood,
 The suff’rings of that dreadful day
 Shall but advance him near to God.

PSALM CX. Common Metre.

Christ’s kingdom and priesthood.

- 1 JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
 And near thy Father sit ;
 In Zion shall thy power be known,
 And make thy foes submit.
- 2 What wonders shall thy gospel do !
 Thy converts shall surpass
 The num’rous drops of morning dew,
 And own thy sov’reign grace.
- 3 God hath pronounc’d a firm decree,
 Nor changes what he swore :
 “ Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
 “ When Aaron is no more.

4 “ Melchisedeck, that wondrous priest,
 “ That king of high degree,
 “ That holy man, who Abraham blest,
 “ Was but a type of thee.”

5 Jesus, our Priest, for ever lives
 To plead for us above ;
 Jesus, our king, for ever gives
 The blessings of his love.

6 God shall exalt his glorious head,
 And his high throne maintain,
 Shall strike the pow'rs and princes dead,
 Who dare oppose his reign.

PSALM CXI. First part. Common Metre.

The wisdom of God in his works.

- 1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
 To my almighty God ;
 He has my heart, and be my tongue,
 To spread his name abroad.
- 2 How great the works his hand has wrought!
 How glorious in our sight !
 And men in every age have sought
 His wonders with delight.
- 3 How fair and beauteous nature's frame !
 How wise th' eternal Mind !
 His counsels never change the scheme
 That his first thoughts design'd.
- 4 When he redeem'd his chosen sons
 He fix'd his covenant sure ;
 The orders that his lips pronounce
 To endless years endure.
- 5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
 Thy heav'nly skill proclaim ;
 What shall we do to make us wise,
 But learn to read thy name !
- 6 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
 Is our divinest skill ?

And he's the wisest of our race
That best obeys thy will.

PSALM CXI. Second part. Common Metre.

The perfection of God.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord; his works of might
Demand our noblest songs;
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.
- 2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food;
And ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.
- 3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his cov'nant sure:
Holy and rev'rend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.
- 4 They that would grow divinely wise,
Must with his fear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating ev'ry sin.

PSALM CXII. As the 113th Psalm.

The blessings of the liberal man.

- 1 THAT man is bless'd, who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law;
His seed on earth shall be renown'd;
His house the seat of wealth shall be,
An unexhausted treasury,
And with successive honours crown'd.
- 2 His liberal favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends;
A generous pity fills his mind:
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs,
And thus he's just to all mankind.

- 3 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd ;
The sweet remembrance of the just,
Like a green root revives and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust.
- 4 Beset with threat'ning dangers round
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground ;
His conscience holds his courage up :
The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night ;
And sees, in darkness, beams of grace.

P A U S E.

- 5 [Ill tidings never can surprise
His heart, that fix'd on God relies,
Tho' waves and tempests roar around :
Safe on a rock he sits and sees
The shipwreck of his enemies,
And all their hope and glory drown'd.]
- 6 The wicked shall his triumph see,
And gnash their teeth in agony,
To find their expectation cross'd ;
They and their envy, pride, and spite,
Sink down to everlasting night,
And all their names in darkness lost.]

P S A L M CXII. Long Metre.

The blessings of the pious and charitable.

- 1 **T**HREE happy man, who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and trusts his word ;
Honour and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend.
- 2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclin'd ;
He lends the poor some present aid,
Or gives them not to be repaid.
- 3 When times grow dark, and tidings spread,
That fill his neighbours round with dread,

- His heart is arm'd against the fear,
 For God, with all his power, is there.
- 4 His spirit, fix'd upon the Lord,
 Draws heav'nly courage from his word
 Amidst the darkness light shall rise,
 To cheer his heart, and bless his eyes.
- 5 He hath dispers'd his alms abroad,
 His works are still before his God :
 His name on earth shall long remain,
 While envious sinners rage in vain.

P S A L M CXII. Common Metre.

Liberality rewarded.

- 1 **H**APPY is he that fears the Lord,
 And follows his commands,
 Who lends the poor without reward,
 Or gives with liberal hands.
- 2 As pity dwells within his breast
 To all the sons of need ;
 So God shall answer his request
 With blessings on his seed.
- 3 No evil tidings shall surprisè
 His well establish'd mind ;
 His soul to God, his refuge, flies,
 And leaves his fears behind.
- 4 In times of danger and distress
 Some beams of light shall shine,
 To shew the world his righteousness,
 And give him peace divine.
- 5 His works of piety and love
 Remain before the Lord ;
 Honour on earth and joys above,
 Shall be his sure reward.

P S A L M CXIII. Proper Tune.

The majesty and condescension of God.

- 1 **Y**E that delight to serve the Lord,
 The honours of his name record ;

His sacred name for ever bless :
 Where'er the circling sun displays
 His rising beams or setting rays,
 Let lands and seas his pow'r confess.

- 2 Not time nor nature's narrow rounds,
 Can give his vast dominion bounds ;
 The heav'ns are far below his height :
 Let no created greatness dare
 With our eternal God compare,
 Arm'd with his uncreated night.

- 3 He bows his glorious head to view
 What the bright host of angels do,
 And bends his care to mortal things ;
 His sov'reign hand exalts the poor,
 He takes the needy from the door,
 And seats them on the throne of kings.

- 4 When childless families despair,
 He sends the blessings of an heir,
 To rescue their expiring name ;
 The mother, with a thankful voice,
 Proclaims his praises and her joys ;
 Let every age advance his fame.

PSALM CXIII. Long Metre.
God sovereign and gracious.

- 1 YE servants of th' almighty King,
 In every age his praises sing ;
 Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
 The nations shall his praise repeat.
- 2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
 His throne of glory stands on high ;
 Nor time nor place his power restrain,
 Nor bound his universal reign.
- 3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
 Or angels with their God compare ?
 His glories how divinely bright !
 Who dwells in uncreated light !

- 4 Behold his love ! he stoops to view
 What saints above, and angels do !
 And condescends, yet more, to know
 The mean affairs of men below !
 From dust and cottages obscure,
 His grace exalts the humble poor !
 Gives them the honour of his sons,
 And fits them for their heav'nly thrones.
- 6 [A word of his creating voice
 Can make the barren house rejoice ;
 Tho' Sarah's ninety years were past,
 The promis'd seed is born at last.
- 7 With joy the mother views her son,
 And tells the wonders God has done ;
 Faith may grow strong when sense despairs ;
 If nature fails the promise bears.]

P S A L M CXIV. Long Metre.

Miracles attending Israel's journey.

- 1 **WHEN** Isra'el, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
 Lest the proud tyrant and his land,
 The tribes, with cheerful homage, own
 Their King, and Judah was his throne.
- 2 Across the deep their journey lay ;
 The deep divides to make them way ;
 Jordan beheld their march, and fled,
 With backward current, to his head.
- 3 The mountains shook, like frightened sheep—
 Like lambs, the little hillocks leap !
 Not Sinai on her base could stand,
 Conscious of sov'reign pow'r at hand.
- 4 What pow'r could make the deep divide—
 Make Jordan backward roll its tide ?
 Why did ye leap, ye little hills ?
 And whence the dread that Sinai feels ?
- 5 Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood
 Retire, and know th' approaching God ;

The King of Isra'l ; see him here !
Tremble, thou earth, adore and fear.

- 6 He thunders, and all nature mourns,
The rock to standing pools he turns ;
Flints spring with fountains, at his word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

PSALM CXV. First Metre.

The true God our refuge ; or, Idolatry reprov'd

- 1 NOT to ourselves, who are but dust—
Not to ourselves is glory due—
Eternal God, thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise and true.

- 2 Display to earth thy dreadful name :
Why should a heathen's haughty tongue
Insult us, and to raise our shame, [long ?
Say, " Where's the God you've serv'd

- 3 The God we serve, maintains his throne
Above the clouds, beyond the skies ;
Through all the earth his will is done,
He knows our groans, he hears our cries.

- 4 But the vain idols they adore,
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood :—
At best a mass of glitt'ring ore,
A silver saint, or golden god.

- 5 [With eyes and ears they carve the head ;
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind ;
In vain are costly off'rings made,
And vows are scatter'd in the wind.

- 6 Their feet were never made to move,
Nor hands to save, when mortals pray ;
Mortals, that pay them fear or love,
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]

O Isra'l, make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest ;
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
— the people and the priest.

3 The dead no more can speak thy praise—
 They dwell in silence in the grave ;
 But we shall live to sing thy grace,
 And tell the world thy pow'r to save.

PSALM CXV. Second Metre. As the new
 tune of the 50th Psalm.

Idoltry reprov'd.

1 NOT to our names, thou only just and true,
 Not to our worthless names is glory due :
 Thy pow'r and grace, thy truth and justice
 claim
 Immortal honours to thy sov'reign name ;
 Shine thro' the earth, from heav'n thy blest
 abode ; [God?"]
 Nor let the heathens say, " Where is your
 2 Heav'n is thine higher court : there stands
 thy throne,
 And thro' the lower worlds thy will is done :
 God fram'd this earth—the starry heav'ns be-
 spread,
 But fools adore the gods their hands have made ;
 The kneeling croud, with looks devout, behold
 Their silver saviours, and their saints of gold.
 3 [Vain are those artful shapes of eyes and ears—
 The molten image neither sees nor hears ;
 Their hands are helpless, nor their feet can
 move, [nor love ;
 They have no speech, nor thought, nor pow'r,
 Yet sottish mortals make their long complaints
 To their deaf idols, and their lifeless saints.
 3. The rich have statues well adorn'd with gold ;
 The poor, content with gods of courser mould,
 With tools of iron carve the senseless stock,
 Lopt from a tree, or broken from a rock,
 People and priest drive on the solemn trade,
 And trust the gods that saws and hammers
 made.]

- 5 Be heav'n and earth amaz'd! 'Tis hard to find
Which are more stupid, or their gods, or thou
O Isra'el, trust the Lord: he hears and sees
He knows thy sorrows, and restores thy peace
His worship does a thousand comforts yield
He is thy help, and be thine heav'nly shield
- 6 In God we trust: our insipious foes in vain
Attempt our ruin, and oppose his reign;
Had they prevail'd, darkness had clos'd our
days,
And death and silence had forbid his praise
But we are sav'd, and live:—Let songs arise
And Zion bless the God that built the skies

PSALM CXVI. First part. Common Meter

Recovery from sickness.

- 1 I Love the Lord: he heard my cries,
And pity'd ev'ry groan;
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.
- 2 I love the Lord: he bow'd his ear,
And chaf'd my fears away:
O let my heart no more despair,
When I have breath to pray.
- 3 My flesh declin'd, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead,
While inward pangs, and fears of hell,
Perplex'd my wakeful head.
- 4 "My God," I cry'd, "thy servant save
"Thou ever good and just;
"Thy pow'r can rescue from the grave,
"Thy pow'r is all my trust."
- 5 The Lord beheld me sore distress'd,
He bade my pains remove:
Return, my soul, to God thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

My God hath sav'd my soul from death,
 And dry'd my falling tears :
 Now, to his praise I'll spend my breath,
 And my remaining years.

PSALM CXVI. ver. 12, &c. Second part.
 Common Metre.

Thanks for private deliverance.

WHAT shall I render to my God
 For all his kindness shewn?
 My feet shall visit thine abode,
 My songs address thy throne.
 Among the saints, that fill thine house,
 My off'rings shall be paid;
 There shall my zeal perform the vows
 My soul in anguish made.
 How much is mercy thy delight,
 Thou ever-blessed God!
 How dear thy servants in thy sight!
 How precious is their blood!
 How happy all thy servants are!
 How great thy grace to me!
 My life, which thou hast made thy care,
 Lord, I devote to thee.
 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
 Nor shall my purpose move;
 Thy hand has loosed bonds of pain,
 And bound me with thy love.
 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
 And thy rich grace record;
 Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
 If I forsake the Lord.

PSALM CXVII. Common Metre.

Praise to God from all nations.

○ ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
 Each with a diff'rent tongue;

In ev'ry language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

- 2 His mercy reigns thro' ev'ry land;
Proclaim his grace abroad;
For ever firm his truth shall stand—
Praise ye the faithful God.

PSALM CXVII. Long Metre.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
'Till suns shall set and rise no more.

PSALM CXVII. Short Metre.

- 1 THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound thro' distant lands:
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,
Thy truth for ever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure,
'Till morning light and ev'ning shade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

PSALM CXVIII. ver. 6,—15. First part.
Common Metre.

Deliverance from a tumult.

- 1 THE Lord appears my helper now,
Nor is my faith afraid
What all the sons of earth can do,
Since heav'n affords its aid.
- 2 'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,
And have my God my friend,
Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.

'Tis thro' the Lord my heart is strong,
 In him my lips rejoice;
 While his salvation is my song,
 How cheerful is my voice!

Like angry bees they girt me round;
 When God appears they fly:
 So burning thorns, with crackling sound,
 Make a fierce blaze, and die.

Joy to the saints and peace belongs:
 The Lord protects their days:
 Let Isra'el tune immortal songs
 To his almighty grace.

P S A L M CXVIII. ver. 17,—21. Second part.
 Common Metre.

Public praise for deliverance from death.

LORD, thou hast heard thy servant cry,
 And rescu'd from the grave;
 Now shall he live: (and none can die,
 If God resolve to save.)

Thy praise, more constant than before,
 Shall fill his daily breath;
 Thy hand, that hath chastis'd him sore,
 Defends him still from death.

Open the gate of Zion now,
 For we shall worship there,
 The house where all the righteous go,
 Thy mercy to declare.

Among th' assemblies of thy saints
 Our thankful voice we raise;
 There we have told thee our complaints,
 And there we speak thy praise.

P S A L M CXVIII. ver. 22,—23. Third part.
 Common Metre.

Christ the foundation of the church.

BEHOLD the sure foundation stone
 Which God in Zion lays,

- To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name,
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain:
Firm on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What tho' the gates of hell withstood?
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thy own work, almighty God,
And wond'rous in our eyes.

P S A L M CXVIII. ver. 24, 25, 26.

Fourth part. Common Metre.

Hosanna; the Lord's day; or, Christ's resurrection, and our salvation.

- 1 **THIS** is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead;
And Satan's empire fell:
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son,
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Bless'd is the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God the Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna, in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;

The highest heav'ns, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

PSALM CXVIII. ver. 22,—27. Short Metre.

*An hosanna for the Lord's day; or, A new song
of salvation by Christ.*

- 1 SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse;
Yet God hath built his church thereon
In spite of envious Jews.
- 2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner stone.
- 3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wond'rous in our eyes:
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.
- 4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.
- 5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood:
Bless him, ye saints, he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.
- 6 We bless thine holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

PSALM CXVIII. ver. 22,—27. Long Metre.

*An hosanna for the Lord's day; or, A new song
of salvation by Christ.*

- 1 LO, what a glorious Corner-stone
The Jewish builders did refuse!!

But God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envy, and the Jews.

2 Great God, the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.

3 Sinners rejoice, and saints be glad;
Hosanna, let his name be blest'd;
A thousand honours on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory rest:

4 In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race;
Let the whole earth address their King
With hearts of joy, and songs of praise.

I have collected and disposed of the most useful verses of the cxixth Psalm under eighteen different heads, and formed a divine song upon each of them. But the verses are much transposed, to attain some degree of connection.

In some places among the words *law, commands, judgments, testimonies*, I have used *gospel, word, truth, grace, promises, &c.* as more agreeable to the New-Testament, and the common language of Christians, and it equally answers the design of the Psalmist, which was to recommend the holy Scripture.

PSALM CXIX. First part. Common Metre.

The blessedness of saints, and the misery of sinners.

Ver. 1, 2, 3.

1 BLESS'D are the undefil'd in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from ev'ry sin.

2 Bless'd are the men that keep thy word,
And practise thy command;

With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve him with their hands.

Ver. 165.

- 3 Great is their peace who love thy law ;
How firm their souls abide !
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

Ver. 6.

- 4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
While all thy statutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.

Ver. 21, 118.

- 5 But haughty sinners God will hate,
The proud shall die accurs'd ;
The sons of falsehood and deceit
Are trodden to the dust.

Ver. 119, 155.

- 6 Vile as the dross the wicked are :
And those that leave thy ways
Shall see salvation from afar,
But never taste thy grace.

PSALM CXIX. Second part.

*Secret devotion and spiritual-mindedness ; or,
Constant converse with God.*

Ver. 147, 55.

- 1 TO thee, before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I pray ;
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.

Ver. 81.

- 2 My spirit faints to see thy grace,
Thy promise bears me up ;
And, while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports my hope.

Ver. 164.

- 3 Sev'n times a day I lift my hands,
And pay my thanks to thee ;

Thy righteous providence demands
Repeated praise from me.

Ver. 62.

- 4 When midnight darkness veils the skies,
I call thy works to mind;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

PSALM CXIX. Third part.

Profession of sincerity, repentance, and obedience.

Ver. 57, 60.

- 1 THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

Ver. 13, 14.

- 2 I chuse the path of heav'nly truth,
And glory in my choice:
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

- 3 The testimonies of thy grace,
I set before mine eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

Ver. 59.

- 4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
Add trust thy pard'ning grace.

Ver. 94, 112.

- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine
O save thy servant, Lord,
Thou art my shield, my hiding place;
My hope is in thy word.

Ver. 112.

- 6 Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil;
And thus, till mortal life shall end,
Would I perform thy will.

P S A L M CXIX. Fourth part.

Instruction from scripture.

Ver. 9.

- 1 **H**OW shall the young secure their hearts,
 And guard their lives from sin?
 Thy word the choicest rules imparts
 To keep the conscience clean.

Ver. 130.

- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
 It spreads such life abroad,
 The meanest souls instruction find,
 And raise their thoughts to God.

Ver. 105.

- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,
 That guides us all the day;
 And, through the dangers of the night,
 A lamp to lead our way.

Ver. 99, 100.

- 4 The men that keep thy law with care,
 And meditate thy word,
 Grow wiser than their teachers are,
 And better know the Lord.

Ver. 104, 113.

- 5 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
 I hate the sinners road;
 I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
 But love thy law, my God.

Ver. 89, 90, 91.

- 6 [The starry heav'ns thy rule obey,
 The earth maintains her place;
 And these, thy servants, night and day,
 Thy skill and pow'r express.

- 7 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
 Have lessons more divine;
 Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
 Nor stars so nobly shine.]

Ver. 193, 143, 9, 119.

- 8 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure in ev'ry page !
Thy holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

P S A L M CXIX. Fifth part.

*Delight in scripture; or, The word of God
dwelling in us.*

Ver. 97.

- 1 O HOW I love thy holy law !
'Tis daily my delight :
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

Ver. 148.

- 2 My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word :
My soul with longing melts away,
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

Ver. 3, 13, 54.

- 3 Thy heav'nly words my heart engage !
And well employ my tongue !
And, in my tiresome pilgrimage,
Yields me a heav'nly song.

Ver. 19, 103.

- 4 Am I a stranger, or at home,
'Tis my perpetual feast ;
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taste.

Ver. 72, 127.

- 5 No treasures so enrich the mind ;
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refin'd,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

Ver. 23, 49, 175.

- 6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

P S A L M CXIX. Sixth part.

Holiness and comfort from the word.

Ver. 128.

- 1 LORD, I esteem thy judgments right,
And all thy statutes just;
Thence I maintain a constant fight
With ev'ry flatt'ring lust.

Ver. 97, 9.

- 2 Thy precepts often I survey:
I keep thy law in sight,
Through all the business of the day,
To form my actions right.

Ver. 62.

- 3 My heart, in midnight silence, cries,
"How sweet thy comforts be!"
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
And bring their thanks to thee.

Ver. 162

- 4 And when my spirit drinks her fill
At some good word of thine,
Not mighty men that share the spoil,
Have joys compar'd to mine.

P S A L M CXIX. Seventh part.

Imperfection of nature, and perfection of scripture

Ver. 96. paraphrased.

- 1 LET all the Heathen writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great God, if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look!
- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could shew one sin forgiv'n,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conducts to heav'n.
- 3 I've seen an end to what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the pow'rs of nature fall,
And can no farther go.

- 4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to ev'ry thought.
- 5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame,
And sinks our virtues down so far,
— They scarce deserves the name.
- 6 Our faith and love, and ev'ry grace,
Full far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

P S A L M CXIX. Eighth part.

The excellency and variety of scripture.

Ver. 111. paraphrased.

- 1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever-fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows bless'd;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

P S A L M CXIX. Ninth part.

Desire of knowledge.

Ver. 64, 68, 18.

- 1 THY mercy fills the earth, O Lord,
How good thy works appear!

Open my eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

Ver. 73, 125.

- 2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,
My service is thy due,
O ! make thy servant understand
The duties I must do.

Ver. 19.

- 3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
Thy path O ! do not hide ;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

Ver. 26.

- 4 When I confess'd my wand'ring ways,
Thou heard'd my soul complain ;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

Ver. 33, 34.

- 5 If God to me his statutes shew,
And heav'nly truth impart,
His work for ever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

Ver. 50, 71.

- 6 This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief ;
It made me learn thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.

Ver. 51.

- 7 [In vain the proud deride me now ;
I'll ne'er forget thy law,
Nor let that blessed gospel go,
Whence all my hopes I draw.

Ver. 27, 174.

- 8 When I have learn'd my Father's will,
I'll teach the world his ways :
My thankful lips, inspir'd with zeal,
Shall sing aloud his praise.]

P S A L M CXIX. Tenth part.

Pleading the promises.

Ver. 38, 49.

- 1 **BEHOLD** thy waiting servant, Lord,
 Devoted to thy fear;
 Remember and confirm thy word,
 For all my hopes are there.

Ver. 41, 58, 107.

- 2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,
 And promis'd quick'ning grace?
 Doth not my heart address thy throne?
 And yet thy love delays.

Ver. 123, 42.

- 3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;
 O bear thy servant up;
 Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
 Who dare reproach my hope.

Ver 49, 74.

- 4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
 Then let thy truth appear:
 Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
 And trust as well as fear.

P S A L M CXIX. Eleventh part.

Breathing after holiness.

Ver. 5, 33.

- 1 **O** That the Lord would guide my ways
 To keep his statutes still!
 O that my God would grant me grace
 To know and do his will.

Ver. 29.

- 2 O send thy Spirit down to write
 Thy law upon my heart!
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.

Ver. 37, 36.

- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
 Let no corrupt design,

Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.

Ver. 133.

- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

Ver. 176.

- 5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet since I keep in mind thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

Ver. 35.

- 6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

PSALM CXIX. Twelfth part.
Breathing after comfort and deliverance.

Ver. 153.

- 1 MY God, consider my distress,
Let mercy plead my cause;
Though I have sinn'd against thy grace,
I ne'er forgot thy laws.

Ver. 39, 116.

- 2 Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach,
Which I so justly fear;
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
Nor let my shame appear.

Ver. 122, 135.

- 3 Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,
Nor let the proud oppress;
But make thy waiting servant see
The shinings of thy face.

Ver. 81.

- 4 My eyes with expectation fail,
My heart within me cries,
"When will the Lord his truth fulfil,
"And bid my comforts rise?"

Ver. 132.

- 5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
And show thy grace the same,
Thy tender mercies still afford
To those that love thy name.

P S A L M CXIX. Thirteenth part.

Holy fear, and tenderness of conscience.

Ver. 10.

- 1 WITH my whole heart I've sought thy face,
O let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the sinner's way.

Ver. 11.

- 2 Thy word I've plac'd within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From ev'ry rising sin.

Ver. 63, 53, 158.

- 3 I'm a companion of the saints,
Who fear and love the Lord;
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

Ver. 161, 163.

- 4 While sinners do thy gospel wrong,
My spirit stands in awe;
My soul abhors a lying tongue,
But loves thy righteous law.

Ver. 161, 120.

- 5 My heart with sacred rev'rence hears
The threat'nings of thy word;
My flesh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the Lord.

Ver. 166, 174.

- 6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait,
For thy salvation still;
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

P S A L M CXIX. Fourteenth part.

Benefit of afflictions, and support under them.

Ver. 153, 81, 82.

- 1 CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
 And thy deliv'rance send;
 My soul for thy salvation faints,
 When will my troubles end?

Ver. 71.

- 2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me,
 To bear my Father's rod;
 Afflictions make me learn thy law,
 And live upon my God.

Ver. 50.

- 3 This is the comfort I enjoy,
 When new distress begins,
 I read thy word, I run thy way,
 And hate my former sins.

Ver. 92.

- 4 Had not thy word been my delight
 When earthly joys were fled,
 My soul, oppress'd with sorrows weight,
 Had sunk amongst the dead.

Ver. 75.

- 5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
 Though they may seem severe;
 The sharpest suff'rings I endure
 Flow from thy faithful care.

Ver. 67.

- 6 Before I knew thy chast'ning rod,
 My feet were apt to stray,
 But now I learn to keep thy word,
 Not wander from thy way.

P S A L M CXIX. Fifteenth part.

Holy resolutions.

Ver. 93.

- 1 O That thy statutes ev'ry hour
 Might dwell upon my mind!

Thence I derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And daily peace I find.

Ver. 15, 16.

2. To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,
Thy word is all my joy.

Ver. 32.

3. How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains.
And set my feet at large ?

Ver. 13, 46.

4. My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name ;
I'll speak thy word tho' kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.

Ver. 61, 69, 70.

- L et bands of persecutors rise
To rob me of my right ;
Let pride and malice forge their lies ;
Thy law is my delight.

Ver. 115.

5. Depart from me, ye wicked race,
Whose hands and hearts are ill :
I love my God, I love his ways,
And must obey his will.

P S A L M- CXIX. Sixteenth part.

A prayer of quickening grace.

Ver. 25, 37.

1. MY soul lies cleaving to the dust ;
Lord, give me life divine ;
From vain desires, and ev'ry lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2. I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

Ver. 107.

- 3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quick'ning pow'rs ;
Thy word, that I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours.

Ver. 156, 40.

- 4 Are not thy mercies sov'reign still,
And thou a faithful God ?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heav'nly road ?

Ver. 159, 40.

- 5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face ?
And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enliv'ning grace !

Ver. 93

- 6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r
To draw me near the Lord.

PSALM CXIX. Seventeenth part. Long Metre.
Grace shining in difficulties and trials.

Ver. 143, 28.

- 1 WHEN pain and anguish seize me, Lord,
All my support is from thy word ?
My soul dissolves for heaviness ;
Uphold me with thy strength'ning grace.

Ver. 51, 69, 110.

- 2 The proud have fram'd their scoffs and lies,
They watch my feet with envious eyes,
They tempt my soul to snares and sin ;
Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

Ver. 161, 67.

- 3 They hate me, Lord, without a cause,
They hate to see me love thy laws ;
But I will trust and fear thy name,
Till pride and malice die with shame.

P S A L M CXIX. Last part.

*Sanctified affections ; or, Delight in the word
of God.*

Ver. 67, 50.

- 1 FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand ;
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wand'ring soul to God !
- 2 Foolish and vain, I went astray,
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord,
I left my guide, and lost my way ;
But now I love and keep thy word.

Ver. 71.

- 3 'Tis good for me to bear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell ;
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I may learn his statutes well.

Ver. 72.

- 4 The law that issues from my mouth -
Shall raise my cheerful passions more
Than all the treasure of the south,
Or richest hills of golden ore.

Ver. 73.

- 5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy Spirit form'd my soul within :
Teach me to know thy wond'rous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

Ver. 74

- 6 Then all that love and fear the Lord
At my salvation shall rejoice ;
For I have trusted in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

P S A L M CXX. Common Metre.

*Complaint of quarrellsome neighbours ; or, A
devout wish for peace.*

- 1 THOU God of love, thou ever-bless'd,
Pity my suff'ring state ;

When will thou set my soul at rest,
From lips that love deceit?

Hard lot of mine! my days are cast
Among the sons of strife,
Whose never-ceasing quarrels waste
My golden hours of life.

Oh might I fly to change my place,
How would I choose to dwell
In some wide lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell!

Peace is the blessing that I seek,
How lovely are its charms!
I am for peace, but when I speak,
They all declare for arms.

New passions still their souls engage,
And keep their malice strong;
What shall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue!

Should burning arrows smite thee through,
Strict justice would approve;
But I would rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

PSALM CXXI. Long Metre.

Divine protection.

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my almighty Refuge lives.

He lives; the everlasting God,
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heav'ns, with all their hosts, he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles adorn the day:

L

He spreads th' ev'ning veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Isra'l sleeps.

- 4 Isra'l, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admits no slumber, nor surprise.
- 5 No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon, with sickly ray,
Shall blast thy couch; no baneful star
Darts his malignant fire so far.
- 6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return;
Safe in the Lord! his heav'nly care
Defends my life from ev'ry snare.
- 7 On thee foul spirits have no pow'r;
And in my last departing hour
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to my God.

P S A L M CXXI. Common Metre.

Preservation by day and night.

- 1 **T**O heav'n I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid:
The Lord that built the earth and skies,
Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 Their steadfast feet shall never fall,
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends the softest call;
His eyes can never sleep.
- 3 He will sustain our weakest pow'rs
With his almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.
- 4 Isra'l rejoice, and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his pow'r
For thine eternal guard.

- 5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon
 Shall have its leave to smite :
 He shields thy head from burning noon,
 From blasting damps at night.
- 6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
 Where thickest dangers come ;
 Go and return, secure from death,
 Till God command thee home.

PSALM CXXI. As the 148th Psalm.

God our preserver.

- 1 UPWARD I lift my eyes,
 From God is all my aid ;
 The God that built the skies,
 And earth and nature made ;
 God is the tow'r
 To which I fly :
 His grace is nigh
 In ev' hour.
- 2 My feet shall never slide,
 And fall in fatal snares,
 Since God, my guard and guide,
 Defends me from my fears.
 Those wakeful eyes,
 That never sleep,
 Shall Isra'l keep,
 When dangers rise.
- 3 No burning heats by day,
 Nor blasts of ev'ning air,
 Shall take my health away,
 If God be with me there :
 Thou art my sun,
 And thou my shade,
 To guard my head
 By night or noon.
- 4 Hast thou not giv'n thy word
 To save my soul from death?

And I can trust my Lord
 To keep my mortal breath :
 I'll go and come,
 Nor fear to die,
 Till from on high
 Thou call me home.

PSALM CXXII. Common Metre.

Going to church.

- 1 **H**OW did my heart rejoice to hear
 My friends devoutly say,
 " In Zion let us all appear,
 " And keep the solemn day."
- 2 I love the gates, I love the road ;
 The church adorn'd with grace
 Stands like a palace built for God,
 To shew his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts, with joy unknown,
 The holy tribes repair ;
 The Son of David holds his throne,
 And sits in judgment there.
- 4 He hears our praises and complaints ;
 And while his awful voice
 Distinguishes the sinners from the saints,
 We tremble and rejoice.
- 5 Peace be within this sacred place,
 And joy a constant guest !
 With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
 Be her attendants blest.
- 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
 While life or breath remains ;
 There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
 There God, my Saviour, reigns.

PSALM CXXII. Proper tune.

Going to God.

- 1 **H**OW pleas'd and blest was I,
 To hear the people cry,

“ Come, let us seek our God to day !”

Yes—with a cheerful zeal

We haste to Zion’s hill,

And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,

Adorn’d with wond’rous grace,

And walls of strength embrace thee round ;

In thee our tribes appear

To pray, and praise, and hear

The sacred gospel’s joyful sound.

3 There David’s greater Son

Has fix’d his royal throne,

He sits for grace and judgment there ;

He bids the saints be glad,

He makes the sinners sad,

And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 My peace attend thy gate,

And joy within thee wait

To bless the soul of ev’ry guest ;

The man that seeks thy peace,

And wishes thine increase,

A thousand blessings on him rest !

5 My tongue repeats her vows,

“ Peace to this sacred house !

“ For here my friends and kindred dwell ;

“ And since my glorious God

“ Makes this his blest abode,

“ My soul shall ever love thee well.”

Repeat the fourth stanza to complete the tune.

PSALM CXXIII. Common Metre.

Pleading with submission.

1 O THOU whose grace and justice reign

Enthron’d above the skies,

To thee our hearts would tell their pain,

To thee we lift our eyes.

2 As servants watch their master’s hand,

And fear the angry stroke ;

- Or maids before their their mistrefs' stand,
And wait a peaceful look.
- 3 So, for our sins, we justly feel
Thy discipline, O God ;
Yet wait the gracious moments still,
'Till thou remove the rod.
- 4 Those that in wealth and pleasure live,
Our daily groans deride,
And thy delays of mercy give,
Fresh courage to their pride.
- 5 Our foes insult us, but our hope
In thy compassion lies ;
This thought shall bear my spirits up,
That God will not despise.

P S A L M CXXIV. Common Metre.

God gives victory.

- 1 HAD not the God of truth and love,
When hosts against us rose,
Display'd his vengeance from above,
And crush'd the conqu'ring foes.
- 2 Their armies, like a raging flood,
Had swept the guardless land,
Destroy'd on earth his blest abode,
And 'whelm'd our feeble band.
- 3 But safe beneath his spreading shield
His sons securely rest,
Defy the dangers of the field
And bare the fearless breast.
- 4 And now our souls shall bless the Lord,
Who broke the deadly snare ;
Who sav'd us from the murd'ring sword,
And made our lives his care.
- 5 Our help is in JEHOVAH's name,
Who form'd the heav'ns abode ;
He that supports their wond'rous frame,
Can guard his church by love.

P S A L M CXXV. Common Metre.

The saints trial and safety.

- 1 UN³HAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm, as mountains stand,
Firm, as a rock, the soul shall rest
That trusts th' almighty hand.
- 2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That ev'ry saint surround.
- 3 While tyrants are a smarting scourge,
To drive them near to God,
Divine compassion will assuage,
The fury of the rod.
- 4 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of paradise,
Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.
- 5 But if we trace those crooked ways,
That the old serpent drew,
The wrath that drove him down to hell
Shall smite his foll'wers too.

P S A L M CXXV. Short Metre.

*The saints trial and safety; or, Moderated aff-
fections.*

- 1 FIRM and unmov'd are they
That rest their souls on God:
Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
Or where the ark abode.
- 2 As mountains stood to guard
The cities sacred ground,
So God and his almighty love
Embrace his saints around.
- 3 What tho' the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke,

- Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,
Its fury shall be broke.
- 4 Deal gently, Lord, with those
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope and love, and ev'ry grace,
Proclaim their hearts sincere.
- 5 Nor shall the tyrant's race
Too long oppose the faint;
The God of Isra'l will support
His children, lest they faint.
- 6 But if our slavish fear
Will chuse the road to hell,
We must expect our portion there,
Where bolder sinners dwell.

PSALM CXXV. Long Metre.

Surprising deliverance.

- 1 WHEN God restor'd our captive state,
Joy was our song, and grace our theme;
The grace beyond our hopes so great
That joy appear'd a pleasing dream.
- 2 The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honours to thy name;
While we with pleasure shout thy praise,
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.
- 3 When we review our dismal fears,
'Twas hard to think they'll vanish so;
With God we left our flowing tears,
He makes our joys like rivers flow.
- 4 The man that in his furrow'd field,
His scatter'd seed with sadness leaves,
Will shout to see the harvest yield
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

PSALM CXXVI. Common Metre.

The joy of a remarkable conversion; or, Melancholy removed.

- 1 WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd my mournful state,

- My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.
- 3 "Great is the work," my neighbours cry'd,
And own'd the pow'r divine:
"Great is the work," my heart reply'd,
"And be the glory thine."
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.
- 5 Let those that sow in sadness wait
'Till the fair harvest come,
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.
- 6 Though seed lie bury'd long in dust,
It shan't deceive their hope:
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

P S A L M CXXVII. Long Metre.

The blessing of God on the business & comforts of life.

- 1 IF God succeed not, all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost;
If God the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.
- 2 What though we rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done,
Careful and sparing eat our bread,
To shun that poverty we dread.
- 3 'Tis all in vain, 'till God hath bless'd;
He can make rich, yet give us rest;
On God our sov'reign, still depends
Our joy in children and in friends.

- 4 Happy the man to whom he sends
 Obedient children, faithful friends :
 How sweet our daily comforts prove
 When they are season'd with his love !

PSALM CXXVII. Common Metre.

God all in all.

- 1 IF God to build the house deny,
 The builders work in vain ;
 And towns, without his wakeful eye,
 An useless watch maintain.
- 2 Before the morning beams arise,
 Your painful work renew,
 And till the stars ascend the skies
 Your tiresome toil pursue.
- 3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare ;
 In vain, 'till God has bless'd ;
 But if his smiles attend your care,
 You shall have food and rest.
- 4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
 Shall real blessings prove,
 Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
 If sent without his love.

PSALM CXXVIII. Common Metre.

Family blessings.

- 1 O HAPPY man, whose soul is fill'd
 With zeal and rev'rent awe !
 His lips to God their honours yield,
 His life adorns the law.
- 2 A careful providence shall stand
 And ever guard thy head,
 Shall on the labours of thy hand
 Its kindly blessings shed.
- 3 Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine ;
 Thy children, round thy board,
 Each, like a plant of honour, shine,
 And learn to fear the Lord.

- 4 The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil
For months and years to come;
The Lord, who dwells on Zion's hill,
Shall send thee blessings home.
- 5 This is the man whose happy eyes
Shall see his house encrease,
Shall see the sinking church arise,
Then leave the world in peace.

P S A L M CXXIX. Common Metre.

Persecutions punished.

- 1 UP from my youth, may Isra'l say,
Have I been nurs'd in tears;
My griefs were constant as the day,
And tedious as the years.
- 2 Up from my youth I bore the rage
Of all the sons of strife;
Oft they assail'd my riper age,
But God preserv'd my life.
- 3 O'er all my frame their cruel dart
Its painful wounds express'd;
Hourly they vex'd my fainting heart,
Nor let my sorrows rest.
- 4 The Lord grew angry on his throne,
And, with impartial eye,
Measur'd the mischiefs they had done,
Then let his arrows fly.
- 5 How was this insolence surpris'd,
To hear his thunders roll!
And all the foes of Zion seiz'd
With horror to the soul.
- 6 Thus shall the men that hate the saints
Be blasted from the sky;
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their prospects die.
7. [What tho' they flourish tall and fair,
They have no root beneath;

Their growth shall perish in despair,
And lie despis'd in death.]

- 8 [So corn that on the house-top stands,
No hope of harvest gives ;
The reaper ne'er shall fill hands,
Nor binder fold the sheaves.]

P S A L M CXXX. Common Metre.

Pardoning grace.

- 1 **O**UT of the deeps of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.
- 2 Great God, shall thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.
- 3 But there are pardons with my God
For crimes of high degree ;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.
- 4 [I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With long desires I wait ;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.]
- 5 [Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of morning light,
And meet them with their eyes ;
- 6 So waits my soul to see thy grace,
And, more intent than they,
Meets the first opening of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.]
- 7 Then in the Lord let Isra'el trust,
Let Isra'el seek his face ;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous in his grace.

- 8 There's full redemption at his throne
For sinners long enslav'd ;
The great Redeemer is his Son ;
And Isra'el shall be sav'd.

PSALM CXXX. Long Metre.

Pardoning grace.

- 1 FROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
To thee, my God, I rais'd my cries ;
If thou severely mark our faults
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.
- 2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.
- 3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking day—
So waits my soul before thy gate,
When will my God his face display ?
- 4 My trust is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor shall I trust his word in vain :
Let mourning souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.
- 5 Great is his love, and rich his grace,
Through the redemption of his Son ;
He turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.

PSALM CXXXI. Common Metre.

Humility and submission.

- 1 IS there ambition in my heart ?
Search, gracious God, and see ;
Or do I act a haughty part,
Lord, I appeal to thee.
- 2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild,
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And peaceful as a child.

- 3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
 Shall have a large reward :
 Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
 And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM CXXXII. ver. 5, 13,—18. Long Metre.

At the settlement of a church; or, The ordination of a minister.

- 1 WHERE shall we go to seek and find
 An habitation for our God;
 A dwelling for th' eternal Mind,
 Among the sons of flesh and blood.

- 2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
 Of Zion for his ancient rest;
 And Zion is his dwelling place
 His church is with his presence blest.

- 3 " Here I will fix my gracious throne,
 " And reign for ever," saith the Lord;
 " Here shall my pow'r and love be known,
 " And blessings shall attend my word.

- 4 " Here will I meet the hungry poor
 " And fill their souls with living bread;
 " Sinners, that wait before my door,
 " With sweet provisions shall be fed.

- 5 " Girded with truth, and cloth'd with grace,
 " My priests, my ministers, shall shine:
 " Not Aaron, in his costly dress,
 " Appears so glorious and divine.

- 6 " The saints, unable to contain
 " Their inward joys, shall shout and sing;
 " The Son of David here shall reign,
 " And Zion triumph in her King.

- 7 [Jesus shall see a num'rous seed
 Born here, t' uphold his glorious name;
 His crown shall flourish on his head,
 While all his foes are cloth'd with shame.]

PSALM CXXXII. ver. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15,—17.
Common Metre.

A church established.

- 1 [NO sleep nor slumber to his eyes
Good David would afford,
'Till he had found below the skies
A dwelling for the Lord.
- 2 The Lord in Zion plac'd his name,
His ark was settled there :
And there th' assembled nation came,
To worship thrice a year.
- 3 We trace no more those toilsome ways,
Nor wander far abroad ;
Where'er thy people meet for praise,
There is a house for God.]
- P A U S E.
- 4 Arise, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest,
Lo ! thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and blest'd.
- 5 Enter, with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word ;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.
- 6 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread ;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.
- 7 Here let the son of David reign,
Let God's anointed shine ;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and pow'r divine.
- 8 Here let him hold a lasting throne ;
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

P S A L M CXXXIII. Common Metre.

Brotherly love.

- 1 **L**O! what an entertaining sight
Those friendly brethren prove,
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite
Of harmony and love.
- 2 Where streams of bliss from Christ the spring
Descend to ev'ry soul,
And heav'nly peace with balmy wing
Shades and bedews the whole :
- 3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet
On Aaron's rev'rend head,
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.
- 4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dew
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

P S A L M CXXXIII. Short Metre.

*Communion of saints; or, Love and worship in
a family.*

- 1 **B**LESS'D are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.
- 2 Bless'd is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet,
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.
- 3 Thus, when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil thro' all his raiment spread,
And pleasure fill'd the room.
- 4 Thus on the heav'nly hills
The saints are bless'd above,

Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

PSALM CXXXI. As the 122d Psalm.

The blessings of friendship.

- 1 HOW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in his proper station move,
And each fulfil his part
With sympathising heart,
In all the cares of life and love.
 - 2 'Tis like an ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet;
'The oil thro' all the room
Diffus'd a sweet perfume,
Ran thro' his robes, and bless'd his feet.
 - 3 Like fruitful show'rs of rain
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighbouring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Thro' ev'ry friendly soul,
Where love, like heav'nly dew, distils.
- Repeat the first stanza to complete the tune.*

PSALM CXXXIV. Common Metre.

Daily and nightly devotion.

- 1 YE that obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy place;
Bow to the glories of his pow'r,
And bless his wond'rous grace.
- 2 Lift up your heads by morning light,
And send your souls on high;
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.
- 3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts
With rays of quick'ning grace;

The God that spreads the heav'ns abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

PSALM CXXXV. ver. 1,—4, 14, 19,—2
First part. Long Metre.

The church is God's house and care.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,
While in his earthly courts ye wait,
Ye saints that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.
- 2 Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good;
To praise his name is sweet employ;
Isra'el he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.
- 3 The Lord himself will judge his saints;
He treats his servants as his friends;
And when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.
- 4 Through ev'ry age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod
He gives the suff'ring servant rest,
And will be known th' Almighty God.
- 5 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love,
People and priests exalt his name:
Amongst his saints he ever dwells;
His church is in Jerusalem.

PSALM CXXXV. ver. 5,—12. Second part
*The works of creation, providence, redemption
of Israel, and destruction of enemies.*

- 1 GREAT is the Lord, exalted high
Above all pow'rs, and ev'ry throne;
Whate'er he please in earth and sea,
Or heav'n, or hell, his hand hath done.
- 2 At his command the vapours rise;
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar
He pours the rain, he brings the wind,
And tempest from his airy store.

- 3 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,
 O Egypt thro' thy stubborn land ;
 When all thy first-born, beasts and men,
 Fell dead by his avenging hand.
- 4 When mighty nations, mighty kings
 He slew, and their whole country gave
 To Israel whom his hand redeem'd,
 No more to be proud Pharoah's slave !
- 5 His pow'r the same, the same his grace,
 That saves us from the hosts of hell :
 And heav'n he gives us to possess,
 Whence those apostate angels fell.

P S A L M CXXXV. Common Metre.

Praise due to God, not to idols.

- 1 **A**WAKE, ye saints—To praise your King
 Your sweetest passions raise ;
 Your pious pleasure while you sing,
 Increasing with the praise.
- 2 Great is the Lord ; and works unknown
 Are his divine employ :
 But still his saints are near his throne,
 His treasure and his joy.
- 3 Heav'n, earth, and sea, confess his hand ;
 He bids the vapours rise !
 Light'ning and storm, at his command,
 Sweep thro' the sounding skies.
- 4 All power that gods or kings have claim'd
 Is found with him alone ;
 But heathen gods should ne'er be nam'd
 Where our Jehovah's known.
- 5 Which of the stocks and stones they trust
 Can give them show'rs of rain ?
 In vain they worship glitt'ring dust,
 And pray to God in vain.
- 6 [Their gods have tongues that speechless prove
 Such as their makers gave :

Their feet were never form'd to move,
Nor hands have power to save.

7 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,
Nor hear when mortals pray ;
Mortals, that wait for their relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.]

8 Ye nations, know the living God,
Serve him with faith and fear ;
He makes the churches his abode,
And claims your honours there.

PSALM CXXXVI. Common Metre.

God's wonders of creation, providence, redemption of Israel, and salvation of his people.

- 1 GIVE thanks to God, the sov'reign Lord ;
" His mercies still endure ;"
And he the King of kings ador'd,
" His truth is ever sure."
- 2 What wonders hath his wisdom done !
" How mighty is his hand ?"
Heav'n, earth, and sea, he fram'd alone,
" How wide is his command !"
- 3 The sun supplies the day with light ;
" How bright his counsels shine !"
The moon and stars adorn the night ;
" His works are all divine."
- 4 [He struck the sons of Egypt dead ;
" How dreadful is his rod !"
And thence, with joy, his people led ;
" How gracious is our God !"
- 5 He cleft the swelling sea in two ;
" His arm is great in might ;"
And gave his tribes a passage through ;
" His pow'r and grace unite."
- 6 But Pharaoh's army there he drown'd ;
" How glorious are his ways !"

And brought his saints thro' desert ground !

" Eternal be his praise."

Great monarchs fell beneath his hand ;

" Victorious is his sword ;"

While Isra'l took the promis'd land ;

" And faithful is his word." }

He saw the nations dead in sin ;

" He felt his pity move ;"

How sad the state the world was in !

" How boundless is his love !"

He sent to save us from our woe ;

" His goodness never fails ;"

From death and hell, and ev'ry foe ;

" And still his grace prevails."

Give thanks to God, the heav'nly King ;

" His mercies still endure ;"

Let the whole earth his praises sing ;

" His truth is ever sure."

PSALM CXXXVI. As the 148th Psalm.

GIVE thanks to God most high,

The universal Lord ;

The sov'reign King of kings ;

And be his grace ador'd.

" His pow'r and grace

" Are still the same ;

" And let his name

" Have endless praise."

How mighty is his hand !

What wonders hath he done !

He form'd the earth and seas ;

And spread the heav'ns alone.

" Thy mercy, Lord,

" Shall still endure ;

" And ever sure

" Abides thy word."

His wisdom fram'd the sun

To crown the day with light ;

The moon and twinkling stars
To cheer the darksome night.

“ His pow’r and grace

“ Are still the same ;

“ And let his name

“ Have endless praise.”

4 [He smote the first-born sons,
The flow’r of Egypt, dead ;
And thence his chosen tribes
With joy and glory led.

“ Thy mercy, Lord,

“ Shall still endure ;

“ And ever sure

“ Abides thy word.”

5 His pow’r and lifted rod
Cleft the Red-sea in two ;
And for his people made
A wond’rous passage through.

“ His pow’r and grace

“ Are still the same

“ And let his name

Have endless praise.”

6 But cruel Pharaoh there,
With all his host he drown’d ;
And brought his Isra’l safe
Through a long desert ground.

“ Thy mercy, Lord,

“ Shall still endure,

“ And ever sure,

“ Abides thy word.

P A U S E.

7 The kings of Canaan fell
Beneath his dreadful hand ;
While his own servants took
Possession of their land.

“ His pow’r and grace

“ Are still the same ;

“ And let his name
 “ Have endless praise.”]

8 He saw the nations lie
 All perishing in sin,
 And pity'd the sad state
 The ruin'd world was in.
 “ Thy mercy, Lord,
 “ Shall still endure;
 “ And ever sure
 “ Abides thy word.”

9 He sent his only Son
 To save us from our woe,
 From Satan, sin and death,
 And ev'ry hurtful foe.
 “ His pow'r and grace
 “ Are still the same;
 “ And let his name
 “ Have endless praise.”

10 Give thanks aloud to God,
 To God the heav'nly King;
 And let the spacious earth
 His works and glory sing.
 “ Thy mercy, Lord,
 “ Shall still endure,
 “ And ever sure
 “ Abides thy word.”

PSALM CXXXVI. Abridged. Long Metre.

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise!
 Mercy and truth are all his ways:
 “ Wonders of grace to God belong,
 “ Repeat his mercies in your song.”

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
 The King of kings with glory crown:
 “ His mercies ever shall endure, [more.”
 “ When lords and kings are known no

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
 And fix'd the starry lights on high:

“ Wonders of grace to God belong,
 “ Repeat his mercies in your song.”

- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
 He bids the moon direct the night ;
 “ His mercies ever shall endure, [more.”
 “ When suns and moons shall shine no
- 5 The Jews he freed from Pharoah’s hand,
 And brought them to the promis’d land ;
 “ Wonders of grace to God belong,
 “ Repeat his mercies in your song.”
- 6 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
 And felt his pity move within !
 “ His mercies ever shall endure,
 “ When death and sin shall reign no more.”
- 7 He sent his Son with pow’r to save
 From guilt, and darkness, and the grave.
 “ Wonders of grace to God belong,
 “ Repeat his mercies in your song.”
- 8 Thro’ this vain world he guides our feet,
 And leads us to his heav’nly seat.
 “ His mercies ever shall endure,
 “ When this vain world shall be no more.”

PSALM CXXXVII.

The Babylonian captivity.

- 1 **A**LONG the banks where Babel’s current
 flows, [stray’d,
 Our captive bands in deep despondence
 While Zion’s fall in sad remembrance rose,
 Her friends, her children, mingled with
 the dead.
- 2 The tuneless harp, that once with joy we
 strung, [the lay,
 When praise employ’d, and mirth inspir’d,
 In mournful silence, on the willows, hung ;
 And growing grief prolong’d the tedious day.

The barbarous tyrants, to increase the woe,
 With taunting smiles a song of Zion claim;
 Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,
 While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's
 name.

But how, in heathen chains and lands unknown
 Shall Israel's sons a song of Zion raise!
 O hapless Salem, God's terrestrial throne,
 Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise.

If e'er my memory lose thy lovely name,
 If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,
 Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame;
 My hands shall perish, and my voice shall
 cease.

Yet shall the Lord, who hears when Zion calls,
 O'ertake her foes with terror and dismay,
 His arm avenge her desolated walls,
 And raise her children to eternal day.

P S A L M CXXXVIII.

Restoring and preserving grace.

WITH all my powers of heart and tongue
 I'll praise my Maker in my song;
 Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
 Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 Angels, that make thy church their care,
 Shall witness my devotions there,
 While holy zeal directs my eyes
 To thy fair temple in the skies.]

I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord.
 I'll sing the wonders of thy word!
 Not all the works and names below.
 So much thy power and glory show.

To God I cry'd when trouble rose;
 He heard me and subdued my foes:
 He did my rising fears controul,
 And strength diffus'd through all my soul.

- 5 The God of heav'n maintains his state,
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great;
But from his throne descends to bless
The humble soul that trusts his grace.
- 6 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.
- 7 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

PSALM CXXXIX. First part. Long Metre.

The all-seeing God.

- 1 LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me thro'
Thine eye commands with piercing view;
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 "O may these thoughts possess my breast,
"Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
"Nor let my weaker passions dare
"Consent to sin, for God is there."

PAUSE the first.

- 6 Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service, and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?
- 7 If up to heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st entron'd in light ;
Or dive to hell—there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.
- 8 If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 9 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.
- 10 "O may these thoughts possess my breast,
"Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
"Nor let my weaker passions dare
"Consent to sin, for God is there."

PAUSE the second.

- 12 The veil of night is no disguise,
To screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon,
Thro' midnight shades as blazing noon.
- 12 Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee,
Not death can hide what God will spy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.
- 13 "Oh may these thoughts possess my breast,
"Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
"Nor let my weaker passions dare
"Consent to sin, for God is there."

PSALM CXXXIX. Second part. Long Metre.

The wonderful formation of man.

- 1 'T WAS from thy hand, my God, I came,
A work of such a curious frame;
In me thy fearful wonders shine,
And each proclaims thy skill divine.
- 2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
Which yet in dark confusion lay:
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.
- 3 By thee my growing parts were nam'd,
And what thy sov'reign counsels fram'd,
The breathing lungs, the beating heart,
Was copy'd with unerring art.
- 4 At last, to shew my Maker's name,
God stamp'd his image on my frame,
And, in some unknown moment, join'd
The finish'd members of the mind.
- 5 There the young seeds of thought began,
And all the passions of the man,
Great God, our infant nature pays
Immortal tribute to thy praise.

P A U S E.

- 6 Lord, since in my advancing age,
I've acted on life's busy stage,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The power of numbers to recount.
- 7 I could survey the ocean o'er,
And count each sand that makes the shore,
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
The numerous wonders of thy grace.
- 8 These on my heart are still impress'd,
With these I give my eyes to rest;
And at my waking hour I find
God and his love possess my mind.

PSALM CXXXIX. Third part. Long Metre.
*Sincerity professed; and grace tried; or, The heart-
 searching God.*

- 1 MY God, what inward grief I feel,
 When impious men transgress thy will?
 I mourn to hear their lips profane
 Take thy tremendous name in vain.
- 2 Does not my soul detest and hate
 The sons of malice and deceit?
 Those that oppose thy laws and thee,
 I count for enemies to me.
- 3 Lord, search my soul, try ev'ry thought—
 Though my own heart accuse me not
 Of walking in a false disguise,
 I beg the trial of thine eyes.
- 4 Doth secret mischief lurk within?
 Do I indulge some unknown sin?
 O! turn my feet whene'er I stray,
 And lead me in thy perfect way.

PSALM CXXXIX. First part. Common Metre.
God is every where.

- 1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
 In vain my soul would try
 To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
 The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
 My rising and my rest,
 My public walks, my private ways,
 And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
 Before they're form'd within;
 And ere my lips pronounce the word,
 He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 Oh! wond'rous knowledge! deep and high!
 Where can a creature hide?

Within thy circling arms I lie,
Inclos'd on ev'ry side.

- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
'To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

P-A U S E.

- 6 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?—
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heav'n thy glorious throne.
- 7 Should I suppress my vital breath,
To 'scape the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.
- 8 If, wing'd with beams of morning light,
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.
- 9 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
The flaming eyes that guard thy law
Would turn the shades to light.
- 10 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee:—
Oh! may I ne'er provoke that pow'r
From which I cannot flee.

PSALM CXXXIX. Second part.
Common Me're.

The wisdom of God in the formation of man.

- 1 WHEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey,
Lord! 'tis thy work—I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay.
- 2 Thy hand my heart and reins possess'd
Where unborn nature grow;

- Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,
And all my members drew.
- 3 Thine eye with nicest care survey'd
The growth of ev'ry part;
'Till the whole scheme, thy thoughts had laid,
Was copy'd by thy art.
- 4 Heav'n, earth, and sea, and fire and wind,
Shew me thy wond'rous skill;
But I review myself, and find
Diviner wonders still.
- 5 Thy awful glories round me shine,
My flesh proclaims thy praise;
Lord, to thy works of wonder join
Thy miracles of grace.

PSALM CXXXIX. ver. 14, 17, 18. Third part.
Common Metre.

The mercies of God innumerable.

An evening psalm.

- 1 LORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise;
Not all the sands that spread the shore,
To equal numbers rise.
- 2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill;
And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.
- 3 These on my heart by night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
Oh! may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with thee.

PSALM CXL. Common Metre.

- 1 PROTECT us, Lord, from fatal harm!
Behold our rising woes;
We trust alone thy powerful arm,
To scatter all our foes.

Their tongue is like a poison'd dart,
 Their thoughts are full of guile,
 While rage and carnage swell their heart,
 They wear a peaceful smile.

3 O God of grace, thy guardian care,
 When foes without invade,
 Or spread within a deeper snare,
 Supplies our constant aid.

4 Let falsehood flee before thy face,
 Thy heav'nly truth extend,
 All nations taste thy heav'nly grace,
 And all delusions end.

5 With daily bread the poor supply;
 The cause of justice plead;
 And be thy truth exalted high,
 With Christ our glorious head.

PSALM CXLI. ver. 2,—5. Long Metre.

Watchfulness and brotherly love.

A morning or evening psalm.

- 1 MY God, accept my early vows,
 Like morning incense in thine house,
 And let my nightly worship rise
 Sweet as the ev'ning sacrifice.
- 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
 From ev'ry rash and heedless word:
 Nor let my feet incline to tread
 The guilty paths where sinners lead.
- 3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
 Smite and reprove my wand'ring way,
 Their gentle words like ointment shed,
 Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.
- 4 When I behold them press'd with grief,
 I'll cry to heaven for their relief,
 And, by my warm petitions prove,
 How much I prize their faithful love.

PSALM CXLII. Common Metre.

God is the hope of the helpless.

- 1 **T**O God I made my sorrows known,
From God I sought relief :
In long complaints before his throne
I pour'd out all my grief.
- 2 My soul was overwhelm'd with woes,
My heart began to break ;
My God, who all my burdens knows,
Beholds the way I take.
- 3 On every side I cast mine eye,
And found my helpers gone,
While friends and strangers pass'd me by
Neglected or unknown.
- 4 Then did I raise a louder cry,
And call'd thy mercy near,
"Thou art my portion when I die,
"Be thou my refuge here."
- 5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low,
Now let thine ear attend,
And make my foes, who vex me, know
I've an almighty Friend.
- 6 From my sad prison set me free,
Then shall I praise thy name,
And holy men shall join with me,
Thy kindness to proclaim.

PSALM CXLIII. Long Metre.

Complaint of heavy affliction in mind and body.

- 1 **M**Y righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear, when I spread my hands abroad,
And cry for succour from thy throne—
Oh! make thy truth and mercy known.
- 2 Let judgment not against me pass ;
Behold thy servant pleads thy grace—
Should justice call us to thy bar,
No man alive is guiltless there.

- 3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes that burden me;
My wasting life draws to the grave;
Make bare thine arm—thy servant save.
- 4 I dwell in darkness and unseen—
My heart is desolate within;
My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.
- 5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope,
To bear my sinking spirits up;
I stretch my hands to God again,
And thirst like parched land for rain.
- 6 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn—
When will thy smiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove,
And God for ever hide his love?
- 7 My God, thy long delay to save,
Will sink thy pris'ner to the grave;
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye;
Make haste to help before I die.
- 8 The night is witness to my tears,
Distressing pains, distracting fears;
Oh! might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my wearied powers rejoice?
- 9 In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,
And lift my wearied soul on high,
For thee sit waiting all the day,
And wear the tiresome hours away.
- 10 Break off my fetters, Lord, and shew
The path in which my feet shall go:
If snares and foes beset the road,
I flee to hide me near my God.
- 11 Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heav'nly hill:
Let the good Spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.

- 12 Then shall my soul no more complain,
The tempter then shall rage in vain;
And flesh, and sin, my foes before,
Shall never vex my spirit more.

P S A L M CXLIV. ver. 1, - 2. First part.
Common Metre.

Assistance and victory in the spiritual warfare.

- 1 **F**OR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.
- 2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care,
Instructs me in the heav'nly fight,
And guards me through the war.
- 3 A friend and helper so divine,
My fainting hope shall raise;
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And his shall be the praise.

P S A L M CXLIV. ver. 3, 4, 5, 6.

Second part. Common Metre.

The vanity of man, and the condescension of God.

- 1 **L**ORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first?
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hasting to the dust.
- 2 O what is feeble dying man,
Or all his sinful race,
That God would make it his concern
To visit him with grace!
- 3 That God who darts his lightnings down,
Who shakes the world above,
What terrors wait his awful frown,
How wond'rous is his love!

S A L M CXLIV. ver. 12,—15. Third part.
Long Metre.

Grace above riches; or, The happy nation.

- 1 **H**APPY the city, where their sons,
Like pillars round a palace set,
And daughters, bright as polished stones,
Give strength and beauty to the state.
- 2 Happy the land in culture dress'd,
Whose flocks and corn have large increase
Where men securely work or rest,
Nor sons of plunder break their peace.
- 3 Happy the nation thus endow'd;
But more divinely bless'd are those
On whom the all-sufficient God,
Himself, with all his grace, bestows.

P S A L M CXLV. Long Metre.

The greatness of God.

- 1 **M**Y God, my King, thy various praise,
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue
'Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And ev'ry setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 Thy works with sov'reign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let ev'ry realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.
- 5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;

And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

- 6 But who can speak thy wond'rous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

PSALM CXLV. ver. 1,—7, 11,—13.
First part. Common Metre.

The greatness of God.

- 1 LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the Lord, his power unknown,
And let his praise be great;
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue,
And, while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.
- 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly state,
With public pleasure shown.
- 6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy saints are rul'd by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

PSALM CXLV. ver. 7, &c. Second part.
Common Metre.

The goodness of God.

- 1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pard'ning word
To cheer the souls he loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim
But saints, that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

PSALM CXLV. ver. 14, 17, &c. Third part.
Common Metre.

Mercy to sufferers; or, God hearing prayer.

- 1 LET ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distress'd
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

- 3 The Lord supports our sinking days,
And guides our giddy youth :
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.
- 4 He knows the pain his servants feel,
He hears his children cry,
And their best wishes to fulfil
His grace is ever nigh.
- 5 His mercies never shall remove
- From men of heart sincere ;
He saves the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.
- [6 His stubborn foes his sword shall slay,
And pierce their hearts with pain :
But none that serve the Lord shall say,
“ They sought his aid in vain.”]
- [7 My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And spread his fame abroad ;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.]

P S A L M CXLVI. Long Metre.

Praise to God for his goodness.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord, my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, To divine ;
Now while the flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.
- 2 Praise shall employ my noblest pow'rs,
While immortality endures ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.
- 3 Why should I make a man my trust ?
Princes must die and turn to dust ;
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour.
- 4 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God : He made the sky,

- And earth, and seas, with all their train;
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 5 His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
- 6 The Lord to sight restores the blind;
The Lord supports our sinking mind;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.
- 7 He loves the saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

PSALM CXLVII. As the 113th Psalm.

Praise to God for his goodness and truth.

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my noblest powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Why should I make a man my trust;
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour:
Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3 Happy, the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure:
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;

He sends the lab'ring conscience peace ;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

- 5 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
 But turns the wicked down to hell ;

Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns ;
 Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
 In this exalted work engage ;
 Praise him in everlasting strains.

- 6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath ;
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being, last,
 Or immortality endures.

PSALM CXLVII. First part. Long Metre.

The divine nature, providence, and grace.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord : 'tis good to raise
 Our hearts and voices in his praise :
 His nature and his works invite
 To make this duty our delight.

- 2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
 And gathers nations to his name :
 His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
 And makes the broken spirit whole.

- 3 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames,
 He counts their numbers, calls their names :
 His sov'reign wisdom knows no bound,
 A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

- 4 Great is our Lord, and great his might,
 And all his glories infinite ;
 He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
 And treads the wicked to the dust.

PAUSE.

- 5 Sing to the Lord exalt him high,
 Who spreads his clouds around the sky :

- There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 6 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling field with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And feeds the ravens when they cry.
- 7 What is the creatures skill or force,
The vig'rous man, the warlike horse,
The sprightly wit, the active limb!
Are all too mean delights for him.
- 8 But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And finds and loves his image there.
- PSALM CXLVII. Second part. Long Metre.

Summer and Winter.

- 1 LET Zion praise the mighty God,
And make his honours known abroad;
For sweet the joy our songs to raise,
And glorious is the work of praise.
- 2 Our children live secure and blest'd;
Our shores have peace, our cities rest;
He feeds our sons with finest wheat,
And adds his blessings to their meat.
- 3 The changing seasons he ordains,
The early and the latter rains:
His flakes of snow, like wool, he sends,
And thus the springing corn defends.
- 4 With hoary frost he strews the ground;
His hail descends with dreadful sound;
His icy band the rivers hold,
And terrors arm his wintry cold.
- 5 He bids the warmer breezes blow;
The ice dissolves, the waters flow;
But he hath nobler works and ways
To call his people to his praise.

- 6 Thro' all our states his laws are shown;
His gospel through the nation known;
He hath not thus reveal'd his word
To ev'ry land: Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM CXLVII. ver. 7—9, 13,—18.
Common Metre.

The seasons of the year.

- 1 WITH songs and honours, sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high,
Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends his show'rs of blessing down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown
And corn in vallies grow.
- 3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,
He hears the ravens' cry;
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
Should raise his honours high.
- 4 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wint'ry day appear.
- 5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.
- 6 When, from his dreadful stores on high,
He pours the sounding hail,
The wretch that dares his God defy
Shall find his courage fail.
- 7 He send's his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

- 8 The changing wind the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With songs and honours, sounding loud,
Praise ye the sov'reign Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII. Proper Metre.

Praise ye God from all creatures.

- 1 Ye tribes of Adam, join
With heav'n, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.
Ye holy throng
Of angels bright
In worlds of light
Begin the song.
- 2 Thou sun, with dazzling rays,
And moon, that rules the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.
His pow'r declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly,
In empty air.
- 3 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move
By his supreme command
He spake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came,
To praise the Lord.
- 4 He mov'd their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,
As each his word fulfils
While time and nature last.
In different ways
His works proclaim
His wond'rous name,
And speak his praise.

P A U S E.

Let all the earth-born race,
And monsters of the deep,
The fish that cleave the seas,
Or in their bosom sleep,
From sea and shore
Their tribute pay,
And still display
Their Maker's pow'r.

Ye vapours, hail, and snow,
Praise ye th' almighty Lord;
And stormy winds that blow
To execute his word.
When lightnings shine,
Or thunders roar,
Let earth adore
His hand divine.

Ye mountains near the skies,
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler size,
That fruit in plenty bear;
Beasts wild and tame,
Birds, flies, and worms,
In various forms,
Exalt his name.

Ye kings, and judges, fear
The Lord the sov'reign King;
And while you rule us here,
His heav'nly honors sing;
Nor let the dream
Of power and state
Make you forget
His pow'r supreme.

Virgins, and youths, engage
To sound his praise divine,
While infancy and age
Their feeble voices join.

Wide as he reigns
His name be sung
By ev'ry tongue
In endless strains.

- 10 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love.
While earth and sky
Attempt his praise,
But saints shall raise
His honours high.

PSALM CXLVIII. Paraphrased. Long Metre.

Universal praise to God.

- 1 **L** OUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell;
Let heav'n begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

Note, This psalm may be sung to the tune of the old 112th or 127th psalm, if these two lines be added to every stanza.

“Each of his works his name displays,
“But they can ne’er complete the praise.”

Otherwise it must be sung to the usual tunes of the Long Metre.

- 2 The Lord! how absolute he reigns!
Let ev'ry angel bend the knee:
Sing of his love in heav'nly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.
- 3 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss:
Fly through the world, O sun, and tell
How dark thy beams, compar'd to his.
- 4 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare;

Let the sweet whisper of his name
Fill ev'ry gentler breeze of air.

Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree
To join their praise with flaming fire ;
Let the firm earth, and rolling sea,
In this eternal song conspire.

Ye flow'ry plains, proclaim his skill ;
Ye vallies, sink before his eye ;
And let his praise from ev'ry hill
Rise, tuneful, to the neighb'ring sky.

Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,
Bend your high branches, and adore :
Praise him, ye beasts, in diff'rent strains ;
The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.

Ye birds, his praise must be your theme,
Who form'd to song your tuneful voice ;
While the dumb fish, that cut the stream,
In his protecting care rejoice.

Mortals, can ye refrain your tongue,
When nature, all around you sings ?
O! for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains, and lofty kings.

Wide as his vast dominion lies,
Make the Creator's name be known ;
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
And sound it lofty as his throne.

JEHOVAH! 'tis a glorious word !
O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue !
But saints, who best have known the Lord
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on ev'ry chord ;
From all below, and all above,
Sing hallelujahs to the Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII. Short Metre.

Universal praise.

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry creature join
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heav'nly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.
 - 2 Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.
 - 3 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wond'rous frame:
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his fame.
 - 4 Ye vapours when ye rise,
Or fall in show'rs or snow:
Ye thunders, murm'ring round the skies,
His pow'r and glory show.
 - 5 Wind, hail, and flaming fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.
 - 6 By all his works above
His honours be express'd,
But saints, that taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.
- P A U S E the first.
- 7 Let earth and ocean know
They owe their Maker praise;
Praise him ye wat'ry worlds below,
And monsters of the seas.
 - 8 From mountains near the sky
Let his high praise resound—
From humble shrubs, and cedars high,
And vales and fields around.

- 9 Ye lions of the wood,
And tamer beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily food,
And he expects your praise.
- 10 Ye birds of lofty wing,
On high his praises bear;
Or sit on flow'ry boughs, and sing
Your Maker's glory there.
- 11 Ye reptile myriads, join
T' exalt his glorious name;
And flies, in beauteous forms that shine,
His wondrous skill proclaim.
- 12 By all the earth born race,
His honours be express'd;
But saints, that know his heav'nly grace,
Should learn to praise him best.

PAUSE the second.

- 3 Monarchs of wide command
Praise ye th' eternal King—
Judges, adore that sov'reign hand,
Whence all your honours spring.
- 4 Let vig'rous youth engage
To sound his praises high;
While growing babes and withering age
Their feeble voices try.
- 5 United zeal be shown
His wond'rous fame to raise;
God is the Lord; his name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
- 6 Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him blest,
But saints, that dwell so near his heart,
Should sing his praises best.

PSALM CXLIX. Common Metre.

*Praise God, all his saints; or, The saints judging
the world.*

- 1 ALL ye that love the Lord rejoice,
And let your songs be new;
Amidst the church with cheerful voice
His later wonders shew.
- 2 The Jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing;
And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her King.
- 3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn:
The meek, that lies despis'd in dust,
Salvation shall adorn.
- 4 Saints should be joyful in their King,
E'en on a dying bed:
And like the souls in glory sing,
For God shall raise the dead.
- 5 Then his high praise shall fill their tongues,
Their hand shall wield the sword:
And vengeance shall attend their songs,
The vengeance of the Lord.
- 6 When Christ his judgment seat ascends,
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends,
Who humbly lov'd him here.
- 7 Then shall they rule with iron rod,
Nations that dar'd rebel!
And join the sentence of their God,
On tyrants doom'd to hell.
- 8 The royal sinner, bound in chains,
New triumph shall afford;
Such honour for the saints remains:
Praise ye, and fear the Lord.

PSALM CL. ver. 1, 2, 6. Common Metre.

A song of praise.

- 1 **I**N God's own house pronounce his praise,
His grace he there reveals;
To heav'n your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.
- 2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.
- 3 All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest'd;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.



THE CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.

Long Metre.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise and glory giv'n
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

Common Metre.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to serve the Lord.

Common Metre. *Where the tune includes two stanzas.*

I.

THE God of mercy be ador'd
Who calls our soul from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new creating breath.

II.

To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,

The One in three, and Three in one,
Let saints and angels join.

Short Metre.

YE angels, round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

As the 113th Psalm.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit be
Eternal praise and glory giv'n,
Thro' all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near his throne,
And all the saints in earth and heav'n.

As the 148th Psalm.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our powers,
Eternal King,
Thy name to sing,
While faith adores.

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H Y M N S
AND
SPIRITUAL SONGS.
IN THREE BOOKS.

- I. *Collected from the Scriptures.*
II. *Composed on Divine Subjects.*
III. *Prepared for the Lord's Supper.*

By ISAAC WATTS. D. D.

*And they sung a new Song, saying,
Thou art worthy, &c. for thou wast
slain, and hast redeemed us, &c.*

REV. v. 9.

Soliti essent [i. e. CHRISTIANI] con-
venire, carmenque, Christo quasi
Deo dicere.

Plin. in Epist.

PHILADELPHIA:

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M, DCC, XCIX.



H Y M N S

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

B O O K I.

COLLECTED FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

HYMN I. Common Metre.

A new song to the Lamb that was slain. Rev. v.
6, 8, 9, 10, 12.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne:
Prepare new honors for his name
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around;
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the pray'rs of all the saints,
And these the hymns they raise;
Jesus is kind to our complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 [Eternal Father, who shall look
Into thy secret will?
Who but the Son shall take that book,
And open ev'ry seal?
- 5 He shall fulfil thy great decrees,
The Son deserves it well;
Lo, in his hand the sov'reign keys
Of heav'n and death, and hell!]

- 6 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
 Be endless blessings paid;
 Salvation, glory, joy, remain
 For ever on thy head.
- 7 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
 Hast set the pris'ners free,
 Hast made us kings and priests to God,
 And we shall reign with thee.
- 8 The worlds of nature and of grace,
 Are put beneath thy pow'r;
 Then shorten these delaying days,
 And bring the promis'd hour.

HYMN II. Long Metre.

The deity and humanity of Christ. John. i. 1, 3,
 14; and Col. i. 16; and Eph. iii. 9, 10.

- 1 **E**RE the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad;
 From everlasting was the Word:
 With God he was: the Word was God,
 And must divinely be ador'd.
- 2 By his own pow'r, were all things made,
 By him supported all things stand;
 He is the whole creation's head,
 And angels fly at his command.
- 3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
 He led the hosts of morning stars,
 (Thy generations who can tell,
 Or count the number of thy years?)
- 4 But, lo, he leaves those heav'nly forms,
 The Word descends and dwells in clay,
 That he may hold converse with worms,
 Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they.
- 5 Mortals, with joy beheld his face
 Th' eternal Father's only Son;
 How full of truth! how full of grace!
 When thro' his eyes the Godhead shon!

- 6 Archangels have their high abode
 To learn new mysteries here; and tell
 The love of our descending God,
 The glories of Immanuel.

HYMN III. Short Metre.

The nativity of Christ. Luke i. 30. &c. Luke i.
 10. &c.

- 1 BEHOLD the grace appears,
 The promise is fulfil'd;
 Mary the wond'rous virgin bears
 And Jesus is the child.
- 2 [The Lord, the highest God,
 Calls him his only Son;
 He bids him rule the lands abroad,
 And gives him David's throne.
- 3 O'er Jacob shall he reign
 With a peculiar sway;
 The nations shall his grace obtain,
 His kingdom ne'er decay.]
- 4 To bring the glorious news,
 A heav'nly form appears;
 He tells the shepherds of their joys,
 And banishes their fears.
- 5 Go, humble swains, said he,
 To David's city fly,
 The promis'd infant, born to day,
 Doth in a manger lie.
- 6 With looks and heart serene,
 Go visit Christ your King:
 And straight a flaming troop was seen;
 The shepherds heard them sing:
- 7 Glory to God on high!
 And heav'nly peace on earth,
 Good will to men, to angels joy,
 At the Redeemer's birth.

- 8 [In worship so divine
 Let saints employ their tongues,
 With the celestial host we join,
 And loud repeat their songs.

- 9 Glory to God on high!
 And heav'nly peace on earth,
 Good will to men, to angels joy,
 At our Redeemers birth.]

HYMN IV. *Referred to the 2d psalm.*

HYMN V. Common Metre.

Submission to afflictive providences. Job i. 21.

- 1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
 And crept to life at first,
 We to the earth return again,
 And mingle with the dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
 And fondly call our own,
 Are but short favors borrow'd now,
 To be repaid anon.
- 3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
 Or sink them in the grave,
 He gives, and (blessed be his name!
 He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our angry passions then,
 Let each rebellious sigh
 Be silent at his sov'reign will,
 And ev'ry murmur die.
- 5 If smiling mercy crowns our lives,
 Its praises shall be spread,
 And we'll adore the justice too
 That strikes our comforts dead.

HYMN VI. Common Metre.

Triumph over death. Job xix. 25, 26, 27.

- 1 GREAT God, I own thy sentence just,
 And nature must decay;

- I yield my body to the dust,
To dwell with fellow clay.
- 2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
My God, my Saviour, comes.
- 3 The mighty conqu'ror shall appear
High on a royal seat,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.
- 4 Though greedy worms devour my skin,
And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again,
He'll clothe them all afresh:
- 5 Then shall I see thy lovely face
With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown grace
With pleasure and surprise.

HYMN VII. Common Metre.

*The invitation of the gospel; or, spiritual food-
ing and clothing. Isa. lv. 1, 2. &c.*

- 1 LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice,
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry starved souls,
That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind:
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;

Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 [Ye perishing and naked poor,
Who work with mighty pain,
To weave a garment of your own,
That will not hide your sin;
- 7 Come, naked, and adorn your souls
In robes prepar'd by God,
Wrought by the labours of his Son,
And dyed in his blood.]
- 8 Dear God! the treasures of thy love,
Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are
And boundless as our sins!
- 9 Thy happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day:
Lord we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

HYMN VIII. Common Metre.

The safety and protection of the church. Isa. xxvi.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

- 1 HOW honorable is the place,
Where we adoring stand,
Zion, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!
- 2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell;
The walls of strong salvation made,
Defy th' assaults of hell.
- 3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling,

Enter ye nations that obey
The statutes of our King.

- 4 Here shall you taste unmingled joy,
And live in perfect peace ;
You that have known JEHOVAH's name,
And ventur'd on his grace.
- 5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears ;
Strength in the Lord JEHOVAH dwells,
Eternal as his years.
- 6 What thro' the rebels dwell on high,
His arm shall bring them low ;
Low as the caverns of the grave
Their lofty heads shall bow.
- 7 On Babylon our feet shall tread,
In that rejoicing hour ;
The ruins of her walls shall spread,
A pavement for the poor.

H Y M N IX. Common Metre.

The promises of the covenant of grace. Isa. lv. 1,
2. Zech. xiii. 1. Mic. vii. 19. Ezek. xxxvi.
25. &c.

- 1 In vain we lavish out our lives,
To gather empty wind ;
The choicest blessings earth can yield
Will starve a hungry mind.
- 2 Come, and the Lord shall fill our souls,
With more substantial meat,
With such as saints in glory love,
With such as angels eat.
- 3 Our God will ev'ry want supply,
And fill our hearts with peace ;
He gives, by cov'nant and by oath,
The riches of his grace.
- 4 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted soul,
And wash away our stain :

In the dear fountain that his Son,
Pou'd from his dying veins.

5 [Our guilt shall vanish all away,
Tho' black as hell before;
Our sins shall sink beneath the sea,
And shall be found no more.

6 And lest pollution should o'erspread
Our inward powers again,
His Spirit shall bedew our souls
Like purifying rain.]

7 Our heart, that filthy, stubborn thing,
That terrors cannot move,
That fears no threat'nings of his wrath,
Shall be dissolv'd by love:

8 Or he can take the flint away
That would not be refin'd,
And, from the treasures of his grace,
Bestow a softer mind.

9 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law,
And ev'ry motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.

10 Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise;
We the dear children of his love,
And he our God of grace.

H Y M N X. Short Metre.

The blessedness of gospel times; or, The revelation of Christ to Jews and Gentiles. Isa. v. 2, 7, 8, 9, 10. Matth. xiii. 16, 17.

1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation with their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are!

“ Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
 “ He reigns and triumphs here.”

3 How happy are our ears,
 That hear this joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for
 And sought, but never found !

4 How blessed are our eyes,
 That see this heav’nly light :
 Prophets and kings desired it long,
 But dy’d without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
 And tuneful notes employ ;
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs.
 And desarts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
 Through all the earth abroad ;
 Let ev’ry nation now behold
 Their Sav’our and their God.

HYMN XI. Long Metre.

The humble enlightened, and carnal reason humbled ; or, The sovereignty of grace. Luke x. 21, 22.

- 1 THERE was an hour when Christ rejoic’d,
 And spoke his joy in words of praise ;
 “ Father, I thank thee, mighty God,
 “ Lord of the earth, and heav’n’s, and seas.
- 2 “ I thank thy sov’reign pow’r and love,
 “ That crowns my doctrine with success ;
 “ And make the babe in knowledge learn
 “ The heights, and breadths, and lengths of
 grace.
- 3 “ But all this glory lies conceal’d
 “ From men of prudence and of might,
 “ The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,
 “ And their owns pride resists the light.
- 4 “ Father, ’tis thus, because thy will
 “ Chose and ordain’d it should be so ;

- " 'Tis thy delight t' abuse the proud,
 " And lay the haughty scorner low.
 5 " There's none can know the Father right
 " But those who learn it from the Son,
 " Nor can the Son be well receiv'd
 " But where the Father makes him known."
 6 Then let our souls adore our God,
 That deals his graces as he please;
 Nor gives to mortals an account,
 Or of his actions or decrees.

HYMN XII. Common Metre.

Free grace in revealing Christ. Luke x. 21.

- 1 JESUS, the man of constant grief,
 A mourner all his days,
 His Spirit once rejoic'd aloud,
 And turn'd his joy to praise.
 2 " Father I thank thy wond'rous love,
 " That hath reveal'd thy Son
 " To men unlearned; and to babes
 " Has made thy gospel known.
 3 " The myst'ries of redeeming grace
 " Are hidden from the wise,
 " While pride and carnal reasonings join
 " To swell and blind our eyes."
 4 Thus doth the Lord of heav'n and earth
 His great decrees fulfil,
 And orders all his works of grace,
 By his own sov'reign will.

HYMN XIII. Long Metre.

The Son of God incarnate; or, The titles and the kingdom of Christ. Isa. ix. 2, 6, 7.

- 1 THE lands that long in darkness lay,
 Now have beheld a heav'nly light,
 Nation's that sat in death's cold shade,
 Are bless'd with beams divinely bright.

- 2 The virgin's promis'd Son is born;
Behold th' expected child appear;
What shall his name or titles be?
The Wonderful, The Counsellor.
- 3 [This infant is the mighty God,
Come to be suckled and ador'd;
The eternal Father, Prince of Peace,
The Son of David, and his Lord.]
- 4 The government of earth and seas
Upon his shoulders shall be laid;
His wide dominion shall increase,
And honours to his name be paid.
- 5 Jesus, the holy child, shall sit
High on his father David's throne,
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown.

HYMN XIV. Long Metre.

*The triumph of faith; or, Christ's unchangeable
love. Rom. viii. 33, &c.*

- 1 WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls,
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.
- 2 But who shall judge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead;
And the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead.
- 3 He lives! he lives! and sits above,
For ever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what could tempt us to despair?
- 4 Shall persecution or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He that hath lov'd us bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

- 5 Faith has an overcoming pow'r,
It triumphs in a dying hour;
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
Nor can we sink with such a prop.
- 6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor pow'rs on high, nor pow'rs below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

H Y M N XV. Long Metre.

Our own weakness, and Christ our strength.

2 Cor. xii. 7, 9, 10.

- 1 LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to the day;"
Then I rejoic'd in deep distress,
Leaning on all sufficient grace.
- 2 I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own pow'r may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.
- 3 I can do all things, or can bear
All suff'rings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his left hand my head sustains.
- 4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone;
When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is.
- 5 So Sampson, when his hair was lost,
Met the Philistines to his cost;
Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,
Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes.

H Y M N XVI. Common Metre.

Hosanna to Christ. Matth. xxi. 9. Luke xix.
38, 40.

- 1 HOSANNA to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line!

His nature two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.

- 2 The root of David here we find,
And offspring, is the same;
Eternity and time are join'd
In our Immanuel's name.
- 3 Bless'd be that comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heav'n!
Hosannas, of the highest strain,
To Christ the Lord be giv'n!
- 4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
Th' hosanna on their tongues,
Lest rocks and stones should rise, and break
Their silence into songs.

HYMN XVII. Common Metre.

Victory over death. 1 Cor xv. 55, &c.

- 1 O FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster death,
And all his frightful pow'rs!
- 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lips shall sing,
"Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave?
And where thy monster's sting?"
- 3 If sin be pardon'd I'm secure,
Death has no sting beside,
The law gives sin its damning pow'r;
But Christ my ransom dy'd.
- 4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors while we die,
Thro' Christ our living head.

HYMN XVIII. Common Metre.

Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.

Rev. xiv. 13.

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heav'n proclaims
For all the pious dead,

Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

- 2 They die in Jesus and are bless'd;
How kind their slumbers are!
From suff'rings and from sins releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry snare.
- 3 Far from the world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

HYMN XIX. Common Metre.

The song of Simeon; or, Death made desirable.
Luke i. 27, &c.

- 1 LORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here;
O make our joys the same.
- 2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arms
He clasp'd the holy child:
- 3 "Now I can leave the world," he cry'd,
"Behold thy servant dies;
"I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
"And close my peaceful eyes.
- 4 "This is the light prepar'd to shine,
"Upon the Gentile lands,
"Thine Israel's glory, and their hope,
"To break their slavish bands."
- 5 [Jesus! the vision of thy face
Hath overpow'ring charms!
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.
- 6 Then will ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll!

A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul.]

HYMN XX. Common Metre.

*Spiritual apparel, viz. the robe of righteousness,
and garment of salvation. Isa. lxi. 10.*

- 1 **A**WAKE my heart, arise my tongue,
Prepare a tuneful voice;
In God, the life of all my joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.
- 2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,
And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm
He makes his graces shine.
- 3 And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around.
- 4 How far the heav'nly robe exceeds
What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments how bright they shine!
How white their garments are!
- 5 Thy Spirit wrought my faith, and love,
And hope, and ev'ry grace;
But Jesus spent his life to work
The robe of righteousness.
- 6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd
By the great sacred Three!
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy pow'rs agree.

HYMN XXI. Common Metre.

*A vision of the kingdom of Christ among men.
Rev. xxi. 1, 2, 3, 4.*

- 1 **L**O! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!

- The earth and sea are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies.
- 2 From the third heav'n, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
"Of your descending King.
- 4 "The God of glory down to men
"Removes his blest abode;
"Men, the dear objects of his grace,
"And he the loving God.
- 5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
"From ev'ry weeping eye;
"And pains, and groans, and griefs, and
"And death itself shall die." [fears,
- 6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long!
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

H Y M N XXII. and XXIII. *Referred to the
125th psalm.*

H Y M N XXIV. Long Metre.

The rich faster dying. Psal. xlix. 6, 9. Eccl.
viii. 8. Job iii. 14, 15.

- 1 **I**N vain the wealthy mortals toil,
And heap their shining dust in vain,
Look down and scorn the humble poor,
And boast their lofty hills of gain.
- 2 Their golden cordials cannot ease
Their pained hearts or aching heads,
Nor fright, nor bribe approaching death,
From glitt'ring roofs and downy beds.

- 3 The ling'ring, th' unwilling soul,
The dismal summons must obey,
And bid a long, a sad farewell,
To the pale lumps of lifeless clay.
- 4 Thence they are huddled to the grave,
Where kings and slaves have equal thrones;
Their bones, without distinction, lie
Among the heaps of meaner bones.

The rest referred to the 49th Psalm.

HYMN XXV. Long Metre.

A vision of the Lamb. Rev. v. 6, 7, 8, 9.

- 1 ALL mortal vanities begone,
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears;
Behold, amidst the eternal throne
A vision of the Lamb appears.
- 2 [Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody death he bore;
Sev'n are his eyes, and sev'n his horns,
To speak his wisdom, and his pow'r.
- 3 Lo, he receives a sealed book
From him that sits upon the throne;
Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees, and things unknown.]
- 4 All the assembling saints around
Fall worshiping before the Lamb,
And, in new songs of gospel sound,
Address their honours to his name.
- 5 The joy, the shout, the harmony,
Flies o'er the everlasting hills;
"Worthy art thou alone," they cry,
"To read the book, to loose the seals."
- 6 Our voices join the heav'nly strain,
And, with transporting pleasure, sing,
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
To be our Teacher and our King.

- 7 His words of prophecy reveal
 Eternal counsels, deep designs :
 His grace and vengeance shall fulfil
 The peaceful and the dreadful lines.
- 8 Thou hast redeem'd our souls from hell
 With thine invaluable blood ;
 And wretches that did once rebel
 Are now made fav'rites of their God.
- 9 Worthy for ever is the Lord,
 That dy'd for treasons not his own,
 By ev'ry tongue to be ador'd,
 And dwell upon his Father's throne.

H Y M N XXVI. Common Metre.

Hope of heaven by the resurrection of Christ.

1 Pet. i. 3, 4, 5.

- 1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
 The Father of our Lord ;
 Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
 His majesty ador'd.
- 2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
 And call'd him to the sky,
 He gave our souls a lively hope
 That they should never die.
- 3 What though our inbred sin require
 Our flesh to see the dust,
 Yet as the Lord, our Saviour, rose,
 So all his follow'rs must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine,
 Reserv'd against that day ;
 'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
 And cannot waste away.
- 5 Saints, by the pow'r of God, are kept
 'Till the salvation come ;
 We walk by faith, as strangers here,
 'Till Christ shall call us home.

HYMN XXVII. Common Metre.

Assurance of heaven; or, A saint prepar'd to die.

2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8, 18.

- 1 [DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come?
- 2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord;
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.]
- 3 God has laid up in heav'n for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge, at that great day,
Shall place it on my head.
- 4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.
- 5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guide me safe
From ev'ry ill design;
And to his heav'nly kingdom take
This feeble soul of mine.
- 6 God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain;
To him be highest glory paid,
And endless praise. Amen.

HYMN XXVIII. Common Metre.

The triumph of Christ over the enemies of the church. Isa. lxiii. 1, 2, 3, &c.

- 1 WHAT mighty man, or mighty God,
Comes, travelling in state,
Along the Idumea road,
Away from Bozrah's gate?

- 2 The glory of his robes proclaim
 'Tis some victorious King :
 " 'Tis I, the Just, the Almighty One,
 " That your salvation bring."
- 3 Why, mighty Lord, thy saints inquire,
 Why thine apparel's red ?
 And all thy vesture stain'd, like those
 Who in the wine-press tread ?
- 4 " I by myself have trod the press,
 " And crush'd my foes alone ;
 " My wrath hath struck the rebels dead,
 " My fury stamp'd them down.
- 5 " 'Tis Edom's blood that dyes my robes
 " With joyful scarlet stains ;
 " The triumph that my raiment wears
 " Sprung from their bleeding veins.
- 6 " Thus shall the nations be destroy'd
 " That dare insult my saints ;
 " I have an arm t' avenge their wrongs,
 " An ear for their complaints."

HYMN XXIX. Common Metre.

The triumph of Christ ; or, the ruin of Antichrist.

Ver. 4, 5, 6, 7.

- 1 " I Lift my banner, saith the Lord,
 " Where Antichrist has stood ;
 " The city of my gospel foes
 " Shall be a field of blood.
- 2 " My heart has studied just revenge,
 " And now the day appears,
 " The day of my redeem'd is come,
 " To wipe away their tears.
- 3 " Quite weary is my patience grown,
 " And bids my fury go :
 " Swift as the lightning it shall move,
 " And be as fatal too.

- 4 "I call for helpers, but in vain :
 "Then has my gospel none ?
 "Well, mine own arm has might enough,
 "To crush my foes alone.
- 5 "Slaughter, and my devouring sword,
 "Shall walk the streets around,
 "Babel shall reel beneath my stroke,
 "And stagger to the ground."
- 6 Thy honours, O victorious King !
 Thine own right hand shall raise,
 While we thy awful vengeance sing,
 And our deliv'rer praise.

HYMN XXX. Long Metre.

Prayer for deliverance answered. Isa. xxvi. 8--20.

- 1 IN thine own ways, O God of love,
 We wait the visits of thy grace ;
 Our souls desire is to thy name,
 And the remembrance of thy face.
- 2 My thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee,
 'Mongst the black shades of lonesome night ;
 My earnest cries salute the skies,
 Before the dawn restore the light.
- 3 Look how rebellious men deride
 The tender patience of my God ;
 But they shall see thy lifted hand,
 And feel the scourges of thy rod.
- 4 Hark ! the Eternal rends the sky,
 A mighty voice before him goes,
 A voice of musick to his friends,
 But threat'ning thunder to his foes.
- 5 Come, children to your Father's arms,
 Hide in the chambers of my grace
 'Till the fierce storm be overblown,
 And my revenging fury cease.
- 6 My sword shall boast its thousands slain,
 And drink the blood of haughty kings,

While heav'nly peace around my flock
Stretches its soft and shady wings.

H Y M N XXXI. *Referred to the 1st Psalm.*

H Y M N XXXII. Common Metre.

Strength from heaven. Isa. xl. 27, 28, 29, 30.

- 1 **WHENCE** do our mournful thoughts arise?
And where's our courage fled?
Has restless sin, and raging hell,
Struck all our comforts dead.
- 2 Have we forgot th' Almighty name,
That form'd the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?
- 3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell?
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.
- 4 Mere mortal pow'r shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease;
But we that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our strength increase.
- 5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
And taste the promis'd bliss,
'Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

H Y M N XXXIII. XXXIV. XXXV. XXXVI.
XXXVII. XXXVIII. *Referred to Psalm 121,*
124, 67, 73, 90, and 84.

H Y M N XXXIX. Common Metre.

God's tender care of his church. Isa. xlix. 13,
14, &c.

- 1 **NOW** shall my inward joys arise,
And burst into a song;
Almighty love inspires my heart,
And pleasures tune my tongue.

- 2 God on his thirsty Zion hill
Some mercy drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths has bound his love
To shower salvation down.
- 3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspensions, and complaints?
Is he a God, and shall his grace,
Grow weary of his saints?
- 4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
The infant of her womb,
And 'mong a thousand tender thoughts
Her suckling have no room?
- 5 "Yet," saith the Lord, "should nature
"And mothers monsters prove. [change,
"Zion shall dwell upon the heart
"Of everlasting love.
- 6 "Deep on the palms of both my hands,
"I have engrav'd her name;
"My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls,
"And build her broken frame."

HYMN XL. Long Metre.

The business and blessedness of glorified saints.
Rev. vii. 13, 14, 15, &c.

- 1 WHAT happy men, or angels, these,
That all their robes are spotless white?
Whence did this glorious troop arrive
At the pure realms of heav'nly light?
- 2 From tort'ring racks, and burning fires,
And seas of their own blood, they came:
But nobler blood has wash'd their robes,
Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.
- 3 Now they approach th' Almighty throne
With loud hosannas, night and day,
Sweet anthems to the great Three-One,
Measure their blest eternity.

- 4 No more shall hunger pain their souls;
 He bids their parching thirst be gone,
 And spreads the shadow of his wings
 To screen them from the scorching sun.
- 5 The Lamb that fills the middle throne,
 Shall shed around his milder beams;
 There shall they feast on his rich love,
 And drink full joys from living streams.
- 6 Thus shall their mighty bliss renew,
 Thro' the vast round of endless years,
 And the soft hand of ov'reign grace
 Heals all their wounds, and wipes their tears.

H Y M N XLI. Common Metre.

The same; or, The martyrs glorified. Rev. vii.
 13, &c.

- 1 **THESE** glorious minds how bright they shine!
 Whence all their bright array?
 How came they to the happy seats
 Of everlasting day?
- 2 From tort'ring pains to endless joys,
 On fiery wheels they rode,
 And strangely wash their raiment white
 In Jesus dying blood.
- 3 Now they approach a spotless God,
 And bow before his throne;
 Their warbling harps and sacred songs,
 Adore the Holy One.
- 4 The unveil'd glories of his face
 Among his saints reside,
 While the rich treasures of his grace
 Sees all their wants supply'd.
- 5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
 And hunger flee as fast;
 The fruit of life's immortal Tree
 Shall be their sweet repast.

- 6 The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly flock
Where living fountains rise,
And love divine shall wipe away
All sorrows from their eyes.

HYMN XLII. Common Metre.

Divine wrath and mercy. From Nabum i. i.
2, 3, &c.

- 1 **A**DORE and tremble, for our God
Is a **consuming fire* ;
His jealous eyes his wrath inflame
And raise his vengeance higher.
- 2 Almighty vengeance how it burns ;
How bright his fury glows !
Vast magazines of plagues and storms
Lie treasur'd for his foes.
- 3 Those heaps of wrath, by slow degrees,
Are forc'd into a flame,
But kindled, Oh ! how fierce they blaze !
And rend all nature's frame.
- 4 At his approach the mountains flee,
And seek a wat'ry grave ;
The frighten sea makes haste away,
And shrinks up ev'ry wave.
- 5 Thro' the wide air the weighty rocks
Are swift as hailstones hurl'd :
Who dares engage his fi'ry rage,
That shakes the solid world !
- 6 Yet, mighty God ! thy sov'reign grace
Sits regent on the throne,
The refuge of thy chosen race
When wrath comes rushing down.
- 7 Thy hand shall on rebellious kings
A fi'ry tempest pour,
While we, beneath thy shelt'ring wings,
Thy just revenge adore.

HYMN XLIII. *Referred to the 100th Psalm.*

HYMN XLIV. *Referred to the 133d Psalm.*

HYMN XLV. Common Metre.

The last judgment Rev. xx. 5, 6, 7, 8.

- 1 SEE where the great incarnate God
Fills a majestic throne,
While from the skies his awful voice
Bears the last judgment down.
- 2 [" I am the First, and I the Last,
" Thro' endless years the same;
" I AM,—is my memorial still,
" And my eternal name.
- 3 " Such favours as a God can give,
" My royal grace bestows;
" Ye thirsty souls, come taste the streams
" Where life and pleasure flows.]
- 4 [" The saint that triumphs o'er his sins
" I'll own him for a son;
" The whole creation shall reward
" The conquest he has won.
- 5 " But bloody hands, and hearts unclean,
" And all the lying race,
" The faithless and the scoffing crew,
" That spurn at offer'd grace;
- 6 " They shall be taken from my sight,
" Bound fast in iron chains,
" And headlong plung'd into the lake,
" Where fire and brimstone reigns."]
- 7 O may I stand before the Lamb
When earth and seas are fled!
And hear the Judge pronounce my name,
With blessings on my head.
- 8 May I with those for ever dwell,
Who here were my delight,

While sinners banished down to hell,
No more offend my sight.

HYMN XLVI. and XLVII. *Referred to*
Psalms 148, and 3.

HYMN XLVIII. Long Metre.

The Christian race. Isa. xl. 28, 29, 30, 31.

- 1 **A**WAKE our souls (away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone)
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True 'tis a straight and thorny road
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r,
Is ev'r new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as the eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

HYMN XLIX. Common Metre.

The works of Moses and the Lamb. Rev. xv. 3.

- 1 **H**OW strong thine arm is, mighty God!
Who would not fear thy name!
Jesus, how sweet thy graces are!
Who would not love the Lamb?
- 2 He has done more than Moses did;
Our Prophet and our King?
From bonds of hell he freed our souls,
And taught our lips to sing.

- 3 In the Red Sea, by Moses' hand,
The Egyptian host was drown'd;
But his own blood hides all our sins,
And guilt no more is found.
- 4 When thro' the desert Israel went,
With manna they were fed;
Our Lord invites us to his flesh,
And calls it living bread.
- 5 Moses beheld the promis'd land,
Yet never reach'd the place;
But Christ shall bring his foll'wers home,
To see his Father's face.
- 6 Then shall our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

HYMN L. Common Metre.

The song of Zacharias, and the message of John the Baptist; or, Light and salvation by Jesus Christ.
Luke i. 68, &c. John i. 29, 32.

- 1 NOW be the God of Israel bless'd,
Who makes his truth appear;
His mighty hand fulfils his word.
And all the oaths he sware.
- 2 Now he bedews old David's root
With blessings from the skies;
He makes the branch of promise grow,
The promis'd horn arise.
- 3 [John was the prophet of the Lord,
To go before his face,
The herald which our Saviour God
Sent to prepare his ways:
- 4 He made the great salvation known,
He speaks of pardon'd sins;
While grace divine, and heav'nly love,
In its own glory shines.

- 5 " Behold the Lamb of God," he cries,
 " That takes our guilt away :
 " I saw the Spirit o'er his head
 " On his baptizing day.]
- 6 " Be ev'ry vale exalted high,
 " Sink ev'ry mountain low ;
 " The proud must stoop, and humble souls
 " Shall his salvation know.
- 7 " The Heathen realms with Israel's land
 " Shall join in sweet accord ;
 " And all that's born of man shall see
 " The glory of the Lord.
- 8 " Behold the morning star arise,
 " Ye that in darkness sit :
 " He marks the path that leads to peace,
 " And guides our doubtful feet."

HYMN LI. Short Metre.

Preserving grace. Jude 24, 25.

- 1 TO God, the only wise,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Let all the saints below the skies
 Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
 His counsel and his care,
 Preserves us safe from sin and death,
 And ev'ry hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls
 Unblemish'd and complete,
 Before the glory of his face,
 With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed
 Shall meet around the throne,
 Shall bless the conduct of thy grace,
 And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer God
 Wisdom and pow'r belongs,

Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

H Y M N LII. Long Metre.

Baptism. Matth. xxviii. 19. Acts ii. 38.

- 1 'T WAS the commission of our Lord,
"Go teach the nations and baptize;"
The nations have receiv'd the word
Since he ascended to the skies.
- 2 He sits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands,
And sends his cov'nant with the seals,
To bless the distant Christian lands.
- 3 "Repent, and be baptiz'd," he saith,
"For the remission of your sins:"
And thus our sense affirms our faith,
And shows us what his gospel means.
- 4 Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends, like purifying rain.
- 5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our cov'nant with the Lord;
O may the great eternal Three
In heav'n our solemn vows record!

H Y M N LIII. Long Metre.

The holy scriptures. Heb. i. 1. 2 Tim. iii.
15, 16. Psalm cxlvii. 19, 20.

- 1 GOD, who in various methods told,
His mind and will to saints of old,
Sent his own Son with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.
- 2 Our nation reads the written word,
That book of life, that sure record;
The bright inheritance of heav'n
Is by the sweet conveyance giv'n.

- 3 God's kindest thoughts are here express'd,
Able to make us wise and bless'd;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof, and comfort too.
- 4 Ye people all, who read his love
In long epistles from above,
(He hath not sent his sacred word
To ev'ry land), praise ye the Lord.

HYMN LIV. Long Metre.

Electing grace; or, Saints beloved in Christ.
Eph. i. 3, &c.

- 1 JESUS, we bless thy Father's name;
Thy God and ours are both the same;
What heav'nly blessings from his throne
Flow down to sinners thro' his Son!
- 2 Christ be my first elect, he said,
Then chose our souls, in Christ our Head,
Before he gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.
- 3 Thus did eternal love begin
To raise us up from death and sin;
Our characters were then decreed—
"Blameless in love, a holy seed.
- 4 Predestinated to be sons,
Born by degrees, but chose at once:
A new regenerated race,
To praise the glory of his grace.
- 5 With Christ our Lord, we share a part,
In the affections of his heart;
Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd,
'Till he forgets his first belov'd.

HYMN LV. Common Metre.

Hezekiah's song; or, Sicknefs and recovery.
Isa. xxxviii. 9, &c.

- 1 WHEN we are rais'd from deep distress,
Our God deserves a song;

We take the pattern of our praise
From Hezekiah's tongue.

2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he that holds the keys of death
Commands them fast again.

3 Pains of the flesh are wont t' abuse
Our minds with flavish fears;
Our days are past, and we shall lose
The remnant of our years.

4 We chatter with a swallow's voice,
Or like a dove we moorn,
With bitterness instead of joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.

5 JEHOVAH speaks the healing word;
And no disease withstands;
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly at his commands.

6 If half the string of life should break,
He can our frame restore;
He casts our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

HYMN LVI. Common Metre.

The song of Moses and the Lamb; or, Babylon falling. Rev. xv. 3. xvi. 19. and xvii. 6.

1 WE sing the glories of thy love,
We sound thy dreadful name;
The Christian church unites the songs
Of Moses and the Lamb.

2 Great God, how wond'rous are thy works
Of vengeance and of grace!
Thou King of saints, Almighty Lord,
How just and true thy ways!

3 Who dares refuse to fear thy name,
Or worship at thy throne!

Thy judgment speak thy holiness
Thro' all the nations known.

- 4 Great Babylon, that rules the earth,
Drunk with the martyrs' blood,
Her crimes shall speedily awake
The fury of our God.
- 5 The cup of wrath is ready mix'd,
And she must drink the dregs;
Strong is the Lord, her sov'reign Judge,
And shall fulfil the plagues.

H Y M N, LVII. Common Metre.

Original sin; or, The first and second Adam.
Rom. v. 12, &c. Psalm li. 5. Job xiv. 4.

- 1 **B**ACKWARD with humble shame we look
On our original;
How is our nature dash'd and broke,
In our first father's fall!
- 2 To all that's good averse and blind,
But prone to all that's ill;
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!
- 3 Conceive'd in sin (O wretched state)
Before we draw our breath,
The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death.
- 4 How strong is our degen'rate blood
The old corruption reigns,
And, mingled with the crooked flood,
Wanders thro' all our veins!
- 5 [Wild and unwholesome as the root
Will all the branches be;
How can we hope for living fruit
From such a deadly tree?
- 6 What mortal pow'r from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?

Who can command a vital stream
From an infected spring?

- 7 Yet, miggt'y God, thy wond'rous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and sin.
- 8 The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first;
Hosanna to that sov'reign pow'r
That new-creates our dust!

H Y M N LVIII. Long Metre.

The Devil vanquished; or, Michael's war with the dragon. Rev. xii. 7.

- 1 **L**ET mortal tongues attempt to sing
The war of heav'n, when Michael stood
Chief general of th' eternal King,
And fought the battles of our God.
- 2 Against the dragon and his host
The armies of the Lord prevail;
In vain they rage, in vain they boast,
Their courage sinks, their weapons fail.
- 3 Down to the earth was Satan thrown,
Down to the earth his legions fell:
Then was the trump of triumph blown,
And shook the dreadful deeps of hell.
- 4 Now is the hour of darkness past.
Christ has assum'd his reigning pow'r;
Behold the great accuser cast
Down from the skies, to rise no more.
- 5 'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb,
Thine armies trod the tempter down:
'Twas by thy word and pow'rful name
They gain'd the battle and renown.
- 6 Rejoice, ye hea.'as; let ev'ry star
Shine with new glories round the sky:

Saints, while ye sing the heav'nly way,
 Raise your Deliv'rer's name on high.

HYMN LIX. Long Metre.

Babylon fallen. Rev. xviii. 20, 21.

- 1 IN Gabriel's hand a mighty stone
 Lies a fair type of Babylon;
 "Prophets rejoice, and all ye saints,
 "God shall avenge your long complaints."
- 2 He said, and dreadful as he stood,
 He sunk the millstone in the flood,
 "Thus terribly shall Babel fall,
 "Thus, and no more be found at all."

HYMN LX. Long Metre.

*The virgin Mary's song; or, The promised Messiah
 born.* Luke i. 46, &c.

- 1 OUR souls shall magnify the Lord,
 In God the Saviour we rejoice;
 While we repeat the Virgin's song,
 May the same Spirit tune our voice.
- 2 [The Highest saw her low estate,
 And mighty things his hand hath done;
 His overshadowing pow'r and grace
 Makes her the mother of his Son.
- 3 Let ev'ry nation call her bless'd:
 And endless years prolong her fame;
 But God alone must be ador'd;
 Holy and rev'rend is his name.
- 4 To those that fear and trust the Lord,
 His mercy stands for ever sure:
 From age to age his promise lives,
 And the performance is secure.
- 5 He spake to Abra'm and his seed,
 "In thee shall all the earth be bless'd:"
 The mem'ry of that ancient word
 Lay long in his eternal breast.

- 6 But now no more shall Israel wait,
 No more the Gentiles lie forlorn;
 Lo, the desire of nations comes;
 Behold the promised seed is born!

HYMN LXI. Long Metre.

Christ our high priest and king: and Christ coming to judgment. Rev. i. 5, 6, 7.

- 1 NOW to the Lord, that makes us know
 The wonders of his dying love,
 Be humble honors paid below,
 And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,
 And wash'd them in his richest blood;
 'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
 And bring us, rebels, near to God.
- 3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
 To Jesus, our superior King,
 Be everlasting pow'r confest,
 And ev'ry tongue his glory sing.
- 4 Behold on flying clouds he comes,
 And ev'ry eye shall see him move;
 Tho' with our sins we pierc'd him once;
 Then he displays his pard'ning love.
- 5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
 While we rejoice to see the day:
 Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
 Nor let thy chariots long delay.

HYMN LXII. Common Metre.

Christ Jesus, the Lamb of God, worshipped by all the creation. Rev. v. 11, 12, 13.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
 With angels round the throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
 To be exalted thus:

Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply ;
For he was slain for us.

- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine ;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To ble's the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

H Y M N LXIII. Long Metre.

Christ's humiliation and exaltation. Rev. v.

- 1 WHAT equal honours shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy name ?
- 2 Worthy is He that once was slain,
The Prince of Life that groan'd and dy'd,
Worthy to rise, and live and reign
At his almighty Father's side.
- 3 Pow'r and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar,
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Tho' he was charg'd with madness there.
- 4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustain'd amazing loss ;
To him ascribe eternal might,
Who left his weakness on the cross.
- 5 Honour immortal must be paid,
Instead of scandal and of scorn ;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

- 6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
 Who bore the curse for wretched men :
 Let angels sound his sacred name,
 And every creature say, Amen.

HYMN LXIV. Short Metre.

Adoption. 1 John iii. 1, &c. Gal. vi. 6.

- 1 **B**EHOLD what wond'rous grace,
 The Father has bestow'd
 On sinners of a mortal race,
 To call them sons of God !
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing,
 That we should be unknown ;
 The Jewish world knew not their King,
 God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear
 How great we must be made ;
 But when we see our Saviour here,
 We shall be like our Head.
- 4 A hope so much divine
 May trials well endure,
 May purge our souls from sense and sin,
 As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 5 If in my Father's love
 I share a filial part,
 Send down thy Spirit like a dove
 To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie
 Like slaves beneath the throne ;
 My faith shall Abba Father, cry,
 And thou the kindred own.

HYMN LXV. Long Metre.

The kingdoms of the world become the kingdoms of the Lord ; or, The day of judgment. Rev. xi. 15.

- 1 **L**ET the sev'nth angel sound on high,
 Let shouts be heard thro' all the sky !

Kings of the earth with glad accord,
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

- 2 Almighty God, thy pow'r assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come ;
Jesus the Lamb, who once was slain,
For ever live, for ever reign ?
- 3 The angry nations fret and roar,
That they can slay the saints no more !
On wings of vengeance flies our God
To pay the long arrears of blood.
- 4 Now must the rising dead appear ;
Now the decisive sentence hear ;
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive the infinite reward.

HYMN LXVI. Long Metre.

Christ the King at his table. Solomon's Song, i.
2, 3, 4, 5, 12, 13, 17.

- 1 LET him embrace my soul, and prove
Mine int'rest in his heav'nly love ;
The voice that tells me, Thou art mine,
Exceeds the blessings of the vine.
- 2 On thee th' anointing Spirit came,
And spreads the favour of thy name ;
That oil of gladness and of grace
Draws virgin souls to meet thy face.
- 3 Jesus, allure me by thy charms,
My soul shall fly into thine arms !
Our wand'ring feet thy favours bring
To the fair chambers of the King.
- 4 [Wonder and pleasure tunes our voice,
To speak thy praises and our joys ;
Our mem'ry keeps this love of thine
Beyond the taste of richest wine.]
- 5 Though in ourselves deform'd we are,
And black as Kedar's tents appear,

Yet when we put thy beauties on,
Fair as the courts of Solomon.

6 [While at his table sits the King,
He loves to see us smile and sing;
Our graces are our best perfume,
And breath, like spikenard, round the room.

7 As myrrh now bleeding from the tree,
Such is a dying Christ to me:
And while he makes my soul his guest,
My bosom, Lord, shall be thy rest.]

8 [No beams of cedar or of fir,
Can with thy courts on earth compare:
And here we wait until thy love
Raise us to nobler seats above.]

H Y M N LXVII. Long Metre.

Seeking the pastures of Christ the Shepherd.
Solomon's Song, i. 7.

1 THOU whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know
Where dost thy sweetest pastures grow?

2 Where is the shadow of that rock,
That from the Sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

3 Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet shall never rove,
Would never seek another love.

4 [The footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wond'rous feast thy love prepares, [tears.
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and

5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood;
Here to these hills my soul will come,
'Till my beloved lead me home.]

HYMN LXVIII. Long Metre.

The banquet of love. Solomon's Song, ii. 1, 2,
3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

- 1 BEHOLD the Rose of Sharon here,
The Lily which the vallies bear ;
Behold the Tree of Life, that gives
Refreshing fruit and healing leaves.
- 2 Amongst the thorns so lilies shine ;
Amongst wild gourds the nobler vine ;
So in mine eyes my Saviour proves,
Amidst a thousand meaner loves.
- 3 Beneath his cooling shade I sat,
To shield me from the burning heat :
Of heav'nly fruit he spreads a feast,
To feed my eyes, and please my taste.
- 4 [Kindly he brought me to the place
Where stands the banquet of his grace ;
He saw me faint, and o'er my head
The banner of his love he spread.
- 5 With living bread, and gen'rous wine,
He cheers this sinking heart of mine ;
And opening his own heart to me,
He shews his thoughts how kind they be.]
- 6 O never let my Lord depart,
Lie down and rest upon my heart ;
I charge my sins not once to move,
Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my love.

HYMN LXIX. Long Metre.

Christ appearing to his church, and seeking her company. Solomon's Song, ii. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13.

- 1 THE voice of my beloved sounds
Over the rocks and rising grounds ;
O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,
He leaps, to bring me to relief.
- 2 Now draw off the veil of self I see
Which, when I look on him, it hides

Now in the gospel's clearest glass
He shews the beauties of his face.

- 3 Gently he draws my heart along,
Both with his beauties and his tongue ;
Rise, faith the Lord, make haste away,
No mortal joys are worth thy stay.
- 4 The Jewish wint'ry state is gone,
The mists are fled, the spring comes on,
The sacred turtle dove we hear
Proclaim the new the joyful year.
- 5 Th' immortal Vine, of heav'nly root,
Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit ;
Lo, we are come to taste the wine ;
Our souls rejoice and bless the Vine.
- 6 And when we hear our Jesus say,
Rise up, my Love, make haste away !
Our hearts would fain outfly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

H Y M N LXX. Long Metre.

Christ inviting, and the church answering the invitation. Solomon's Song, ii. 14, 16, 17.

- 1 **H**ARK ! the Redeemer from on high
Sweetly invites his fav'rites nigh ;
From caves of darkness and of doubt,
He gently speaks, and calls us out.
- 2 My dove who hidest in the rock,
Thine heart almost with sorrow broke,
Lift up thy face, forget thy fear,
And let thy voice delight mine ear.
- 3 Thy voice to me sounds ever sweet ;
My graces in thy count'nance meet ;
Though the vain wor'd thy face despise,
'Tis bright and comely in mine eyes.
- 4 Dear Lord, our thankful heart receives
The hope thy invitation gives ;

- To thee our joyful lips shall raise
The voice of prayer, and that of praise.
- 5 I am my Love's, and he is mine ;
Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join ;
Nor let a motion, nor a word,
Nor thought arise to grieve my Lord.
- 6 My soul to pastures fair he leads,
Amongst the lilies where he feeds ;
Amongst the saints (whose robes are white,
Wash'd in his blood) is his delight.
- 7 'Till the day break and shadows flee,
'Till the sweet dawning light I see.
Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn,
- 8 Be like a hart on mountains green ;
Leap o'er the hills of fear and sin ;
Nor guilt, nor unbelief, divide
My Love, my Saviour, from my side.

HYMN LXXI. Common Metre.

Christ found in the street, and brought to the church. Solomon's Song, iii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

- 1 OFTEN I seek my Lord by night,
Jesus, my love, my soul's delight ;
With warm desire and restless thought
I seek him oft, but find him not.
- 2 Then I arise, and search the street,
'Till I my Lord, my Saviour meet ;
I ask the watchman of the night,
Where did you see my soul's delight ?
- 3 Sometimes I find him in my way,
Directed by a heav'nly ray ;
I leap for joy to see his face,
And hold him fast in mine embrace.
- 4 [I bring him to my mother's home,
Nor does my Lord refuse to come

To Zion's sacred chambers, where
My soul first drew the vital air.

5 He gives me there his bleeding heart,
Pierc'd for my sake with deadly smart ;
I give my soul to him, and there
Our loves their mutual tokens share]

6 I charge you all, ye earthly toys,
Approach not to disturb my joys ;
Nor sin, nor hell, come near my heart,
Nor cause my Saviour to depart.

H Y M N LXXII. Long Metre.

The coronation of Christ, and the espousals of the church. Solomon's Song, iii. 2.

1 DAUGHTERS of Sion come, behold
The crown of honour and of gold,
Which the glad church with joys unknown,
Plac'd on the head of Solomon.

2 Jesus, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring ;
Accept the well-deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

3 Let ev'ry act of worship be,
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee ;
Like the dear hour when from above
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.

4 The gladness of that happy day !
Our hearts would wish it long to stay :
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

5 Each follow'ing minute as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
'Till we are rais'd to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

6 O that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation-day !

The King of grace shall fill the throne,
With all his Father's glories on.

HYMN LXXIII. Long Metre.

The church's beauty in the eyes of Christ. Solo-
mon's Song, vi. 1, 10, 11, 7, 9, 8.

- 1 **KIND** is the speech of Christ our Lord,
Affection sounds in ev'ry word :
Lo, thou art fair, my love, he cries,
Not the young doves have sweeter eyes.
- 2 [Sweet are thy lips, thy pleasing voice
Salute mine ear with secret joys :
No spice so much delights the smell,
Nor milk, nor honey, tastes so well.]
- 3 Thou art all fair, my bride, to me ;
I will behold no spot in thee,
What mighty wonders love performs,
And puts a comeliness on worms !
- 4 Defil'd and loathsome as we are,
He makes us white, and calls us fair,
Adorns us with that heav'nly dress,
His graces and his righteousness.
- 5 My sister and my spouse, he cries
Bound to my heart by various ties,
'Thy pow'rful love my heart detains
In strong delight and pleasing chains.
- 6 He calls me from the leopard's den,
From this wild world of beasts and men,
To Zion where his glories are ;
Not Lebanon is half so fair.
- 7 Nor dens of prey, nor flow'ry plains,
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,
Shall hold my feet, or force my stay,
Where Christ invites my soul away.

H Y M N LXXIV. Long Metre.

The church the garden of Christ. Solomon's Song,
iv. 12, 13, 15, and v. 1.

- 1 WE are a garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot inclos'd by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness.
- 2 Like trees of myrrh, and spice we stand,
Planted by God the Father's hand,
And all his springs in Zion flow,
To make the young plantation grow.
- 3 Awake, O heav'nly Wind, and come,
Blow on the garden of perfume;
Spirit divine, descend and breathe
A gracious gale on plants beneath.
- 4 Make our best spices flow abroad,
'To entertain our Saviour God:
And faith, and love, and joy appear,
And ev'ry grace be active here.
- 5 [Let my beloved come and taste
His pleasant fruits at his own feast:
I come, my spouse, I come, he cries,
With love and pleasure in his eyes.
- 6 Our Lord into his garden comes,
Well pleas'd to smell our pure perfumes,
And calls us to a feast divine,
Sweeter than honey, milk, or wine.
- 7 Eat of the tree of life, my friends,
The blessings that my Father sends;
Your taste shall all my dainties prove,
And drink abundance of my love.
- 8 Jesus, we will frequent thy board,
And sing the bounties of our Lord:
But the rich food on which we live
Demands more praise than tongue can give.]

HYMN LXXV. Long Metre.

The description of Christ the beloved. Solomon's Song, v. 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16.

1 **T**HE word'ring world inquires to know
Why I should love my Jesus so?

What are his charms, say they, above,
The objects of a mortal love?

2 Yes, my beloved to my sight
Shows a sweet mixture, red and white:
All human beauties, all divine,
In my beloved, meet and shine.

3 White is his soul, from blemish free;
Red with the blood he shed for me;
The fairest of ten thousand fairs;
A sun among ten thousand stars.

4 [His head the finest gold excels;
There wisdom in perfection dwells;
And glory, like a crown, adorns,
Those temples once beset with thorns.]

5 Compassions in his heart be found,
Close by the signals of his wound:
His sacred side no more shall bear
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.]

His hands are fairer to behold
Than di'monds set in rings of gold;
Those heav'nly hands, that on the tree
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.

Tho' once he bow'd his feeble knees,
Loaded with sins and agonies,
Now on the throne of his command
His legs, like marble pillars, stand.]

[His eyes are majesty and love,
The eagle, temper'd with the dove;
No more shall trickling sorrows roll
Thro' those dear windows of his soul.]

- 9 His mouth, that pour'd out long complaints,
Now smiles, and cheers his fainting saints,
His countenance more graceful is
Than Lebanon with all its trees.
- 10 All over glorious is my Lord,
Must be belov'd, and yet ador'd;
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

H Y M N LXXVI. Common Metre.

Christ dwells in heaven, but visits on earth.

Solomon's Song, vi. 1, 2, 3, 12.

- 1 **W**HEN strangers stand and hear me tell
What beauties in my Saviour dwell;
Where he is gone they fain would know,
That they might seek and love him too.
- 2 My best beloved keeps his throne,
On hills of light, in worlds unknown;
But he descends and shows his face
In the young garden of his grace.
- 3 [In vineyards planted by his hand,
Where fruitful trees in order stand;
He feeds among the spicy beds,
Where lilies show their spotless heads.
- 4 He has engross'd my warmest love,
No earthly charms my soul can move:
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death, nor hell, shall make us part.]
- 5 [He takes my soul e'er I'm aware,
And shows me where his glories are;
No chariot of Amminadib
The heav'nly rapture can describe.
- 6 O may my spirit daily rise,
On wings of faith, above the skies,
'Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell for ever with my love.]

HYMN LXXVII. Long Metre.

The love of Christ to the church, in his language to her, and provisions for her. Solomon's Song, vii. 5, 6, 9, 12, 13.

1 NOW in the gall'ries of his grace
Appears the King, and thus he says,
"How fair my saints are in my sight,
"My love, how pleasant for delight?"

2 Kind is thy language, sov'reign Lord,
There's heav'nly grace in ev'ry word;
From that dear mouth a stream divine
Flows sweeter than the choicest wine.

3 Such wond'rous love awakes the lip
Of saints that were almost asleep,
To speak the praises of thy name,
And make our cold affections flame.

4 These are the joys he lets us know,
In fields and villages below;
Gives us a relish of his love,
But keeps his noblest feast above.

5 In Paradise, within the gates,
An higher entertainment waits;
Fruit new and old laid up in store,
Where we shall feed, but thirst no more.

HYMN LXXVIII. Long Metre.

The strength of Christ's love, and the souls jealousy of her own. Solomon's Song, viii. 5, 6, 7, 13, 14.

1 WHO is this fair one in distress?
That travels from the wilderness?
And, press'd with sorrows and with sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans.

2 This is the spouse of Christ, our God,
Bought with the treasures of his blood;
And her request, and her complaint,
Is but the voice of ev'ry saint.]

- 3 "O let my name engraven stand,
Both on thy heart and on thy hand;
Seal me upon thine arm and wear,
That pledge of love for ever there.
- 4 Stronger than death thy love is known,
Which floods of wrath for ever drown;
And hell and earth in vain combine
To quench a fire so much divine.
- 5 But I am jealous of my heart,
Lest it should once from thee depart;
Then let thy name be well impress'd
As a fair signet on my breast.
- 6 'Till thou hast brought me to thy home,
Where fears and doubts can never come,
Thy count'nance let me often see,
And often thou shalt hear from me.
- 7 Come, my beloved, haste away,
Cut short the hours of thy delay;
Fly, like a youthful hart or roe,
Over the hills where spices grow."

H Y M N LXXIX. Long Metre.

A morning hymn. Psalm xix. 5, 8, and lxxix.
24, 25.

- 1 **G**OD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And, like a giant, doth rejoice
To run his journey thro' the skies.
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east,
The circuit of his race begins,
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.
- 3 Oh, like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind, and active will
March on, and keep my heav'nly way.

4 [But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wide maze,
To follow ev'ry wand'ring star.]

5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

6 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes beside,
Are faint and cold, compar'd with this.

HYMN LXXX. Long Metre.

An evening hymn. Psalm iv. 8. and iii. 5, 6.
and cxlii. 8.

1 **THUS** far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well appointed angels keep,
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 In vain the sons of earth or hell
Tell me a thousand frightful things;
My God in safety makes me dwell,
Beneath the shadow of his wings.

5 [Faith in his name forbids my fear:
O may thy presence ne'er depart,
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

- 6 Thus when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.]

HYMN LXXXI. Long Metre.

A song for morning and evening. Lam. iii.
23. Isa. xlv. 7.

- 1 MY God, how endless is thy love?
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new,
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distil, like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.
- 3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN LXXXII. Long Metre.

God far above creatures; or, Man vain and mortal. Job iv. 17,—21.

- 1 SHALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator, God?
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just, than he?
- 2 Behold he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne;
Their natures, when compar'd with his,
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.
- 3 But how much meaner things are they
Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay!
Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint and vanish, like the moth.
- 4 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight;

- Bury'd in dust, whole nations lie
Like a forgotten vanity.
- 5 Almighty pow'r, to thee we bow ;
How frail are we ! how glorious Thou !
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

HYMN LXXXIII. Common Metre.

*Afflictions and death under providence. Job v.
6, 7, 8.*

- 1 NOT from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance,
Yet we are born to cares and woes ;
A sad inheritance !
- 2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upwards borne ;
So grief is rooted in our souls
And man grows up to mourn.
- 3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promis'd grace ;
He rules me by his well-known laws
Of love and righteousness.
- 4 Not all the pains that ere I bore
Shall spoil my future peace,
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father please.

HYMN LXXXIV. Long Metre.

*Salvation, righteousness, and strength in Christ.
Isa. xlv. 21,—25.*

- 1 JEHOVAH speaks, let Israel hear,
Let all the earth rejoice and tear,
While God's eternal Son proclaims
His sov'reign honours, and his names.
- 2 " I am the Last, and I the First,
The Saviour God, and God the just ;
There's none beside, pretends to give
Such justice and salvation too.

- 3 [Ye that in shades of darkness dwell,
Just on the verge of death and hell,
Look up to me from distant lands;
Light, life, and heav'n, are in mine hands.
- 4 I by my holy name have sworn,
Nor shall the word in vain return;
To me shall all things bend the knee,
And ev'ry tongue shall swear to me.]
- 5 In me alone shall men confess
Lies all their strength and righteousness;
But such as dare despise my name,
I'll clothe them with eternal shame.
- 6 In me, the Lord, shall all the seed
Of Mrael from their sins be freed,
And by their shining graces prove
Their int'rest in my pard'ning love."

H Y M N LXXXV. Short Metre.

The same.

- 1 THE Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne:
" Mercy and judgment are the names
" By which I will be known.
- " Ye dying souls that sit
" In darkness and distress,
" Look from the borders of the pit
" To my recov'ring grace."
- 3 Sinners shall hear the sound;
Their thankful tongues shall own,
" Our righteousness and strength is found
" In thee, my Lord, alone."
- 4 In thee shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiv'n;
God will pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heav'n.

HYMN LXXXVI. Common Metre.

God holy, just, and sovereign. Job ix. 2,—10.

- 1 **H**OW should the sons of Adam's race
Be pure before their God!
If he contend in righteousness
We fall beneath his rod.
- 2 **T**o vindicate my words and thoughts
I'll make no more pretence;
Not one of all my thousand faults
Can bear a just defence.
- 3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise;
What vain presumers dare
Against their Maker's hand to rise,
Or 'tempt th' unequal war?
- 4 [Mountains by his almighty wrath
From their old seats are torn;
He shakes the earth from south to north,
And all her pillars mourn.
- 5 He bids the sun forbear to rise,
Th' obedient sun forbears;
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
And seals up all the stars.
- 6 He walks upon the stormy sea;
Flies on the stormy wind;
There's none can trace his wond'rous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.]

HYMN LXXXVII. Long Metre.

*God dwells with the humble and penitent.
Isa. lvii. 15, 16.*

- 1 **T**HUS saith the high and lofty One,
"I sit upon my holy throne;
My name is God, I dwell on high,
Dwell in mine own eternity.
- 2 But I descend to worlds below,
On earth I have a mansion too;

The humble spirit and contrite
Is an abode of my delight.

- 3 The humble soul my words revive,
I bid the mourning sinner live;
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind.
- 4 [When I contend against their sin,
I make them know how vile they've been;
But should my wrath for ever smoke,
Their souls would sink beneath my stroke.]
- 5 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair, and die!
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chast'ning love.]

H Y M N LXXXVIII. Long Metre.

Life the day of grace and hope. Eccl. ix. 4, 5,
1, 10.

- 1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward,
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 [Life is the hour that God hath giv'n
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.]
- 3 [The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.]
- 4 [Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy buried in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.]
- 2 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might, pursue,

Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

- 6 There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste,
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

HYMN LXXXIX. Long Metre.

Youth and judgment. Eccl. xi. 9.

- 1 YE sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue,
Taste the delights your souls desire,
And give a loose to all your fire.
- 2 Pursue the pleasures you design,
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine;
Enjoy the day of mirth; but know
There is a day of judgment too.
- 3 God from on high beholds your thoughts,
His book records your secret faults;
The works of darkness you have done
Must all appear before the sun.
- 4 The vengeance to your follies due
Should strike your heart with terror thro':
How will ye stand before his face,
And answer for his injur'd grace?
- 5 Almighty God, turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities,
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

HYMN XC. Common Metre.

The same.

- 1 LO, the young tribes of Adam rise,
And thro' all nature rove,
Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,
And taste the joys they love.
- 2 They give a loose to wild desires;
But let the sinners know

The strict account that God requires
Of all the works they do.

3 The Judge prepares his throne on high,
The frightened earth and seas
Avoid the fury of his eye,
And flee before his face.

4 How shall I bear that dreadful day,
And stand the fi'ry test?
I'd give all mortal joys away
To be for ever blest.

H Y M N XCI. Long Metre.

Advice to youth; or, Old age and death in an unconverted state. Eccl. xii. 1, 7. Isa. lxxv. 20.

1 NOW in the heat of youthful blood
Remember your creator God:
Behold the months come hast'ning on,
When you shall say—*My joys are gone.*

2 Behold the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

3 The dust returns to dust again;
The soul in agonies of pain
Ascends to God; not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

4 Eternal King, I fear thy name,
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

H Y M N XCII. Short Metre.

Christ the wisdom of God. Prov. viii. 1, 22—32.

1 SHALL Wisdom cry aloud,
And not her speech be heard?
The voice of God's eternal Word
Deserves it no regard?

- 2 " I was his chief delight,
His everlasting Son,
Before the first of all his works,
Creation, was begun.
- 3 [Before the flying clouds,
Before the solid land,
Before the fields, before the floods,
I dwelt at his right hand.]
- 4 When he adorn'd the skies,
And built them, I was there,
To order where the sun should rise,
And marshal ev'ry star.
- 5 When he pour'd out the sea,
And spread the flowing deep;
And gave the flood a firm decree,
In its own bounds to keep.
- 6 Upon the empty air
The earth was balanc'd well:
With joy I saw the mansion where
The sons of men should dwell.
- 7 My busy thoughts at first
On their salvation ran,
Ere sin was born, or Adam's dust,
Was fashion'd to a man.
- 8 Then come, receive my grace,
Ye children, and be wise:
Happy the man that keeps my ways;
The man that shuns them dies."

HYMN XCIII. Long Metre.

Christ, or Wisdom, obeyed or resisted.. Prov.
viii. 34,—36.

- 1 THUS saith the Wisdom of the Lord,
"Blest is the man that hears my word,
Keeps daily watch before my gates,
And at my feet for mercy waits.

- 2 The soul that seeks me shall obtain
Immortal wealth, and heav'nly gain;
Immortal life is his reward,
Life and the favour of the Lord.
- 3 But the vile wretch that flies from me,
Doth his own soul an injury;
Fools that against my grace rebel,
Seek death, and love the road to hell."

H Y M N XCIV. Common Metre.

Justification by faith, not by works; or, The law condemns, grace justifies. Rom. iii. 19,—22.

- 1 VAIN are the hopes the sons of men
On their own works have built;
Their hearts by nature are unclean,
And all their actions guilt.
- 2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murm'ring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.
- 3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now,
Since to convince, and to condemn,
Is all the law can do.
- 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace,
When in thy name we trust!
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

H Y M N XCV. Common Metre.

Regeneration. John i. 13. and iii. 3, &c.

- 1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites, that God has giv'n,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heav'n.
- 2 The sov'reign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;

Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.

- 3 The Spirit, like some heav'nly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh,
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.
- 4 Our quicken'd souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

H Y M N XCVI. Common Metre.

Election excludes boasting. 1 Cor. i. 26,—31.

- 1 **B**UT few among the carnal wise,
But few of nobler race,
Obtain the favour of thine eyes,
Almighty King of grace.
- 2 He takes the men of meanest name
For sons and heirs of God;
And thus he pours abundant shame
On honourable blood.
- 3 He calls the fool, and makes him know
The myst'ries of his grace,
To bring aspiring wisdom low,
And all its pride abase.
- 4 Nature has all its glories lost,
When brought before his throne;
No flesh shall in his presence boast,
But in the Lord alone.

H Y M N XCVII. Long Metre.

Christ our wisdom, righteousness, &c. 1 Cor. i. 30.

- 1 **B**URY'D in shadows of the night
We lie, 'till Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.
- 2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
'Till his atoning blood appears:

Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing, "The Lord our Righteousness."

- 3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin,
His Spirit makes our natures clean;
Such virtues from his suff'rings flow,
At once to cleanse, and pardon too.
- 4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.
- 5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace wisdom, pow'r, and righteousness
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

H Y M N XCVIII. Short Metre.

The same.

- 1 **H**OW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
'Till Christ, with his reviving light,
Over our souls arise?
- 2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heav'n;
But in his righteousness array'd
We see our sins forgiv'n.
- 3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.
- 4 The pow'rs of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.
- 5 Lord, we adore thy ways,
To bring us near to God,
Thy sov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

HYMN XIX. Common Metre.

Stones made children of Abraham ; or, Grace not conveyed by religious parents. Matth. iii. 9.

- 1 VAIN are the hopes that rebels place
Upon their birth and blood,
Descended from a pious race,
(Their fathers now with God.)
- 2 He from the caves of earth and hell.
Can take the hardest stones,
And fill the house of Abra'm well
With new-created sons.
- 3 Such wond'rous pow'r doth he possess,
Who form'd our mortal frame,
Who call'd the world from emptiness ;
The world obey'd, and came.

HYMN C. Long Metre.

Believe, and be saved. John iii. 16, 17, 18.

- 1 NOT to condemn the sons of men
Did Christ the Son of God appear :
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.
- 2 Such was the pity of our God,
He lov'd the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
- 3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name and live ;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.
- 4 But vengeance and damnation lies
On rebels who refuse his grace ;
Who God's eternal Son despise,
The hottest hell shall be their place.

HYMN CI. Long Metre.

Joy in heaven for a repenting sinner. Luke xv.
7, 10.

- 1 **WHO** can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?
- 2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

HYMN CII. Long Metre.

The beatitudes. Matth. v. 2, — 12.

- 1 **BLEST** are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.
- 2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.
- 4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supply'd and fed
With living streams and living bread.
- 5 Blest are the men whose bowels move
And melt with sympathy and love;

From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

- 6 Blest are the poor whose hearts are clean
From the defiling pow'r of sin ;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.
- 7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God ; the God of peace.
- 8 Blest are the suff'rers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

HYMN CIII. Common Metre.

Not ashamed of the gospel. 2 Tim. i. 12.

- 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God ! I know his name !
His name is all my trust ;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
'Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name,
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

HYMN CIV. Common Metre.

A state of nature and grace. 1 Cor. vi. 10, 11.

- 1 NOT the malicious or profane,
The wanton or the proud,

Nor thieves, nor fland'ers, shall obtain
The kingdom of our God.

2 Surprising grace ! and such were we
By nature and by sin,
Heirs of immortal misery,
Unholy and unclean.

3 But we are wash'd in Jesus' blood,
Were pardon'd thro' his name :
And the good Spirit of our God
Has sanctified our frame.

4 O for a persevering pow'r
To keep thy just commands !
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

H Y M N CV. Common Metre.

Heaven invisible and holy. 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10. Rev.
xxi. 27.

1 **N**OR eye hath seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepar'd
For those that love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heav'n to come :
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace ;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin and shame ;
None shall obtain admittance there
But follow'rs of the Lamb.

He keeps the Father's book of life,
There all their names are found ;

The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heav'nly ground.

HYMN CVI. Short Metre.

Dead to sin by the cross of Christ. Rom. vi. 1, 2, 6.

- 1 SHALL we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?
- 2 Forbid it, mighty God!
Nor let it e'er be said,
That we, whose sins are crucify'd,
Should raise them from the dead.
- 3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

HYMN CVII. Long Metre.

The fall and recovery of man; or, Christ and Satan at enmity. Gen. iii. 1, 15, 17. Gal. iv. 4. Col. ii. 15.

- 1 DECEIV'D by subtle snares of hell,
Adam our head, our father, fell,
When Satan, in the serpent hid,
Propos'd the fruit that God forbid.
- 2 Death was the threat'ning; death began
To take possession of the man:
His unborn race receiv'd the wound,
And heavy curses smote the ground.
- 3 But Satan found a worse reward:
Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord,
"Let everlasting hatred be
"Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.
- 4 "The woman's seed shall be my Son,
"He shall destroy what thou hast done:
"Shall break thy head, and only feel
"Thy malice raging at his heel."

- 5 [He spake, and bid four thousand years
Roll on; at length his Son appears;
Angels with joy descend to earth,
And sing the young Redeemer's birth.
- 6 Lo, by the fons of hell he dies;
But as he hung 'twixt earth and skies,
He gave their prince a fatal blow,
And triumph'd o'er the pow'rs below.

HYMN CVIII. Short Metre.

Christ unseen and beloved. 1 Pet. i. 8.

- 1 NOT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord,
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.
- 2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heav'n begins below.

HYMN CIX. Long Metre.

The value of Christ and his righteousness. Phil.
iii. 7, 8, 9.

- 1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;

O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake !

- 4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne ;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

H Y M N C X. Common Metre.

Death and immediate glory. 2 Cor. v. 1, 5, 8,

- 1 **T**H E R E is a house not made with hands,
Eternal, and on high,
And here my spirit waiting stands,
'Till God shall bid it fly.

- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolv'd and fall ;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's call.

- 3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heav'n
And as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit giv'n

- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word ;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see ;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

H Y M N C X I. Common Metre.

Salvation by grace. Titus iii. 3, 7.

- 1 **[** L O R D, we confess our num'rous faults,
How great our guilt has been !
Foolish and vain are all our faults,
And all our lives were sin.

- 2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name,

Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.]

3 ['Tis not by works of righteousness,
Which our own hands have done ;
But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace,
Abounding thro' his Son.]

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin ;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are wash'd from sin.

5 'Tis thro' the purchase of his death,
Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

6 Rais'd from the dead, we live anew ;
And, justify'd by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

H Y M N CXII. Common Metre.

*The brazen serpent ; or, Looking to Jesus. 2 John
ver. 14—16.*

1 SO did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high ;
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.

2 Look upward in the dying hour,
And live, the prophet cries ;
But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.

3 High on the cross the Saviour hung,
High in the heav'ns he reigns :
Here sinners by th' old serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains.

4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives ;

The Jew behold the glorious hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

HYMN CXIII. Common Metre.

Abraham's blessing on the Gentiles. Gen. xvii. 7.
Rom. xv. 8. Mark x. 14.

1 HOW large the promise! how divine!
To Abrah'm and his seed!

"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
"Supplying all their need."

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The angel of the cov'nant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.

3 Jesus, the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers giv'n;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heav'n.

4 Our God, how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

HYMN CXIV. Common Metre.

The same. Rom. xi. 16, 17.

GENTILES by nature, we belong
To the wild olive wood;

Grace took us from the barren tree,
And grafts us in the good.

With the same blessings grace endows
The Gentile and the Jew;

If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too.

Then let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God;

Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,
And wash them in thy blood.

- 4 Thus, to the parents and their seed,
 Shall thy salvation come,
 And num'rous households meet at last
 In one eternal home.

HYMN CXV. Common Metre.

Conviction of sin by the law. Rom. vii. 8, 9,
 14, 21.

- 1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,
 And felt no inward dread!
 I was alive without the law,
 And thought my sins were dead.
- 2 My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright
 But since the precept came
 With a convincing pow'r and light,
 I find how vile I am.
- 3 [My guilt appeared but small before,
 'Till terribly I saw
 How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
 Was thine eternal law.
- 4 Then felt my soul a heavy load,
 My sins reviv'd again,
 I had provok'd a dreadful God,
 And all my hopes were slain.]
- 5 I'm like a helpless captive sold,
 Under the pow'r of sin;
 I cannot do the good I would,
 Nor keep my conscience clean.
- 6 My God, I cry'd with ev'ry breath,
 For some kind pow'r to save,
 To break the yoke of sin and death,
 And thus redeem the slave.

HYMN CXVI. Long Metre.

Love to God, and our neighbour. Matth. xxi
 37, — 40.

- 1 THUS saith the first, the great command,
 " Let all thy inward pow'rs unite

To love thy Maker and thy God,
With utmost vigour and delight.

- 2 Then shall thy neighbour next in place
Share thine affection and esteem,
And let thy kindness to thyself
Measure and rule thy love to him."
- 3 This is the sense that Moses spake,
This did the prophets preach and prove;
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfil'd by love.
- 4 But O! how base our passions are,
How cold our charity and zeal!
Lord, fill our souls with heav'nly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

HYMN CXVII. Long Metre.

Election sovereign and free. Rom. ix. 21, 22,
23, 24.

- 1 [BEHOLD the potter and the clay,
He forms the vessels as he please;
Such is our God: and such we are,
The subject of his just decrees.
- 2 Doth not the workman's pow'r extend,
O'er all the mass, which part to chuse,
And mould it for a nobler end,
And which to leave for viler use?]
- 3 May not the sov'reign Lord on high
Dispense his favors as he will,
Chuse some to life, while others die,
And yet be just and gracious still?
- 4 [What, if to make his terrors known,
He lets his patience long endure,
Suff'ring vile rebels to go on,
And seal their own destruction sure?
- 5 What, if he means to shew his grace,
And his electing love employs

To mark out some of mortal race,
And form them fit for heav'nly joys?]

- 6 Shall man reply against the Lord,
And call his Maker's ways unjust,
The thunder of whose dreadful word
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?
- 7 But, O my soul, if truth so bright
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
Yet still his written will obey,
And wait the great decisive day.
- 8 Then he shall make his justice known,
And the whole world before his throne,
With joy or terror shall confess
The glory of his righteousness.

H Y M N CXVIII. Short Metre.

Moses and Christ; or, Sin against the law and gospel. John i. 17. Heb. iii. 3, 5, 6. & x. 28, 29.

- 1 THE law by Moses came,
But peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,
Descending from above.
- 2 Amidst the house of God
Their diff'rent works were done:
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.
- 3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's house he stands
The Sov'reign and the Head.
- 4 The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought!
Behold how terribly he dies
For his presumpt'ous fault:
- 5 But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,

Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

HYMN CXIX. Common Metre.

The different success of the gospel. 1 Cor. i. 23,
24. 2 Cor. ii. 16. 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

- 1 CHRIST and his cross is all our theme :
The myst'ries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews esteem,
And folly to the Greek :
- 2 But souls enlighten'd from above,
With joy receive the word ;
They see what wisdom, pow'r, and love,
Shines in their dying Lord.
- 3 The vital favour of his name
Restores their fainting breath ;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.
- 4 'Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like show'rs of heav'nly rain,
In vain Apollo sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

HYMN CXX. Common Metre.

Faith of things unseen. Heb. xi. 1, 3, 8, 10.

- 1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks thro' the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heav'nly light ;
- 2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word ;
Abrah'm to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.

- 4 He sought a city, fair and high,
 Built by th' Eternal hands;
 And faith assures us tho' we die
 That heav'nly building stands.

HYMN CXXI. Common Metre.

*Children devoted to God. Gen. xvii. 7, 10.
 Acts xvi. 14, 15, 33.*

- 1 **T**HUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
 I'll be a God to thee:
 I'll bless thy num'rous race, and they
 Shall be a seed for me.
- 2 Abrah'm believ'd the promis'd grace,
 And gave his son to God;
 But water seals the blessings now,
 That once was seal'd with blood.
- 3 Thus Lydia sanctify'd her house,
 When she receiv'd the word;
 Thus the believing jailor gave
 His household to the Lord.
- 4 Thus later saints, eternal King,
 Thine ancient truth embrace;
 To thee their infant offspring, brings
 And humbly claim the grace.

HYMN CXXII. Long Metre.

*Believers buried with Christ in baptism. Rom.
 vi. 3, 4, &c.*

- 1 **D**O we not know that solemn word,
 That we are bury'd with the Lord,
 Baptiz'd into his death, and then
 Put off the body of our sin?
- 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
 Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death:
 So from the grave did Christ arise,
 And lives to God above the skies.
- 3 No more let sin or Satan reign
 Over our mortal flesh again;

The various lusts we serv'd before
Shall have dominion now no more.

HYMN CXXIII. Common Metre.

The repenting prodigal. Luke xv. 13, &c.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the wretch whose lust and wine
Has wasted his estate,
He begs a share among the swine,
To taste the husks they eat.
- 2 " I die with hunger here," he cries
" I starve in foreign lands ;
My father's house has large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.
- 3 I'll go, and with a mournful tongue
Fall down before his face ;
Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
Nor can deserve thy grace."
- 4 He said, and hasten'd to his home,
To seek his father's love ;
The father saw the rebel come
And all his bowels move.
- 5 He ran and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiss'd his son ;
The rebels heart with sorrow brake
For follies he had done.
- 6 " Take off his clothes of shame and sin,
(The father gives command.)
Dress him in garments white and clean,
With rings adorn his hand.
- 7 A day of feasting I ordain,
Let mirth and joy abound ;
My son was dead, and lives again,
Was lost, and now is found."

HYMN CXXIV. Long Metre.

The first and second Adam. Rom. v. 12, &c.

- 1 **D**EEP in the dust before thy throne,
Our guilt and our disgrace we own ;

Great God, we own th' unhappy name

Whence sprung our nature and our shame!—

- 2 Adam the sinner : At his fall
Death, like a conqu'ror, seiz'd us all ;
A thousand new-born babes are dead
By fatal union to their head.
- 3 But whilst our spirits, fill'd with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We sing the honours of thy grace,
That sent to save our ruin'd race.
- 4 We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who join'd our nature to his own
Adam the second, from the dust
Raises the ruins of the first.
- 5 [By the rebellion of one man
Through all his seed the mischief ran
And by one man's obedience now
Are all his seed made righteous too.
- 6 Where sin did reign, and death abound,
There have the sons of Adam found
Abounding life ; there glorious grace
Reigns thro' the Lord our righteousness.]

HYMN CXXV. Common Metre.

Christ's compassion to the weak and tempted.

Heb. iv. 16. and v. 7. Matth. xii. 20.

- 1 WITH joys we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,

While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

- 4 He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.
- 5 [He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame :
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.]
- 6 Then let our humble souls address
His mercy and his pow'r,
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

HYMN CXXVI. Long Metre.

Charity and uncharitableness. Rom. xiv. 17, 19.
1 Cor. x. 32.

- 1 NOT diff'rent food, nor diff'rent drefs,
Compose the kingdom of our Lord ;
But peace, and joy, and righteousness,
Faith, and obedience to his word.
- 2 When weaker Christians we despise,
We do the gospel mighty wrong ;
For God, the gracious and the wise,
Receives the feeble and the strong.
- 3 Let pride and wrath be banish'd hence,
Meekness and love our souls pursue,
Nor shall our practice give offence,
To saints, the Gentile, or the Jew.

HYMN CXXVII. Long Metre.

Christ's invitation to sinners ; or, Humility and pride. Matth. xi. 28,—30.

- 1 “ COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy laden sinners, come ;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to your heav'nly home ;

- 2 They shall find rest that learn of me,
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight,
My yoke is easy to the neck,
My grace shall make the burden light."
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

H Y M N CXXVIII. Long Metre.

*The apostles' commission; or, The gospel attested
by miracles. Mark xvi. 15. Matt. xxviii. 18, &c.*

- 1 "GO preach my gospel, saith the Lord,
Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
He shall be sav'd that trusts my word:
He shall be damn'd that won't believe.
- 2 [I'll make your great commissions known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
Go cast out devils in my name;
Nor let my prophets be afraid,
Tho' Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.]
- 4 Teach all the nations my commands,
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All pow'r is trusted in my hands,
I can destroy and I defend."
- 5 He spake, and light shone round his head,
On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascending God.

HYMN CXXIX. Long Metre.

Submission and deliverance; or, Abraham offering his son. Gen. xxii. 6, &c.

- 1 SAINTS, at your heav'nly Father's word,
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.
- 2 So Abrab'm, with obedient hand,
Led forth his son at God's command;
The wood, the fire, the knife he took,
His arm prepar'd the dreadful stroke.
- 3 "Abrab'm forbear," the angel cry'd,
"Thy faith is known, thy love is try'd;
"Thy son shall live, and in thy seed,
"Shall the whole earth be bless'd indeed."
- 4 Just in the last distressing hour
The Lord displays deliv'ring pow'r;
The mount of danger is the place,
Where we shall see surprising grace.

HYMN CXXX. Long Metre.

Love and hatred. Phil. ii. 2. Eph. iv. 30, &c.

- 1 NOW by the bowels of my God,
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
By his last groans, his dying blood,
I charge my soul to love the saints.
- 2 Clamour, and wrath, and war begone,
Envy and spite for ever cease,
Let bitter words no more be known
Among the saints, the sons of peace.
- 3 The Spirit like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife;
Why should we vex and grieve his love,
Who seals our souls to heav'nly life?
- 4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Thru' all our lives let mercy run:

So God forgives our num'rous faults
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

H Y M N CXXXI. Long Metre.

The Pharisee and the Publican. Luke xviii. 10, &c.

- 1 BEHOLD how sinners disagree,
The Publican and Pharisee;
One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.
- 2 This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace, with lifted hands;
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he had done.
- 3 The Lord their diff'rent language knows,
And diff'rent answers he bestows;
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.
- 4 Dear Father, let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the suff'rings of thy Son.

H Y M N CXXXII. Short Metre.

Holiness and grace. Tit ii. 10, 13.

- 1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtue shine
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride:
While justice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,

The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

HYMN CXXXIII. Common Metre.

Love and charity. 1 Cor. xiii. 2,—7, 13.

- 1 LET Pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare,
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.
- 2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haste,
She lets the present inj'ry die,
And long forgets the past.
- 3 [Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
She quenches with her tongue;
Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill,
Tho' she endures the wrong.]
- 4 [She ne'er desires nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time;
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those that climb.]
- 5 She lays her own advantage by,
To seek her neighbour's good:
So God's own Son came down to die,
And bought our lives with blood.
- 6 Love is the grace that keeps her pow'r
In all the realms above;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But saints for ever love.

HYMN CXXXIV. Long Metre.

Religion vain without love. 1 Cor. xiii. 1, 2, 3.

- 1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell;

Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

- 3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame
To gain a martyr's glorious name;
- 4 If love to God, and love to men,
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues nor gifts, nor fi'ry zeal,
The works of love can e'er fulfil

H Y M N CXXXV. Long Metre.

The love of Christ shed abroad in the heart. Eph.
iii. 16, &c.

- 1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in ev'ry breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.
- 3 Now to the God whose pow'r can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the church of Christ his Son.

H Y M N CXXXVI. Common Metre.

Sincerity and hypocrisy; or, Formality in worship.
John iv. 24. Psalm cxxxix. 23, 24.

- 1 GOD is a spirit just, and wise,
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear:
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
 Their bending knees the ground ;
 But God abhors the sacrifice,
 Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search nly thoughts and try my ways,
 And make my soul sincere ;
 Then shall I stand before thy face,
 And find acceptance there.

HYMN CXXXVII. Long Metre.

Salvation by grace in Christ. 2 Tim. i. 9, 10.

- 1 NOW to the pow'r of God supreme,
 Be everlasting honours giv'n,
 He saves from hell, (we bless his name,)
 He calls our wand'ring feet to heav'n.
- 2 Not for our duties or deserts,
 But of his own abundant grace,
 He works salvation in our hearts,
 And forms a people for his praise.
- 3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
 To rescue rebels doom'd to die ;
 He gave us grace by Christ his Son,
 Before he spread the starry sky.
- 4 Jesus the Lord appears at last,
 And makes his Father's counsels known ;
 Declares the great transactions pass'd,
 And brings immortal blessings down.
- 5 He dies ! and in that dreadful night
 Did all the pow'rs of hell destroy ;
 Rising he brought our heav'n to light,
 And took possession of the joy.

HYMN CXXXVIII. Common Metre.

Saints in the hands of Christ. John x. 28, 29,

- 1 FIRM as the earth thy gospel stands,
 My Lord, my hope, my trust ;
 If I am found in Jesus' hands
 My soul can ne'er be lost.

- 2 His honour is engag'd to save
The meanest of his sheep;
All that his heav'nly Father gave,
His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove
His fav'rites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love
They must for ever rest.

H Y M N CXXXIX. Long Metre.

Hope in the covenant; or God's promise and truth unchangeable. Heb. vi. 17,—89.

- 1 **H**OW oft hath sin and Satan strove
To rend my soul from thee, my God!
But everlasting is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.
- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wond'rous grace;
Eternal pow'r performs the work,
And fills all heav'n with endless praise.
- 3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
While tempests blow, and billows rise,
- 4 The gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

H Y M N CXL. Common Metre.

A living and a dead faith, collected from several Scriptures.

- 1 **M**ISTAKEN souls! that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust.
- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;

None but a living pow'r unites
To Christ the living head.

- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart,
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
By a celestial pow'r;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.
- 5 [Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace;
A pard'ning God is jealous still,
For his own holiness.
- 6 When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our natures clean.
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.
- 7 His Spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God;
Jesus, and his salvation, came
By water and by blood.

HYMN CXLI. Short Metre.

The humiliation and exaltation of Christ. Isa.
liii. 1,—5, 10,—2.

- 1 WHO has believ'd thy word,
Or thy salvation known;
Reveal thine arm, almighty Lord,
And glorify thy Son.
- 2 The Jews esteem'd him here
Too mean for their belief;
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,
And his companion grief.
- 3 They turn'd their eyes away,
And treated him with scorn;

But 'twas their grief upon him lay,
Their sorrows he has borne.

- 4 'Twas for the stubborn Jews,
And Gentiles, then unknown,
The God of justice pleas'd to bruise
His best beloved Son.
- 5 "But I'll prolong his days,
And make his kingdom stand;
My pleasure, saith the God of grace,
Shall prosper in his hand.
- 6 [His joyful soul shall see
The purchase of his pain,
And by his knowledge justify
The guilty sons of men.]
- 7 [Ten thousand captive slaves,
Releas'd from death and sin,
Shall quit their prisons and their graves,
And own their pow'r divine.]
- 8 [Heav'n shall advance my Son
To joys that earth deny'd;
Who saw the follies men had done,
And bore their sins and dy'd."

H Y M N CXLII. Short Metre.

The same. Isa. liii. 6,—9,—12.

- 1 **L**IKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God,
Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way,
But all the downward road.
- 2 How dreadful was the hour,
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head!
- 3 How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustain'd the stroke!
His life and blood the Shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.

- 4 His honour and his breath
Were taken both away;
Join'd with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they.
- 5 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men;
And make him see a num'rous seed
To recompense his pain.
- 6 "I'll give him, saith the Lord,
A portion with the strong;
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold his honors long."

HYMN CXLIII. Common Metre.

Characters of the children of God, from several scriptures.

- 1 SO new born babes desire the breast,
To feed, and grow, and thrive;
So saints with joy the gospel taste,
And by the gospel live.
- 2 [With inward gust their heart approves
All that the word relates;
They love the men their Father loves,
And hate the work he hates.]
- 3 [Not all the flatt'ring baits on earth,
Can make them slaves to lust;
They can't forget their heav'nly birth,
Nor grovel in the dust.
- 4 Not all the chains that tyrants use.
Shall bind their souls to vice:
Faith, like a conqu'ror, can produce
A thousand victories.]
- 5 [Grace like an uncorrupted seed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.]

- 6 [Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will,
But with the noblest pow'rs they have
His sweet commands fulfil.]
- 7 They find access at ev'ry hour
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And joys that never fail.
- 8 O happy souls! O glorious state
Of ever-flowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face!
- 9 Lord, I address thy heav'nly throne:
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.
- 10 There shed thy choicest love abroad,
And make my comforts strong;
Then shall I say, My Father, God,
With an unwav'ring tongue.

H Y M N CXLIV. Common Metre.

The witnessing and sealing Spirit. Rom. viii. 14,
16. Eph. i. 13, 14.

- 1 WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days
Great Comforter descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And shew my sins forgiv'n?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

- 4 "Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

HYMN CXLV. Common Metre.

Christ and Aaron, taken from Heb. vii. and ix.

- 1 JESUS, in thee our eyes behold
A thousand glories more,
Than the rich gems and polish'd gold
The sons of Aaron wore.
- 2 They first their own burnt off'rings bro't,
To purge themselves from sin;
Thy life was pure without a spot,
And all thy nature clean.
- 3 [Fresh blood, as constant as the day,
Was on their altar spilt:
But thy one off'ring takes away
For ever all our guilt.]
- 4 [Their priesthood ran thro' sev'ral hands,
For mortal was their race;
Thy never changing office stands,
Eternal as thy days.]
- 5 [Once in the circuit of a year,
With blood but not his own,
Aaron within the vail appears
Before the golden throne.
- 6 But Christ, by his own pow'rful blood,
Ascends above the skies,
And in the presence of our God,
Shows his own sacrifice.]
- 7 Jesus the King of glory, reigns
On Sion's heav'nly hill;
Looks like a Lamb that has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.
- 8 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face:

Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace.]

HYMN CXLVI. Long Metre.

Character of Christ borrowed from inanimate things in scripture.

- 1 [GO worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet!
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.]
- 2 [The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.]
- 3 [Is he compar'd to wine or bread?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed:
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.]
- 4 [Is he a tree? The world receives
Salvation from his healing leaves;
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
Is David's root and offspring too.]
- 5 [Is he a rose? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields:
Or if the lily he assume,
The vallies bless the rich perfume.]
- 6 Is he a vine? His heav'nly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit:
O let a lasting union join
My soul to Christ the living vine!
- 7 [Is he the head? Each member lives,
And owns the vital pow'rs he gives;
The saints below, and saints above,
Join'd by his spirit and his love.]
- 8 [Is he a fountain? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death:

These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.]

9 [Is he a fire? He'll purge my dross:
But the true gold sustains no loss;
Like a refiner shall he sit,
And tread the refuse with his-feet.]

10 [Is he a rock? How firm he proves!
The rock of ages never moves:
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow
Attend us all the desert through.]

11 [Is he a way? He leads to God,
The path is drawn in lines of blood;
There would I walk, with hope and zeal,
'Till I arrive at Sion's hill.]

12 [Is he a door? I'll enter in;
Behold the pastures large and green;
A paradise divinely fair,
None but the sheep have freedom there.]

13 [Is he design'd a corner-stone,
For men to build their heav'n upon?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.]

14 [Is he a temple? I adore
Th' indwelling majesty and pow'r;
And still to his most holy place,
Whene'er I pray, I turn my face.]

15 [Is he a star? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light?
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning star.]

16 [Is he a sun? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness:
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chase their clouds and dry their tears.]

17 [O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise;

There he displays his pow'rs abroad,
And shines and reigns the incarnate God.]

- 18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heav'n, his full resemblance bears ;
His beauties we can never trace,
'Till we behold him face to face.

HYMN CXLVII. Long Metre.

The names and titles of Christ, from several scriptures.

- 1 ['TIS from the treasure of his word
I borrow titles for my Lord ;
Nor art, nor nature, can supply
Sufficient forms of majesty.
- 2 Bright image of the Father's face,
Shining with undiminish'd rays ;
Th' eternal God's eternal Son,
The heir and part'ner of his throne.]
- 3 The King of kings, the Lord most high,
Writes his own name upon his thigh,
He wears a garment dipt in blood,
And breaks the nations with his rod.
- 4 Where grace can neither melt or move,
The Lamb resents his injur'd love,
Awakes his wrath without delay,
And Judah's lion tears the prey.
- 5 But when for works of peace he comes,
What winning titles he assumes !
" Light of the world, and life of men :"
Nor bears those characters in vain.
- 6 With tender pity in his heart,
He acts the Mediator's part ;
A friend and brother he appears,
And well fulfills the name he bears.
- 7 At length the Judge his throne ascends,
Divides the rebels from his friends,

And saints in full fruition prove
His rich variety of love.

HYMN CXLVIII. Particular Metre.

The same as the cxlviiiith Psalm,

1 [WITH cheerful voice I sing

The titles of my Lord,

And borrow all the names

Of honour from his word :

Nature and art

Can ne'er supply

Sufficient forms

Of majesty.

2 In Jesus we behold

His Father's glorious face,

Shining for ever bright

With mild and lovely rays :

Th' eternal God's

Eternal Son

Inherits and

Partakes the throne.]

3 The sov'reign King of kings,

The Lord of Lords most high,

Writes his own name upon

His garment and his thigh.

His name is call'd

"The Word of God,"

He rules the earth

With iron rod.

Where promises and grace

Can neither melt nor move,

The angry Lamb resents

Th' injuries of his love ;

Awakes his wrath

Without delay,

As lions roar,

And tear the prey.

- 5 But when for works of peace
The great Redeemer comes,
With gentle characters,
What titles he assumes!
“Light of the world,
“And life of men;”
Nor will he bear
Those names in vain.
- 6 Immense compassion reigns
In our Immanuel’s heart,
When he descends to act
The Mediator’s part.
He is a friend,
And brother too;
Divinely kind,
Divinely true.
- 7 At length the Lord, the Judge,
His awful throne ascends,
And drives the rebels far
From favorites and friends.
Then shall the saints
Completely prove
The heights and depths
Of all his love.

HYMN CXLIX. Long Metre.

The offices of Christ from several scriptures.

- 1 JOIN all the names of love and pow’r,
That ever men or angels bore,
All are too mean to speak his worth,
And set Immanuel’s glory forth.
- 2 But, O what condescending ways,
He takes to teach his heav’nly ways,
My eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears to me.
- 3 [The Angel of the cov’nant stands,
With his commission in his hands,

Sent from his Father's milder throne
To make the great salvation known.]

4 [Great Prophet ! let me bless thy name ;
By thee the joyful tidings came
Of wrath appeas'd, of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.]

5 [My bright example, and my guide,
I would be walking near thy side :
O let me never run astray,
Nor follow the forbidden way !

6 [I love my Shepherd, he shall keep
My wand'ring soul among his sheep ;
He feeds his flocks, he calls their names,
And in his bosom bears the lambs.]

7 [My Surety undertakes my cause,
Answ'ring his Father's broken laws :
Behold my soul at freedom set,
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.]

8 [Jesus, my great High Priest, has dy'd,
I seek no sacrifice beside :
His blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.]

9 [My Advocate appears on high,
The Father lays his thunder by ;
Not all that earth or hell can say
Shall turn my Father's heart away.]

10 [My Lord, my Conqu'ror, and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing ;
Thine is the vict'ry, and I fit
A joyful subject at thy feet.]

11 [Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds,
The Captain of Salvation leads :
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.]

12 [Should death and hell, and pow'rs unknown,
Put all their forms of mischief on ;

I shall be safe ; for Christ displays
Salvation in more sov'reign ways.]

H Y M N C L. Particular Metre.

The same as the cxlviiiith Psalm.

- 1 JOIN all the glorious names,
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,
That ever mortals knew,
That ever angels bore :
All are too mean
To speak the worth,
Too mean to set
My Saviour forth.
- 2 But, O what gentle terms
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use,
To teach his heav'nly grace !
Mine eyes with joy
And wonder see
What forms of love
He bears to me.
- 3 [Array'd in mortal flesh,
He like an angel stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands,
Commission'd from
His Father's throne,
To make his grace
To mortals known.
- 4 [Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name ;
By thee the joyful news,
Of our salvation came ;
The joyful news
Of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd,
And peace with heav'n.]

- 5 [Be thou my counsellor,
My pattern and my guide;
And through this desert land
Still keep me near thy side.
O let my feet
Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek
The crooked way!]
- 6 I love my Shepherd's voice,
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wand'ring soul among
Ten thousand of his sheep:
He feeds his flock,
He calls their names,
His bosom bears
The tender lambs.]
- 7 [To this dear Surety's hand
Will I commit my cause;
He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken laws
Behold my soul
At freedom set!
My Surety paid
The dreadful debt.]
- 8 [Jesus, my great High Priest;
Offer'd his blood, and dy'd;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His powerful blood
Did once atone;
And now it pleads
Before the throne.]
- 9 [My Advocate appears
For my defence on high;
The Father hears his prayer
And sends the Holy Spirit
To dwell within my heart
On earth and in heaven.]

Shall turn his heart
His love away.]

- 10 [My dear Almighty Lord
My Conqu'ror, and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace, I sing.
Thine is the pow'r;
Behold I sit
In willing bonds
Beneath thy feet.]

- 11 [Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down
My Captain leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
A feeble saint
Shall win the day,
Though death and hell
Obstructs the way.]

- 12 [Should all the hosts of death,
And pow'rs of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on:
I shall be safe,
For Christ displays
Superior pow'r
And guardian grace.]

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

H Y M N S

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

B O O K II.

COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.

HYMN I. Long Metre.

A song of praise to God.

- 1 **N**ATURE, with all her pow'r, shall sing,
God the Creator, and the King;
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.
- 2 [Begin to make his glories known,
Ye seraphs, that sit near his throne;
Tune your harps high, and spread the sound,
To the creation's utmost bound.]
- 3 [All mortal things of meaner frame,
Exert your force, and own his name;
Whilst with our souls, and with our voice,
We sing his honors, and our joys.]
- 4 [To him be sacred all we have,
From the young cradle to the grave;
Our lips shall his loud wonders tell,
And ev'ry word a miracle.]

- 5 [Those Western shores, our native land,
Lie safe in the Almighty's hand;
Our foes of vict'ry dream in vain,
And wear the captivating chain.]
- 6 [Raise monumental praises high
To him that thunders thro' the sky,
And, with an awful nod or frown,
Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.]
- 7 [Pillars of lasting brass proclaim
The triumphs of th' eternal Name;
While trembling nations read from far
The honors of the God of war.]
- 8 Then let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts, and loudest songs;
Let there be sung, with warmest joy,
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.
- 9 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame,
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The strongest notes that angels raise,
Faint in the worship and the praise.

H Y M N II. Common Metre.

The death of a sinner.

- 1 MY thoughts on awful subjects roll,
Damnation and the dead;
What horrors seize the guilty soul
Upon a dying bed.
- 2 Ling'ring about these mortal shores,
She makes a long delay,
'Till, like a flood with rapid force,
Death sweeps the wretch away.
- 3 Then, swift and dreadful, she descends
Down to the fi'ry coast,
Among abominable fiends,
Herself a frightened ghost.
- 4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,
And darkness makes their chains:

- Tortur'd with keen despair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer pains.
- 5 Not all their anguish and their blood :
For their own guilt atones,
Nor the compassions of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.
- 6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
Nor bid my soul remove,
'Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,
And well insur'd his love !

HYMN III. Common Metre.

The death and burial of a saint.

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends ?
Or shake at death's alarms ?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too
As fast as time can move ?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all the saints he bless'd,
And soften'd ev'ry bed :
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head ?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And show'd our feet the way :
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise ;
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

HYMN IV. Long Metre..

Salvation in the cross.

- 1 **HERE**, at my cross, my dying God,
I lay my soul beneath thy love,
Beneath the dropping of thy blood,
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.
- 2 Not all that tyrants think or say,
With rage and lightning in their eyes;
Nor hell, shall fright my heart away,
Should hell with all its legions rise.
- 3 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;
Resolv'd, (for that's my last defence,)
If I must perish, there to die.
- 4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.
- 5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim;
Hosanna to my dying God,
And my best honors to his name.

HYMN V. Long Metre.

Longing to praise Christ better.

- 1 **LORD**, when my thoughts with wonder roll
O'er the sharp sorrows of my soul,
And read my Maker's broken laws,
Repair'd and honour'd by the cross:
- 2 When I behold death, hell, and sin,
Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine,
And see the man that groan'd and dy'd,
Sit glorious by his Father's side:
- 3 My passions rise and soar above,
I'm wing'd with faith, and fir'd with love:
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that Gabriel sings.

- 4 But my heart fails, my tongue complains
For want of their immortal strains :
And in such humble notes as these
Must fall below thy victories.
- 5 Well, the kind minute must appear,
When we shall leave these bodies here ;
Those clogs of clay, and mount on high,
To join the songs above the sky.

HYMN VI. Common Metre.

A Morning Song.

- 1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day,
Salutes thy waking eyes :
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rolls the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heav'n on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise ;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 [On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand ;
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.
- 5 A thousand wretched souls have fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.]
- 6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light ;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

HYMN VII. Common Metre.

An Evening Song.

- 1 DREAD Sov'reign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the off'ring of my tongue,
To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day,
Thy hand was still my guard,
And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
Incompas'd me around:
But O, how few returns of love,
Hath my Creator found!
- 4 What have I done for him that dy'd
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiply'd,
Fast as the minutes roll?
- Lord, with this guilty soul of mine
To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.
- Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in the embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

HYMN VIII. Common Metre.

A Hymn for Morning or Evening.

- HOSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand!
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.
- That was a most amazing pow'r
That rais'd us with a word,
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

- 3 The ev'ning rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room ;
We wake, and we admire the bed
That was not made our tomb.
- 4 The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day !
For death stands ready at the door,
To seize our lives away.
- 5 Our breath is forfeited by sin
To God's revenging law ;
We own thy grace, immortal King,
In ev'ry gasp we draw.
- 6 God is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings ;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

HYMN IX. Common Metre.

Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of Christ.

- 1 ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed !
And did my Sov'reign die !
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?
- 2 [Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While all expos'd to wrath divine,
The glorious suff'rer stood !]
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !
- 4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, dy'd
For man, the creature's sin.
- 5 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,

Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes in tears.

- 6 But drops of tears can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN X. Common Metre.

Parting with carnal joys.

- 1 MY soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell;
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.
- 2 No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more;
The happiness that I approve
Lies not within your pow'r.
- 3 There's nothing round this spacious earth
That suits my large desire;
To boundless joy and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire.
- 4 [Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refin'd,
Still springing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.
- 5 Th' Almighty ruler of the sphere,
Th' glorious and the great,
Brings his own All-sufficiency there,
To make our bliss complete.]
- 6 Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd climb the heav'nly road;
There sits my Saviour, dress'd in love,
And there my smiling God.

HYMN XI. Long Metre.

The same.

- 1 I SEND the joys of earth away:
Away, ye tempters of the mind,

- False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulph of black despair,
And whilst I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyfs;
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bid me seek superior blifs.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance my eyes:
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!
- 5 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

HYMN XII. Common Metre.

Christ is the substance of the Levitical priesthood.

- 1 THE true Messiah now appears,
The types are all withdrawn;
So fly the shadows and the stars
Before the rising dawn.
- 2 No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,
Nor kid, nor bullock slain:
Incense and spice, of costly names,
Would all be burnt in vain.
- 3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When God himself comes down to be
The off'ring and the priest.
- 4 He took our mortal flesh to show
The wonders of his love;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.

5 Father, he cries, forgives their sins,
 For I myself have dy'd ;
 And then he shows his open'd veins,
 And pleads his wounded side.

H Y M N XIII. Long Metre.

*The creation, preservation, dissolution, and
 restoration of this world.*

- 1 SING to the Lord that built the skies,
 The Lord that rear'd this stately frame ; ;
 Let all the nations sound his praise,
 And lands unknown repeat his name.
- 2 He form'd the seas, and form'd the hills,
 Made ev'ry drop, and ev'ry dust,
 Nature and time, with all their wheels,
 And put them into motion first.
- 3 Now, from his high imperial throne,
 He looks far down upon the spheres,
 He bids the shining orbs roll on,
 And round he turns the hasty years.
- 4 Thus shall the moving engine last
 'Till all his saints are gather'd in,
 Then for the trumpeter's dreadful blast
 To shake it all to dust again.
- 5 Yet when the sound shall tear the skies,
 And lightning burn the globe below,
 Saints ye may lift your joyful eyes,
 There's a new heav'n and earth for you.

H Y M N XIV. Short Metre.

The Lord's day ; or, Delight in ordinances.

- WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise ;
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes !
- The King himself comes near,
 And feasts his saints to day ;

Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God^h hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasureable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

H Y M N XV. Long Metre.

The enjoyment of Christ; or, Delight in worship.

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heav'nly love.

3 [The trees of life immortal stand
In beauteous rows at thy right hand,
And in sweet murmurs by their side,
Rivers of bliss for ever glide.

4 Haste then, but with a smiling face,
And speak the table of thy grace;
Bring down a taste of truth divine,
And cheer my heart with sacred wine.]

5 Ble's'd Jesus, what delicious fare,
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

6 Hail, great Redeemer, everlastingly
In thee thy Father's glory shines;
Thou brightest, sweetest, truest One,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

HYMN XVI. Long Metre.

Part the second.

- 1 LORD, what a heav'n of saving grace,
Shines thro' the beauties of thy face,
And lights our passions to a flame!
Lord, how we love thy charming name.
- 2 When I can say, My God is mine,
When I can feel thy glories shine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all the earth calls good or great.
- 3 With such a scene of sacred joys,
Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,
Here we could sit and gaze away
A long and everlasting day.
- 4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
To the fair coast of perfect light;
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love.
- 5 [There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,
And pluck new life from heav'nly trees!
Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow
A drop of heav'n on worms below.
- 6 Send comforts down on thy right hand,
While we pass thro' this barren land;
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of Thee.]

HYMN XVII. Common Metre.

God's eternity.

- 1 RISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground,
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound
To praise th' eternal God.
- 2 Long e'er the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne;
Or Adam form'd, or angels made,
Jehovah liv'd alone.

- 3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime;
Eternity's his dwelling place,
And ever is his time.
- 4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal NOW,
And sees our ages waste.
- 5 The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come;
The creatures, look! how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom.
- 6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flame melt down the skies,
My God shall live an endless day,
When old creation dies.

HYMN XVIII. Long Metre.

The ministry of angels.

- 1 **H**IGH on a hill of dazzling light
The King of glory spreads his seat,
And troops of angels stretch'd for flight,
Stand waiting round his awful feet.
- 2 "Go, saith the Lord, my Gabriel, go,
"Salute the virgin's fruitful womb;
"Make haste, ye cherubs, down below,
"Sing and proclaim, The Saviour's come."
- 3 Here a bright squadron leaves the skies,
And thick around Elisha stands;
Anon a heav'nly soldier flies,
And breaks the chains from Peter's hands.
- 4 Thy winged troops, O God of hosts,
Wait on thy wand'ring church below;
Here we are sailing to thy coasts,
Let angels be our convoy too.
- 5 Are they not all thy servants, Lord?
At thy command they go and come;

With cheerful haste obey thy word,
And guard thy children to their home.

H Y M N XIX. Common Metre.

Our frail bodies, and God our preserver.

- 1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear ;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.
- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay ;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be gone :
Strange ! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.
- 4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God that built us first ;
Salvation to th' Almighty name
That rear'd us from the dust.
- 5 [He spoke, and strait our hearts and brains,
In all their motions, rose ;
Let blood, said he, flow round the veins ;
And round the veins it flows.
- 6 While we have breath to use our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore ;
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breath no more.]

H Y M N XX. Common Metre.

*Backslidings and returns ; or, The inconstancy of
our love.*

- 1 WHY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight ;
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night ?

[Why should my foolish passions rove ?
Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee ?

When my forgetful soul renews
The flavour of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flatt'ring world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

[Trifles of nature or of art,
With fair deceitful charms,
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
And thrust me from thy arms.]

Then I repent and vex my soul,
That I should leave thee so ;
Where will those wild affections roll
That let a Saviour go ?

[Sin's promis'd joys are turn'd to pain,
And I am drown'd in grief ;
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my relief.

Seizing my soul with sweet surprize,
He draws with loving bands ;
Divine compassion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.]

[Wretch that I am, to wander thus,
In chase of false delight !
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross,
Rather than lose thy sight.]

[Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest,
On the dear centre of my soul,
My God, my Saviour's breast.]

HYMN XXI. Long Metre.

A song of praise to God the Redeemer.

- 1 LET the old heathens tune their song
Of great Diana and of Jove ;
But the sweet theme that moves my tongue,
Is my Redeemer and his love.
- 2 Behold, a God descends and dies,
To save my soul from gaping hell ;
How the black gulf where Satan lies,
Yawn'd to receive me when I fell !
- 3 How justice frown'd, and vengeance stood,
To drive me down to endless pain !
But the great Son propos'd his blood,
And heav'nly wrath grew mild again.
- 4 Infinite Lover, gracious Lord !
To thee be endless honours giv'n ;
Thy wond'rous name shall be ador'd,
Round the wide earth and wider heav'n.

HYMN XXII. Long Metre.

With God is terrible majesty.

- 1 TERRIBLE God, that reign'st on high,
How awful is thy thund'ring hand ;
Thy fi'ry bolts, how fierce they fly !
Nor can all earth or hell withstand.
- 2 This the old rebel angels knew,
And Satan fell beneath thy frown ;
Thine arrows struck the traitor through
And weighty vengeance sunk him down.
- 3 This Sodom felt, and feels it still,
And roars beneath th' eternal load :
" With endless burnings who can dwell,
" Or bear the fury of a God ?"
- 4 Tremble, ye sinners, and submit,
Throw down your arms before his throne,
Bend your heads low beneath his feet,
Or his strong hand shall crush you down.

And ye, blest saints, that love him too,
With rev'rence bow before his name ;
Thus all his heav'nly servants do :
God is a bright and burning flame.

H Y M N XXIII. Long Metre.

The sight of God and Christ in heaven.

DESCEND from heav'n, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things ;

Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

O for a sight, a pleasant sight
Of our Almighty Father's throne !
There sits our Saviour, crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.

Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall ;
The God shines gracious thro' the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on ev'ry heav'nly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King !
When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst 'em there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love ?

H Y M N XXIV. Common Metre.

The evil of sin visible in the fall of angels and men.

WHEN the great Builder arch'd the skies,
And form'd all nature with a word,

- The joyful cherubs tun'd his praise,
And ev'ry bending throne ador'd.
- 2 High, in the midst of all the throng,
Satan, a tall archangel, sat;
Among the morning stars he sung,
'Till sin destroy'd his heav'nly state.
- 3 ['Twas sin that hurl'd him from his throne,
Gro'ling in fire the rebel lies;
"How art thou sunk in darkness down,
"Son of the morning, from the skies!"
- 4 And thus our two first parents stood,
'Till sin defil'd the happy place;
They lost their garden and their God,
And ruin'd all their unborn race:]
- 5 [So sprung the plague from Adam's bow'r,
And spread destruction all abroad,
Sin, the curs'd name! that in one hour
Spoil'd six days labour of a God.]
- 6 Tremble, my soul, and mourn for grief,
That such a foe should seize thy breast;
Fly to the Lord for quick relief;
O! may he stay this treach'rous guest.
- 7 Then to thy throne, victorious King,
Then to thy throne our shouts shall rise,
Thine everlasting arm we sing,
For sin, the monster, bleeds and dies.

H Y M N XXV. Common Metre.

Complaining of spiritual sloth.

- 1 MY drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so?
Awake my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half the work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 The little ants for one poor grain,
Labour, and tug, and strive:
Yet we, who have a heav'n to obtain,
How negligent we live!

We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move ;
We, for whose guard the angel hands
Come flying from above :

We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our good :
How careless to secure that crown
He purchas'd wth his blood !

Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
And never act our parts ?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill,
And sit and warm our hearts.

Then shall our active spirits move,
Upward our souls shall rise :
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
We'll fly, and take the prize.

HYMN XXVI. Long Metre.

God invisible.

LORD, we are blind, we, mortals blind,
We can't behold thy bright abode ;
O, 'tis beyond the creature mind,
To glance a thought half way to God.

Infinite leagues beyond the sky,
The great Eternal reigns alone,
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topless throne.

The Lord of glory builds his seat
On gems incomparably bright,
And lays beneath his sacred feet
Substantial beams of gloomy night.

Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes
Look thro' and cheer us from above :
Beyond thy praise thy grandeur flies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

H Y M N XC. Long Metre.

Praise ye him all his angels. Psalm cxlviii. 2.

1. **G**OD! the eternal awful name,
That the whole heav'nly army fears,
That shakes the wide creation's frame,
And Satan trembles when he hears.
2. Like flames of fire his servants are,
And light surrounds his dwelling-place ;
But, O ye fir'y flames, declare
The brighter glories of his face.
3. 'Tis not for such poor worms as we
To speak so infinite a thing ;
But your immortal eyes survey
The beauties of your sov'reign King.
4. Tell how he shows his smiling face,
And clothes all heav'n in bright array :
Triumph and joy run thro' the place,
And songs, eternal as the day.
5. Speak, for you feel his burning love,
What zeal it spreads thro' all your frame ;
That sacred fire dwells all above,
For we on earth have lost the name.
6. [Sing of his pow'r and justice too,
That infinite right hand of his,
That vanquish'd Satan and his crew,
When thunder drove them down from bliss.]
7. [What mighty storms of poison'd darts
Were hurl'd upon the natives there !
What deadly jav'lins nail'd their hearts
Fast to the racks of long despair !]
8. [Shout to your King, ye heav'nly host,
You that beheld the sinking foe ;
Firmly ye stood when they were lost ;
Praise the rich grace that kept ye so.]
9. Proclaim his wonders from the skies,
Let ev'ry distant nation hear :

And while you sound his lofty praise,
Let humble mortals bow and fear.

HYMN XXVIII. Common Metre.

Death and eternity.

- 1 **S**TOOP down, my thoughts, that us'd to rise,
Converse a while with death :
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.
- 2 His quiv'ring lips hangs feeble down,
His pulses faint and few,
Then, speechless, with a doleful groan,
He bids the world adieu.
- 3 But oh, the soul, which never dies!
At once it leaves the clay !
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And tract its wond'rous way.
- 4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts triumphant there ;
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair.
- 5 And must this body faint and die ?
And must this soul remove ?
Oh, for some guardian angel nigh,
To bear it safe above.
- 6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand,
My naked soul I trust ;
And my flesh waits for thy command,
To drop it into dust.

HYMN XXIX. Common Metre.

Redemption by price and power.

- 1 **J**ESUS, with all thy saints above,
My tongue would bear her part ;
Would sound aloud thy saving love,
And sing thy bleeding heart.
- 2 Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his blood,

And quench'd his Father's flaming sword
In his own vital flood.

3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul
From Satan's heavy chains,
And sent the lion down to howl
Where hell and horror reigns.

4 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never ceasing praise,
While angels live to know his name,
Or saints to feel his grace.

H Y M N XXX. Short Metre.

Heavenly joys on earth.

1 [COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place !
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.]

3 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God,
But fav'rites of the heav'nly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 [The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas.]

5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love,
He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.

6 There we shall see his face
And never, never sin ;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasure in.

- 7 Yes, and before we rise
 To that immortal state,
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss
 Should constant joys create.
- 8 [The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below,
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
 From faith and hope may grow.]
- 9 The hill of Sion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.
- 10 Then let our songs abound,
 And ev'ry tear be dry;
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
 To faire r worlds on high.]

HYMN XXXI. Long Metre.

Christ's presence makes death easy.

- 1 **W**HY should we start and fear to die?
 What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
 Death is the gate of endless joy,
 And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife
 Fright our approaching souls away;
 Still we shrink back again to life,
 Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
 My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
 Fly fearless thro' death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on his breast I lean my head,
 And breath my life out sweetly there.

HYMN XXXII. Common Metre.

Fraught and folly.

- 1 **H**OW short and hasty is our life;
How vast our souls' affairs!
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.
- 2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,
Without a moments stay;
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.
- 3 God from on high invites us home!
But we march heedless on,
And ever hast'ning to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.
- 4 How we deserve the deepest hell
That slight the joys above!
What chains of darkness should we feel
That break such cords of love?
- 5 Draw us, O God, with sov'reign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

HYMN XXXIII. Common Metre.

The blessed society in heaven.

- 1 **R**AISE thee, my soul, fly up, and run
Through ev'ry heav'nly street,
And say, There's nought below the sun,
That's worthy of thy feet,
- 2 [Thus will we mount on sacred wings
And tread the courts above:
Nor earth, nor all her mighty things,
Shall tempt our meanest love.]
- 3 There, on a high majestic throne,
Th' Almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.

- 4 Bright, like the sun, the Saviour sits,
And spreads eternal noon;
No ev'nings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.
- 5 Amidst those ever-shining skies
Behold the sacred Dove!
While banish'd sin and sorrow flies
From all the realms of love.
- 6 The glorious tenants of the place
Stand bending round the throne;
And saints and seraphs sing and praise
The infinite Three-One.
- 7 [But, O what beams of heav'nly grace
Transport them all the while!
Ten thousand smiles from Jesus' face,
And love in ev'ry smile!]
- 8 Jesus, and when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay
To dwell among them there?

HYMN XXIV. Common Metre.

*Breathing after the Holy Spirit; or, Fervency of
devotion desired.*

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys:
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise,
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindles ours.

HYMN XXXV. Common Metre.

Praise to God for creation and redemption.

1 LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace;
But our long song shall still record
The wonders of thy praise.

2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne;
All glory to the united Three,
And undivided One.

3 'Twas he (and we'll adore his name)
Who form'd us by a word;
'Tis he restores our ruin'd frame:
Salvation to the Lord!

4 Hosanna! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound;
Rocks, hills and vales, reflect the voice
In one eternal round.

HYMN XXXVI. Short Metre.

Christ's intercession.

1 WELL, the Redeemer's gone,
T' appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.

2 No fi'ry vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down;
If justice calls for sinners' blood
The Saviour shows his own.

- 3 Before his Father's eye
Our humble suit he moves ;
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.
- 4 Now may our joyful tongues
Our Maker's honour sing,
Jesus, the priest, receives our songs,
And bears them to the King.
- 5 [We bow before his face,
And sound his glories high,
"Hosanna to the God of grace,
That lays his thunders by.]
- 6 On earth thy mercy reigns,
And triumphs all above :
But, Lord, how weak our mortal strains
To speak immortal love !
- 7 How jarring and how low
Are all the notes we sing !
Sweet Saviour, tune our songs anew,
And they shall please the King."]

H Y M N XXXVIII. Long Metre.

The same.

- 1 LIFT up your eyes to th' heav'nly seat
Where your Redeemer, ~~lays~~ says :
Kind intercessor, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.
- 2 'Twas well, my soul, he dy'd for thee,
And shed his vital blood,
Appeas'd stern justice on the tree,
And then arose to God.
- 3 Petitions now, and praise may rise,
And saints their off'rings bring,
The Priest, with his own sacrifice,
Presents them to the King.
- 4 [Let Papists trust what name they please,
Their saints and angels boast ;

We've no such advocate as these,
Nor pray to the heav'nly host.]

- 5 Jesus, alone, shall bear my cries
Up to his Father's throne :
He (dearest Lord) perfumes my sighs,
And sweetens every groan.
- 6 [Ten thousand praises to the King,
"Hosanna in the high'st ;"
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring
To God, and to his Christ.]

H Y M N XXXVIII. Common Metre.

Love to God.

- 1 **H**APPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast ;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear :
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move ;
The devils know and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease ;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

H Y M N XXXIX. Common Metre.

The shortness and misery of life.

- 1 **O**UR days, alas ! our mortal days
Are short and wretched too ;

Evil and few, the patriarch says,
And well the patriarch knew.

2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound,
That heav'n allows to men,
And pains and sins runs thro' the round
Of threescore years and ten.

3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Ye years run on in haste;
Moments of sin and months of woe,
Ye cannot fly too fast.

4 Let heav'nly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

HYMN XL. Common Metre.

Our comfort in the covenant made with Christ.

1 OUR God, how firm his promise stands,
Ev'n when he hides his face!
He trusts in our Redeemer's hands,
His glory and his grace.

2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
Since Christ and we are one?
Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.

4 Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd,
And part of heav'n possess'd;
I praise his name for grace receiv'd
And trust him for the rest.

HYMN XLI. Long Metre.

A sight of God mortifies us to the world.

1 [UP to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out, and fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

2 Thy wond'rous blood, dear dying Christ,
Can make this world of guilt remove;

And thou can'st bear me where thou fly'st,
On thy kind wings, celestial Dove.

- 3 O might I once mount up and see
The glories of the eternal skies;
What little things these worlds would be?
How despicable to my eyes?
- 4 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon:
Vanish, as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.
- 5 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.
- 6 Great All in All, eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my pow'rs shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur, and thy grace.

H Y M N XLII. Common Metre.

Delight in God.

- 1 MY God, what endless pleasures dwell
Above, at thy right hand?
The courts below, how amiable,
Where all thy graces stand!
- 2 The swallow near thy temple lies,
And chirps a cheerful note;
The lark mounts upwards tow'rd the skies,
And tunes her warbling throat.
- 3 And we, when in thy presence, Lord,
Do shout with joyful tongues;
Or, sitting round our Father's board,
We crown the feast with songs.
- 4 While Jesus shines with quick'ning grace,
We sing, and mount on high;
But if a frown becloud his face,
We faint, and tire, and die.

- 5 Just as we see the lonesome dove
 Bemoan her widow'd state,
 Wand'ring, she flies thro' all the grove,
 And mourns her loving mate :
- 6 Just so, our thoughts from thing to thing
 In restless circles rove:
 Just so, we droop and hang the wing,
 When Jesus hides his love.

. HYMN XLIII. Long Metre.

Christ's sufferings and glory.

- 1 NOW for a tune of lofty praise
 To great Jehovah's equal Son!
 Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays,
 Tell the loud wonders he has done.
- 2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,
 And the bright robes he wore above;
 How swift and joyful was his flight
 On wings of everlasting love!
- 3 [Down to this base, this sinful earth,
 He came to raise our natures high;
 He came t' atone Almighty wrath—
 Jesus, the God, was born to die.]
- 4 [Hell and its lions roar'd around,
 His precious blood the monsters spilt;
 While weighty sorrows press'd him down,
 Large as the loads of all our guilt.]
- 5 Deep in the shades of gloomy death
 Th' Almighty captive pris'ner lay;
 T' Almighty captive left the earth,
 And rose to everlasting day.
- 6 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
 Up to his throne of shining grace;
 See what immortal glories sit
 Round the sweet beauties of his face:
- 7 Among a thousand harps and songs,
 Jesus, the God, exalted reigns;

His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heav'nly plains!

H Y M N XLIV. Long Metre.

Hell; or, The vengeance of God.

- 1 WITH holy fear, and humble song,
The dreadful God our souls adore;
Rev'rence and awe becomes the tongue
That speaks the terrors of his pow'r.
- 2 Far in the deep where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice has built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.
- 3 [Eternal plagues, and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks, and fi'ry coals,
And darts, t' afflict immortal pains,
Dy'd in the blood of damned souls.
- 4 There Satan, the first sinner, lies,
And roars, and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crush'd with the weight of both thy hands.]
- 5 There guilty ghosts of Adam's race
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod;
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,
But they incens'd a dreadful God.
- 6 Tremble my soul, and kiss the Son;
Sinners, obey thy Saviour's call;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

H Y M N XLV. Long Metre.

God's condescension to our worship.

- 1 THY favours, Lord, surprise our souls;
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What canst thou find beneath the poles,
'To tempt thy chariot downward thus?
- 2 Still might he fill his starry throne,
And please his ears with Gabriel's songs:

But th' heav'nly Majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues.

- 3 Great God! what poor returns we pay
For love so infinite as thine:
Words are but air, and tongues but clay,
But thy compassion's all divine.

HYMN XLVI. Long Metre.

God's condescension to human affairs.

- 1 UP to the Lord, that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.
- 2 [He that can shake the worlds he made,
Or with his word, or with his rod,
His goodness, how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!]
- 3 [God, that must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to the earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downward too.]
- 4 He over-rules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs:
On humble souls the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.
- 5 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God:
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps to bear the heavy load.
- 6 In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform;
For worms were never rais'd so high,
Above their meanest fellow-worm.
- 7 Oh! could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heav'n our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

HYMN XLVIII. Long Metre.

Glory and grace in the person of Christ.

- 1 NOW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul; awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star:
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thine hands:
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heav'ns reflect it to the ground!
- 6 Oh, may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

HYMN XLVIII. Common Metre.

Love to the creatures is dangerous.

- 1 HOW vain are all things here below,
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too;
And ev'ry sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God.

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense?
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food ;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

HYMN XLIX. Common Metre.

Moses dying in the embraces of God.

1 DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there ;
We may walk through the darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid ;
And run, if I were call'd to go,
And die as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promis'd land,
My flesh itself shall long to drop,
And pray for the command.

4 Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

HYMN L. Long Metre.

Comforts under sorrows and pains.

1 NOW let the Lord, my Saviour, smile,
And shew my name upon his heart !
I would forget my pains a while,
And in the pleasure lose the smart.

- 2 But, oh ! it swells my sorrows high,
To see my blessed Jesus frown ;
My spirits sink, my comforts die,
And all the springs of life are down.
3. Yet why, my soul, why these complaints ?
Still while he frowns his bowels move ;
Still on his heart he bears his saints,
Add feels their sorrows, and his love.
- 4 My name is printed on his breast ;
His book of life contains my name ;
I'd rather have it there impress'd,
Than in the bright records of fame.
- 5 When the last fire burns all things here,
Those letters shall securely stand,
And in the Lamb's fair book appear,
Writ by th' eternal Father's hand.
- 6 Now shall my minutes smoothly run,
Whilst here I wait my Father's will ;
My rising and my setting sun
Roll gently up and down the hill.

HYMN LI. Long Metre.

God the Son equal with the Father.

- 1 BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God !
Our spirits bow before thy seat ;
To thee we lift an humble thought,
And worship at thine awful feet.
- 2 [Thy pow'r hath form'd, thy wisdom sways
All nature, with a sov'reign word :
And the bright world of stars obeys
The will of their superior Lord.]
- 3 [Mercy and truth unite in one,
And, smiling, sit at thy right hand ;
Eternal justice guards thy throne,
And vengeance waits thy dread command.]
- 4 A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
Stand round the glorious Deity ;

But who, amongst the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee ?

- 5 Yet there is one of human frame,
Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.
- 6 Their glory shines with equal beams ;
Their essence is for ever one ;
Tho' they are known by diff'rent names,
The Father God, and God the Son.
- 7 Then let the name of Christ our King,
With equal honours be ador'd ;
His praise let ev'ry angel sing,
And all the nations own their Lord.

HYMN LII. Common Metre.

Death dreadful, or delightful.

- 1 **D**EATH ! 'tis a melancholy day
To those that have no God,
When the poor soul is forc'd away,
To seek her last abode.
- 2 In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes ,
For guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downwards from the skies,
To darkness, fire, and pain.
- 3 Awake, and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear ;
You must be driven from earth, and dwell
A long for ever there.
- 4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face ;
And thou, my soul, look backwards too,
And sing recov'ring grace.
- 5 He is a God of sov'reign love,
That promis'd heav'n to me,
And taught my soul to soar above,
Where happy spirits be.

- 6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
 Then come the joyful day;
 Come, death, and some celestial band,
 To bear my soul away.

H Y M N LIII. Common Metre.

The pilgrimage of the saints; or, Earth and heaven.

- 1 LORD! what a wretched land is this,
 That yields us no supply;
 No cheering fruits, no wholesome tree,
 Nor streams of living joy?
- 2 But pricking thorns thro' all the ground,
 And mortal poisons grow;
 And all the rivers that are found,
 With dang'rous waters flow.
- 3 Yet the dear path to thine abode
 Lies through this horrid land:
 Lord! we would keep the heav'nly road,
 And run at thy command.
- 4 Our souls shall tread the desert through
 With undiverted feet,
 And faith, and flaming zeal, subdue
 The terrors that we meet.
- 5 [A thousand savage beasts of prey
 Around the forest roam;
 But Judah's Lion guards the way,
 And guides the strangers home.]
- 6 Long nights and darkness dwell below,
 With scarce a twinkling ray;
 But the bright world to which we go,
 Is everlasting day.
- 7 By glim'ring hopes, and gloomy fears,
 We trace the sacred road,
 Through dismal deeps, and dang'rous snares,
 We make our way to God.
- 8 Our journey is a thorny maze,
 But we march upward still:

Forget these troubles of the ways,
And reach at Zion's hill.

- 9 [See the kind angels at the gates,
Inviting us to come;
There Jesus, the forerunner, waits
To welcome trav'lers home.
- 10 There, on a green and flow'ry mount,
Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount
The labours of our feet.
- 11 No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
No trifles vex our ear;
Infinite grace shall fill our song,
And God rejoice to hear.
- 12 Eternal glories to the King
That brought us safely through:
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless praise renew.]

H Y M N LIV. Common Metre.

God's presence is light in darkness.

- 1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun!
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And he my rising sun.
- 3 'The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shews his heart is mine,
And whispers, I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through ev'ry foe;
 The wings of love, and arms of faith,
 Should bear me conqu'ror through.

HYMN LV. Common Metre.

Frail life and succeeding eternity.

- 1 THEE we adore, eternal Name,
 And humbly own to thee,
 How feeble is our mortal frame;
 What dying worms are we?
- 2 [Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
 As months and days increase;
 And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,
 Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
 The breath that first it gave;
 Whate'er we do, where-e'er we be,
 We're trav'ling to the grave.]
- 4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground,
 And push us to the tomb;
 And fierce diseases wait around,
 To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Good God! on what a slender thread
 Hang everlasting things!
 Th' eternal states of all the dead
 Upon life's feeble strings.
- 6 Infinite joy, or endless woe,
 Attends on ev'ry breath;
 And yet how unconcern'd we go
 Upon the brink of death.
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
 To walk this dang'rous road;
 And if our souls are hurry'd hence,
 May they be found with God.

HYMN LVI. Common Metre.

*The misery of being without God in this world ;
or, Vain prosperity.*

- NO ! I shall envy them no more
Who grow profanely great,
Though they increase their golden store,
And rise to wond'rous height,
They taste of all the joys that grow
Upon this earthly clod !
Well, they may search the creature through,
For they have ne'er a God :
Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
And think your life your own ;
But death comes hast'ning on to you,
To mow your glory down.
Yes, you must bow your stately head,
Away your spirit flies ;
And no kind angel near your bed,
To bear it to the skies.
Go now, and boast of all your stores,
And tell how bright they shine ;
Your heaps of glitt'ring dust are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine.

HYMN LVII. Long Metre.

The pleasures of a good conscience.

- LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin ?
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heav'n and peace within.
The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love :
And soft and silent as the shades,
The nightly minutes gently move.
[Quick as their thought, their joys come on
But fly not half so fast away ;

- Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer ev'nings be.
- 4 How oft they look to the heav'nly hills,
Where groves of living pleasures grow,
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.]
- 5 They scorn to seek our golden toys ;
But spend the day, and share the night
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys,
That heav'n prepares for their delight.
- 6 While wretched we, like worms and moles,
Lie grov'ling in the dust below ;
Almighty grace, renew our souls,
And we'll aspire to glory too.

H Y M N LVIII. Common Metre.

The shortness of life, and the goodness of God.

- 1 **T**IME, what an empty vapour 'tis !
And days, how swift they are !
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
Or like a shooting star.
- 2 The present moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste,
That we can never say, they're here,
But only say, they're past.
- 3 [Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh ;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.]
- 4 Yet, mighty God ! our fleeting days
Thy lasting favors share,
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou load'st the rolling year.
- 5 'Tis sov'reign mercy finds us food,
And we are cloth'd with love ;
While grace stands pointing out the road,
That leads our souls above.

- 6 His goodness runs an endless round ;
All glory to the Lord :
His mercy never knows a bound ;
And be his name ador'd.
- 7 Thus we begin the lasting song ;
And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
'Till time and nature dies.

HYMN LIX. Common Metre.

Paradise on earth.

- 1 GLORY to God, that walks the sky,
And sends his blessings through ;
That tells his saints of joys on high,
And gives a taste below.
- 2 [Glory to God, that stoops his throne,
That dust and worms may see't,
And brings a glimpse of glory down
Around his sacred feet.
- 3 When Christ, with all his graces crown'd,
Sheds his kind beams abroad,
'Tis a young heav'n on earthly ground,
And glory in the bud.
- 4 A blooming paradise of joy
In this wild desert springs,
And ev'ry sense I strait employ
On sweet celestial things.
- 5 White lilies all around appear,
And each his glory shows ;
The rose of Sharon blossoms here,
The fairest flower that blows.
- 6 Cheerful I feast on heav'nly fruit,
And bring the pleasures down ;
Pleasures that flow hard by the foot
Of the eternal throne.]
- 7 But, ah ! how soon my joys decay.
How soon my sins arise,

And snatch the heav'nly scene away,
From these lamenting eyes!

8 When shall the time, dear Jesus, when
The shining day appear,
That I shall leave those clouds of sin,
And guilt and darkness here?

9 Up to the fields, above the skies,
My hasty feet would go,
There everlasting flow'rs arise,
And joys unwith'ring grow.

HYMN LX. Long Metre.

*The truth of God the promiser; or, The promise
are our security.*

1 PRAISE, everlasting praise, be paid
To him that earth's foundation laid;
Praise to the God, whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.

2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word,
And there, as strong as his decrees,
He sets his kindest promises.

3 [Firm are the words his prophets give;
Sweet words, on which his children live;
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spoke, and spread the skies abroad.

4 Each of them pow'rful as that sound,
That bid the new made world go round;
And stronger than the solid poles,
On which the wheel of nature rolls.]

5 Whence then should doubts and fears arise!
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas! our mind receives
The comforts that our Maker gives.

6 Oh, for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith!

T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heav'n our own.
Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break;
Our steady souls shall fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.
Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies;
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And his own courts his pow'r sustains.

HYMN LXI. Common Metre.

A thought of death and glory.

MY soul, come meditate the day,
And think how near it stands,
When thou must quit this house of clay,
And fly to unknown lands.
[And you, mine eyes, look down and view
The hollow gaping tomb :
This gloomy prison waits for you,
When'er the summons come.]
Oh, could we die with those that die,
And place us in their stead;
Then would our spirits learn to fly,
And converse with the dead :
Then would we see the saints above
In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love
To dwell with mortal worms.
[How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,
These setters, and this load ;
And long for ev'ning to undress,
That we may rest with God.]
We should almost forsake our clay
Before the summons come,
And pray, and wish our souls away
To their eternal home.

HYMN LXII. Common Metre.

*God the thunderer; or, The last judgment—and
hell*.*

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye heav'nly hosts,
And thou, O earth, adore:
Let death and hell, through all their coasts
Stand trembling at his pow'r:
- 2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky,
He makes the clouds his throne;
There all his stores of lightning lie,
Till vengeance darts them down.
- 3 His nostrils breathe out fi'ry streams,
And from his awful tongue,
A sov'reign voice divides the flames,
And thunder roars along.
- 4 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day
When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
And fling his wrath abroad?
- 5 What shall the wretch, the sinner do?
He once defy'd the Lord;
But he shall dread the Thund'rer now,
And sink beneath his word.
- 6 Tempests of angry fire shall roll,
To blast the rebel worm,
And beat upon his naked soul
In one eternal storm.

HYMN LXIII. Common Metre.

A funeral thought.

- 1 HARK! from the tombs, a doleful sound
My ears attend the cry;
"Ye living men, come, view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

** Made in a great sudden storm of thunder
August the 20th, 1697.*

“ Princes, this clay must be your bed,
 “ In spite of all your tow’rs ;
 “ The tall, the wise, the rev’rend head,
 “ Must lie as low as ours.”

Great God ! is this our certain doom ?
 And are we yet secure ?
 Still walking downwards to our tomb,
 And yet prepare no more.

Grant us the pow’rs of quick’ning grace,
 To fit our souls to fly ;
 Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
 We’ll rise above the sky.

HYMN LXIV. Long Metre.

God the glory and defence of Sion.

HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
 The seat of thy Creator’s grace ;
 Thine holy courts are his abode :
 Thou earthly palace of our God.

Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
 A guard of heav’nly warriors waits ;
 Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
 Fix’d on his counsels and his love.

Thy foes in vain designs engage,
 Against his throne in vain they rage ;
 Like rising waves, with angry roar,
 That dash and die upon the shore.

Then let our souls in Sion dwell,
 Nor fear the wrath of Rome and hell :
 His arms embrace this happy ground,
 Like brazen bulwarks built around.

God is our shield, and God our Sun ;
 Swift as the fleeting moments run,
 On us he sheds new beams of grace,
 And we reflect his brightest praise.

HYMN LXV. Common Metre.

The hope of heaven our support under trials on earth.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all:
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN LXVI. Common Metre.

A prospect of heaven makes death easy.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.
- 3 [Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea,

And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to lanch away.]

Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeckluded eyes!

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN LXVII. Common Metre.

God's eternal dominion.

GREAT God! how infinite art Thou!
What worthless worms we are?
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee.

Thy throne eternal ages stood,
E'er seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the great burning day.

Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To Thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God! there's nothing new.

Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thoughts move on
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

Great God! how infinite art Thou!
What worthless worms we are!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to Thee!

HYMN LXVIII. Common Metre.

The humble worship of heaven.

- 1 FATHER, I long, I faint to see
The place of thine abode ;
I'd leave thy earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, my God !
- 2 Here I behold thy distant face,
And 'tis a pleasing sight ;
But to abide in thine embrace,
Is infinite delight.
- 3 I'd part with all the joys of sense,
To gaze upon thy throne ;
Pleasures spring fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.
- 4 [There all the heav'nly hosts are seen,
In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigor in,
With wonder and with love.
- 5 Then, at thy feet, with awful fear,
Th' adoring armies fall :
With joy they shrink to *nothing* there,
Before th' eternal A L L.
- 6 There would I vie with all the host,
In duty and in bliss :
While *less than nothing* I could boast,
And *vanity* confess.]
- 7 The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
The humbler I shall lie ;
Thus, while I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasureably high.

HYMN LXIX. Common Metre.

The faithfulness of God in the promises.

- 1 [BEGIN, my tongue some heav'nly theme,
And speak some boundless thing ;
The mighty works, or mightier name,
Of our eternal King.

- 2 Tell of his wond'rous faithfulness,
And sound his pow'r abroad,
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord
For wretched dying men ;
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.
- 4 Engrav'd as in Eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines ?
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.]
- 5 He that can dash whole worlds to death,
And make them when he please,
He speaks, and that almighty breath
Fulfil's his great decrees.
- 6 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies ;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.
- 7 He said, " Let the wide heaven be spread,"
And heav'n was stretch'd abroad ;
" Abrah'm, I'll be thy God," he said,
And he was Abrah'm's God.
- 8 Oh, might I hear thine heav'nly tongue
But whisper, " Thou art mine !"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.
- 9 How would my weeping heart rejoice,
And think my heav'n secure !
I trust the All-Creating voice,
And faith desires no more.

HYMN LXX. Long Metre.

God's dominions over the sea. Psalm. cvii. 23, &c.

1 GOD of the seas, thy thund'ring voice,
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice, G 2

And one soft word of thy command,
Can sink them silent in the sand.

- 2 If but a Moses wave thy rod,
The sea divides, and owns its God;
The stormy floods their Maker knew,
And let his chosen armies through.
- 3 The scaly shoals amidst the sea
To thee, their Lord, a tribute pay;
The meanest fish that swims the flood,
Leaps out, and means a praise to God.
- 4 The larger monsters of the deep
On thy commands attendance keep;
By thy permission, sport and play,
And cleave along their foaming way.
- 5 If God the voice of tempest rears,
Leviathan lies still, and fears;
Anon he lifts his nostrils high,
And spouts the ocean to the sky.
- 6 How is thy glorious pow'r ador'd
Amidst these wat'ry nations, Lord!
Yet the bold men that trace the seas,
Bold men refuse their Maker's praise.
- 7 What scenes of miracles they see,
And never tune a song to thee!
While on the flood they safely ride,
They curse the hand that smooths the tide.
- 8 Anon they plunge in wat'ry graves,
And some drink death among the waves;
Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,
Nor own the God that rescu'd them.
- 9 Oh, for some signal of thine hand!
Shake all the seas, Lord shake the land;
Great Judge! descend, lest men deny
That ther's a God that rules the sky.

HYMN LXXI. Long Metre.

Praise to God from all creatures.

- 1 THE glories of my Maker, God,
My joyful voice shall sing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.
- 2 'Twas his right hand that shap'd our clay,
And wrought this human frame;
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler spirits came.
- 3 We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,
And worship with our tongues;
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join th' angelic songs.
- 4 Yet grov'ling beasts of ev'ry shape,
And fowls of ev'ry wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas,
Their various tribute bring.
- 5 Ye planets to his honor shine,
And wheels of nature roll,
Praise him in your unweary'd course
Around the steady pole.
- 6 The brightness of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies,
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

HYMN LXXII. Common Metre.

The Lord's day; or The resurrection of Christ.

- 1 BLEST morning, whose young dawning rays
Behold our rising God;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his last abode.
- 2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The dear Redeemer lay,
'Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

- 3 Hell and the grave unite their force
To hold our God in vain;
The sleeping Conqu'ror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.
- 4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud Hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.
- 5 [Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King;
Let heav'n, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
With glad Hosannas ring.]

HYMN LXXIII. Common Metre.

Doubts scattered; or Spiritual joys restored.

- 1 HENCE from my soul sad thoughts begone,
And leave me to my joys;
My tongue shall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful noise.
- 2 Darkness and doubts had veil'd my mind,
And drown'd my head in tears,
'Till sov'reign grace, with shining rays,
Dispell'd my gloomy fears,
- 3 Oh, what immortal joys I felt
And raptures all divine,
When Jesus told me I was his,
And my Beloved mine!
- 4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,
And breaks my peace in vain;
One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face,
Revives my joys again.

HYMN LXXIV. Short Metre.

*Repentance from a sense of divine goodness; or,
A complaint of ingratitude.*

- 1 IS this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe,

Thus to abuse eternal love,
 Whence all our blessings flow !
 To what a stubborn frame
 Has sin reduced our mind !
 What strange rebellious wretches we,
 And God as strangely kind !
 On us he bids the sun
 Shed its reviving rays ;
 For us the skies their circles run,
 To lengthen out our days.
 The brutes obey their God,
 And bow their necks to men :
 But we more base more brutish things,
 Reject his easy reign.]
 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
 And mould our souls afresh ;
 Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone,
 And give us hearts of flesh.
 Let old ingratitude
 Provoke our weeping eyes,
 And hourly, as new mercies fall,
 Let hourly thanks arise.

HYMN LXXV. Common Metre.

*Spiritual and eternal joy ; or, The beatific vision
 of Christ.*

FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
 And run eternal rounds,
 Beyond the limits of the skies,
 And all created bounds.
 The holy triumphs of my soul
 Shall death itself out-brave,
 Leave dull mortality behind,
 And flee beyond the grave.
 There where my blessed Jesus reigns,
 In heav'n's unmeasur'd space,

- I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.
- 5 Sweet Jesus, ev'ry smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.
- 6 Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy blest abode;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour, and my God.]

H Y M N LXXVI. Common Metre.

The resurrection and ascension of Christ.

- 1 HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
That cloth'd himself in clay;
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to our Father flies,
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.
- 5 [Raise your devotions, mortal tongues,
To reach his blest abode,
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.]

Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heav'n, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.]

HYMN LXXVII. Long Metre.

The Christian warfare.

[STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain, Saviour's gone.

Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.]

[What through the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite?
Eternal chains confine him down
To fi'ry deeps, and endless night.

What though thine inward lusts rebel?
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.]

5 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heav'nly gate,
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.

6 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in Almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

HYMN LXXVIII. Common Metre.

Redemption by Christ.

1 WHEN the first parent of our race
Rebell'd, and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin,
Had tainted all their blood;

- 2 Infinite pity touch'd the heart,
Of the eternal Son,
Descending from the heav'nly court,
He left his Father's throne.
- 3 Aside the Prince of glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrapp'd his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.
- 4 His living pow'r, and dying love,
Redeem'd unhappy men;
And rais'd the ruins of our race
To life and God again.
- 5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign;
Blest Jesus take us for thine own,
For we are doubly thine.
- 6 Thine honor shall for ever be
The business of our days,
For ever shall our thankful tongues
Speak thy deserved praise.

H Y M N LXXIX. Common Metre.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 PLUNG'D in a gulp of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw and (O amazing love!
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave of mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 He spoil'd the pow'rs of darkness thus,
And broke our iron chains;

- Jesus has freed our captive souls,
From everlasting pains.
- 5 [In vain the baffled prince of hell
His cursed projects tries;
We that were doom'd his endless slaves,
Are rais'd above the skies.]
- 6 Oh, for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 7 [Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord,
Our souls are all on flame;
Hosanna round the spacious earth
To thine adored name.
- 8 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.]

HYMN LXXX. Short Metre.

God's awful power and goodness.

- 1 OH! the almighty Lord!
How matchless is his power!
Tremble, O earth, beneath his word,
While all the heav'ns adore.
- 2 Let proud imperious kings
Bow low before his throne!
Crouch to his feet, ye haughty things,
Or he shall tread you down.
- 3 Above the skies he reigns,
And with amazing blows,
He deals insufferable pains
On his rebellious foes.
- 4 Yet everlasting God,
We love to speak thy praise;
Thy sceptre's equal to thy rod,
The sceptre of thy grace,

5 The arms of mighty love
 Defend our Zion well,
 And heav'nly mercy walls us round
 From Babylon and hell.

6 Salvation to the King
 That sits enthron'd above;
 Thus we adore the God of might,
 And bless the God of love.

H Y M N LXXXI. Common Metre.

Our sins the cause of Christ's death.

1 AND now the scales have left mine eyes,
 Now I begin to see:

Oh the curs'd deeds my sins have done!
 What murd'rous things they be!

2 Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,
 That thy fair body tore?
 Monsters, that stain'd those heav'nly limbs,
 With floods of purple gore!

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
 My dearest Lord was slain,
 When justice seiz'd God's only Son,
 And put his soul to pain?

4 Forgive my guilt, O Prince of Peace,
 I'll wound my God no more:
 Hence from my heart, ye sins, begone,
 For Jesus I adore.

5 Furnish me, Lord, with heav'nly arms
 From grace's magazine,
 And I'll proclaim eternal war
 With ev'ry darling sin.

H Y M N LXXXII. Common Metre.

Redemption and protection from spiritual enemies.

1 ARISE, my soul, my joyful pow'rs,
 And triumph in my God;

Awake, my soul, and loud proclaim
 His glorious grace abroad.

- 2 He rais'd me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fix'd my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.
- 3 The arms of everlasting love,
Beneath my soul be plac'd,
And on the Rock of ages set
My slipp'ry footsteps fast.
- 4 The city of my blest abode
Is wall'd around with grace
Salvation for a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.
- 5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
And all his legions roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging pow'r.
- 6 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud Hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

HYMN LXXXIII. Common Metre.

The passion and exaltation of Christ.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Ruler of the skies,
"Awake, my dreadful sword;
"Awake, my wrath, and smite the Man,
"My fellow," saith the Lord.
- 2 Vengeance receiv'd the dread command,
And, armed, down she flies:
Jesus submits t' his Father's hand,
And bows his head, and dies.
- 3 But oh! the wisdom and the grace
That join'd with vengeance now!
He dies to save our guilty race,
And yet he rises too.
- 4 A person so divine was he,
Who yielded to be slain,

That he could give his soul away,
And take his life again.

- 5 Live, glorious Lord, and reign on high,
Let ev'ry nation sing,
And angels sound, with endless joy,
'The Saviour and the King.

H Y M N LXXXIV. Short Metre.

The same.

- 1 COME, all harmonious tongues,
Your noblest music bring ;
'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
And Christ the man, we sing.
- 2 Tell how he took our flesh,
To take away our guilt ;
Sing the dear drops of sacred blood
That hellish monsters spilt.
- 3 [Alas ! the cruel spear
Went deep into his side,
And the rich flood of purple gore
Their murd'rons weapons dy'd.]
- 4 [The waves of swelling grief
Did o'er his bosom roll,
And mountains of almighty wrath
Lay heavy on his soul.]
- 5 Down to the shades of death
He bow'd his awful head ;
Yet he arose to live, and reign
When death itself is dead.
- 6 No more the bloody spear,
The cross and nails no more ;
For hell itself shakes at his name,
And all the heav'ns adore.
- 7 There the Redeemer sits
High on the Father's throne.

The Father lay his vengeance by,
And smiles upon his Son.

- 8 There his full glories shine
With uncreated rays,
And blest his saints and angels eyes
To everlasting days.

HYMN LXXXV. Common Metre.

Sufficiency of pardon.

- 1 WHY does your face, ye humble souls,
Those mournful colours wear?
What doubts are these that waste your faith,
And nourish your despair?
- 2 What though your num'rous sins exceed
The stars that fill the skies,
And aiming at the eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains rise.
- 3 What though your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell,
And has its curs'd foundation laid
Low as the deeps of hell.
- 4 See here an endless ocean flows
Of never-failing grace;
Behold a dying Saviour's veins
The sacred flood increase.
- 5 It rises high, and drowns the hills,
Has neither shore nor bound;
Now if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found.
- 6 Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
That buries all her faults,
And pard'ning blood, that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

HYMN LXXXVI. Common Metre.

Freedom from sin and misery, in be. ven.

- 1 OUR sins, alas! how strong they be!
And like a vi'lent sea,

They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.

2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!

But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heav'nly shore.

3 There, to fulfil his sweet commands,
Our speedy feet shall move;

No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

4 There we shall sit, and sing, and tell,
The wonders of his grace,

'Till heav'nly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.

5 For ever his dear sacred name

Shall dwell upon our tongue,

And Jesus and salvation be

The close of ev'ry song.

H Y M N LXXXVII. Common Metre.

The divine glories above our reason.

1 HOW wond'rous great! how glorious bright
Must our Creator be,

Who dwells amidst the dazzling light
Of vast infinity!

2 Our soaring spirits upward rise

Tow'rd the celestial throne:

Fain would we see the blessed Three,

And the almighty One.

3 Our reason stretches all its wings,

And climbs above the skies;

But still how far beneath thy feet

Our grov'ling reason lies!

4 [Lord, here we bend our humble souls,

And awfully adore:

For the weak pinions of our mind,

Can stretch a thought no more.]

- 5 Thy glories infinitely rise
 Above our labouring tongue ;
 In vain the highest seraph tries
 To form an equal song.
- 6 [In humble notes our faith adores
 The great mysterious King ;
 While angels strain their nobler pow'rs,
 And sweep th' immortal string.]

HYMN LXXXVIII. Common Metre.

Salvation.

- 1 SALVATION ! Oh the joyful sound
 'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
 A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
 A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay ;
 But we arise, by grace divine,
 To see a heav'nly day.
- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

HYMN LXXXIX. Common Metre.

Christ's victory over Satan.

- 1 HOSANNA to our conqu'ring King !
 The Prince of darkness flies,
 His troops rush headlong down to hell,
 Like lightning from the skies.
- 2 There, bound in chains, the lions roar,
 And fright the rescu'd sheep ;
 But heavy bars confine their pow'r
 And malice to the deep.
- 3 Hosanna to our conqu'ring King,
 All hail, incarnate love !
 Ten thousand songs and glories wait
 To crown my head above.

Thy vict'ries and thy deathless fame
 Thro' the wide world shall run;
 And everlasting ages sing
 The triumphs thou hast won.

HYMN XC. Common Metre.

Faith in Christ, for pardon and sanctification.

- 1 **H**OW sad our state by nature is !
 Our sin, how deep it stains !
 And Satan binds our captive minds
 Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
 Sounds from the sacred word ;
 " Ho ! ye despairing sinners come,
 " And trust upon the Lord."
- 3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
 And runs to this relief ;
 I would believe thy promise, Lord ;
 Oh ! help my unbelief.
- 4 [To the dear fountain of thy blood,
 Incarnate God, I fly ;
 Here let me wash my spotted soul
 From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
 My reigning sins subdue ;
 Drive the old dragon from his seat,
 With all his hellish crew.]
- 6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
 On thy kind arms I fall :
 Be thou my strength and righteousness,
 My Jesus, and my All.

HYMN XCI. Common Metre.

The glory of Christ in heaven.

- 1 **O**H, the delights, the heav'nly joys,
 The glories of the place,
 Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
 Of his o'erflowing grace !

- 2 Sweet majesty and awful love,
Sit smiling on his brow,
And the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.
- 3 [Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down;
Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs rejoice
To see him wear the crown.
- 4 Archangels sound his lofty praise
Through ev'ry heav'nly street,
And lay their highest honors down
Submissive at his feet.]
- 5 Those feet, those blessed feet of his
That once rode iron tore,
High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the saints adore.
- 6 His head, the dear majestic head,
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine,
And circles it around!
- 7 This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we, unseen, adore;
But when our eyes behold his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.
- 8 [Lord, how our souls are all on fire
To see thy bless'd abode;
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
To our incarnate God!]
- 9 And while our faith enjoys this sight,
We long to leave our clay;
And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To fetch our souls away.

HYMN XCII. Common Metre.

The church saved, and her enemies disappointed.

- 1 SHOUT to the Lord, and let our joys
Through the whole nation run

Ye western skies resound the noise
Beyond the rising sun.

Thee, mighty God, our souls admire,
Thee our glad voices sing,
And join with the celestial choir,
To praise the eternal King.

3 Thy power the whole creation rules,
And on the starry skies
Sits smiling at the weak designs
Thine envious foes devise.

4 Thy scorn derides their feeble rage,
And with an awful frown,
Flings vast confusion on their plots,
And shakes their Babel down.

5 [Their secret fires in caverns lay,
And we the sacrifice;
But gloomy caverns strove in vain
To 'scape all-searching eyes.

6 Their dark designs were all reveal'd,
Their treasons all betray'd;
Praise to the Lord, that broke the snare
Their cursed hands had laid.]

7 In vain the busy sons of hell
Still new rebellions try,
Their souls shall pine with envious rage,
And vex away and die.

8 Almighty grace defends our land
From their malicious pow'r;
Then let us with united songs
Almighty grace adore.

H Y M N XCIII. Short Metre.

God all, and in all. Psal. lxxiii. 25.

1 MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art All in All,

- 2 [Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell :
'Tis paradise when thou art here ;
If thou depart 'tis hell.]
- 3 [The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are !
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace ;
And no where else but there.]
- 4 [To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss ;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.]
- 5 [Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.]
- 6 Nor earth nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford ;
No, not a drop of real joy
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 7 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll ;
The circle where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.
- 8 [To thee my spirits fly
With infinite desire :
And yet, how far from thee I lie !
Dear Jesus raise me higher.]

H. Y. M. N. XCIV. Common Metre.

God my only happiness. Psal. lxxiii. 25.

- 1 MY God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting All,
I've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 [What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior clod !

There's nothing here deserves my joys,
There's nothing like my God.

- 3 [In vain the bright, the burning sun
Seatters his feeble light ;
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon ;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.
- 4 And whilst upon my restless bed
Amongst the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shows his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.]
- 5 To thee we owe our wealth, and friends,
And health, and safe abode :
Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.
- 6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
If once compar'd to thee ?
Or what's my safety, or my health,
Or all my friends to me ?
- 7 Were I possessor of the earth,
And call'd the stars mine own ;
Without thy graces, and thyself,
I were a wretch undone :
- 8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore,
Grant me the visits of thy face,
And I desire no more.

HYMN XCV. Common Metre.

Look on him whom they pierced, and mourn.

- 1 INFINITE grief ! amazing woe !
Behold my bleeding Lord :
Hell and the Jews conspir'd his death,
And us'd the Roman sword.
- 2 Oh, the sharp pangs of smarting pain
My dear Redeemer bore ;
When knotty whips and ragged thorns,
His sacred body tore.

- 3 But knotty whips, and ragged thorns,
In vain do I accuse ;
In vain I blame the Roman bands,
And the more spiteful Jews.
- 4 'Twas you, my sins, my cruel sins,
His chief tormentors were ;
Each of my crimes became a nail,
And unbelief the spear.
- 5 'Twas you that pull'd the vengeance down
Upon his guiltless head ;
Break, break, my heart, oh burst, mine eyes,
And let my sorrows bleed.
- 6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,
'Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undissembled woe.

HYMN XCVI. Common Metre.

*Distinguishing love ; or, Angels punished, and
man saved.*

- 1 DOWN headlong from the native skies,
The rebel angels fell,
And thunder-bolts of flaming wrath
Pursu'd them deep to hell.
- 2 Down from the top of earthly bliss
Rebellious man was hurl'd ;
And Jesus stoop'd beneath the grave,
To reach a sinking world.
- 3 Oh, love of infinite degree !
Unmeasureable grace !
Must heav'ns' eternal Darling die,
To save a trait'rous race ?
- 4 Must angels sink for ever down,
And burn in quenchless fire,
While God forsakes his shining throne,
To raise us, wretches, higher ?

- 5 Oh, for his love, let earth and skies
 With Hallelujah's ring,
 And the full choir of human tongues
 All Hallelujah's sing.

HYMN XCVII. Long Metre.

The same.

- 1 FROM heav'n the sinning angels fell,
 And wrath and darknets chain'd them down;
 But man, vile man, forsook his bliss,
 And mercy lifts him to a crown.
- 2 Amazing work of sov'reign grace,
 That could distinguish rebels so !
 Our guilty treasons call'd aloud
 For everlasting fetters too.
- 3 To thee, to thee, almighty love,
 Our souls, ourselves, our all, we pay ;
 Millions of tongues shall sound thy praise
 On the bright hills of heav'nly day.

HYMN XCVIII. Common Metre.

Hardness of heart complained of.

- 1 MY heart, how dreadful hard it is !
 How heavy here it lies ;
 Heavy and cold within my breast,
 Just like a rock of ice !
- 2 Sin, like a raging tyrant, sits
 Upon this flinty throne,
 And ev'ry grace lies bury'd deep
 Beneath this heart of stone.
- 3 How seldom do I rise to God,
 Or taste the joys above ?
 This mountain presses down my faith,
 And chills my flaming love.
- 4 When smiling mercy courts my soul
 With all its heav'nly charms,

B. II. SPIRITUAL SONGS.

17

This stubborn, this resentless thing,
Would thrust it from my arms.

- 5 Against the thunders of thy word
Rebellious I have stood;
My heart, it shakes not at the wrath
And terrors of a God.

- 6 Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine
In thine own crimson sea!
None but a bath of blood divine
Could melt the flint away.

H Y M N XCIX. Common Metre.

The book of God's decrees.

- 1 **L**ET the whole race of creatures lie
Abas'd before their God;
Whate'er his sov'reign voice has form'd,
He governs with a nod.
- 2 Ten thousand ages, ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long years and worlds to come
Stood present to his thought.
- 3 There's not a sparrow, or a worm,
But's found in his decrees;
He raises monarchs to their thrones,
And sinks them as he please.]
- 4 If light attends the course I run,
'Tis he provides those rays;
And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,
If darkness cloud my days.
- 5 Yet I could not be much concern'd,
Nor vainly long to see
The volumes of his deep decrees,
What months are writ for me.
- 6 When he reveals the book of life,
Oh, may I read my name
Amongst the chosen of his love
The foll'wers of the Lamb.

HYMN C. Long Metre.

The presence of Christ the life of my soul.

- 1 HOW full of anguish is the thought,
How it distracts and tears my heart,
If God at last, my sov'reign Judge,
Should frown, and bid my soul, Depart!
- 2 Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
Where shall I fly, but to thy breast!
For I have sought no other home:
For I have learn'd no other rest.
- 3 I cannot live contented here,
Without some glimpses of thy face;
And heav'n without thy presence there,
Would be a dark and tiresome place.
- 4 When earthly cares engross the day,
And hold my thoughts aside from thee,
The shining hours of cheerful light
Are long and tedious years to me.
- 5 And if no ev'ning visits paid
Between my Saviour and my soul,
How dull the night! how sad the shade!
How mournfully the minutes roll!
- 6 This flesh of mine, might learn as soon
To live, yet part with all my blood;
To breathe, when vital air is gone,
Or thrive and grow without my food.
- 7 [Christ is my light, my life, my care,
My blessed hope, my heav'nly prize;
Dearer than all my passions are,
My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes.
- 8 The strings that twine about my heart,
Tortures and racks may tear them off;
But they can never, never part
With their dear hold of Christ my love.]
- 9 [My God! and can a humble child,
That loves thee with a flame so high,

Be ever from thy face exil'd,
Without the pity of thine eye?

- 10 Impossible! — For thine own hands
Have ty'd my heart so fast to thee,
And in thy book the promise stands,
That where thou art thy friends must be.]

HYMN CI. Common Metre.

The world's three chief temptations.

- 1 WHEN in the light of faith divine
We look on things below,
Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dangerous too.
- 2 [Honour's a puff of noisy breath;
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death,
To gain that airy good.
- 3 While others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust,
They rob the serpent of his food,
T' indulge a sordid lust.]
- 4 The pleasures that allure our sense
Are dang'rous snares to souls;
There's but a drop of flatt'ring sweet,
And dash'd with bitter bowls.
- 5 God is my all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice,
In him my vast desires are fill'd,
And all my pow'rs rejoice.
- 6 In vain the world accosts my ear,
And tempts my heart anew;
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
Nor part with heav'n for you.

HYMN CII. Long Metre.

A happy resurrection.

- 1 NO, I'll repine at death no more,
But with a cheerful gasp resign.

To the cold dungeon of the grave
These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.

- 2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
And crumble all my hopes to dust,
My God shall raise my frame anew,
At the revival of the just.
- 3 Break, sacred morning, through the skies,
Bring that delightful, dreadful day;
Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come;
Thy ling'ring wheels, how long they stay.
- 4 [Our wearied spirits faint to see
The light of thy returning face,
And hear the language of those lips
Where God has shed his richest grace.]
- 5 [Haste then, upon the wings of love,
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
That we may join in heav'nly joys,
And sing the triumph of the day.]

HYMN CIII. Common Metre.

Christ's commission. John iii. 16, 17.

- 1 COME, happy souls, approach your God,
With new melodious songs;
Come, tender to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love
That pity'd dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.
- 3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With a revenging rod,
No hard commission to perform
The vengeance of a God;
- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

- 5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.
- 6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
Accept thine offer'd grace;
We bless the great Redeemer's love,
And give the Father praise.

HYMN CIV. Short Metre.

The same.

- 1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth resound the deeds.
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.
- 5 Now sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.
- 6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast bought,
And love and praise thy name.

HYMN CV. Common Metre.

Repentance flowing from the patience of God.

- 1 **AND** are we wretches yet alive?
 And do we yet rebel?
 'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love
 That bears us up from hell!
- 2 The burden of our weighty guilt
 Would sink us down to flames,
 And threat'ning vengeance rolls above
 To crush our feeble frames.
- 3 Almighty goodness cries—Forbear!
 And strait the thunder stays;
 And dare we now provoke his wrath,
 And weary out his grace?
- 4 Lord, we have long abus'd thy love,
 Too long indulg'd our sin,
 Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see
 What rebels we have been.
- No more, ye lusts, shall ye command,
 No more will we obey;
 Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring hand,
 And drive thy foes away.

HYMN CVI. Common Metre.

Repentance at the cross.

- 1 **OH**, if my soul was form'd for woe,
 How should I vent my sighs!
 Repentance should like rivers flow,
 From both my streaming eyes,
- 2 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord
 Hung on the cursed tree,
 And groan'd away a dying life
 For thee, my soul, for thee.
- 3 Oh, how I hate those lusts of mine
 That crucify'd my God,
 Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
 Fast to the fatal wood.

- 4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
My heart has so decreed ;
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.
- 5 Whilst, with a melting broken heart,
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murd'ers too.

HYMN CVII. Common Metre.

The everlasting absence of God intolerable.

- 1 THAT awful day must come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,
Thou sov'reign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, *Depart !*
- 3 The thunder of that dismal word
Would so torment mine ear,
'T would tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.
- 4 [What ! to be banish'd for my life,
And yet forbid to die ?
To linger in eternal pain,
Yet death for ever fly ?]
- 5 Oh, wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love !
- 6 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast ;
Without a gracious smile from thee
My spirit cannot rest.
- 7 Oh ! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands,

Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

- 2 [Give me one kind assuring word,
To sink my fears again,
And cheerfully my soul shall wait
Her three score years and ten.]

HYMN CVIII. Common Metre.

Access to the throne of grace by a Mediator.

- 1 COME let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.
- 2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame ;
Our God appear'd consuming fire,
And vengeance was his name.
- 3 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood
That calm'd his frowning face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turn'd the wrath to grace.
- 4 Now we may bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord ;
No fi'ry cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.
- 5 The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliss
Are open'd by the Son ;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' almighty throne.
- 6 To thee, ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high ;
And glory to the eternal King,
That lays his fury by.

HYMN CIX. Long Metre.

The darkness of providence.

- 1 LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyss of providence,

- Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
 Too dark to view with feeble sense.
- 2 Now thou array'st thine awful face
 In angry frowns, without a smile :
 We, through the cloud, believe thy grace,
 Secure of thy compassion still.
- 3 Through seas and storms of deep distress
 We sail, by faith, and not by sight ;
 Faith guides us in the wilderness,
 Through all the briars and the night.
- 4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
 Resolve to scourge us here below,
 Still we must lean upon our God,
 'Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

. HYMN CX. Short Metre.

Triumph over death, in the hope of the resurrection.

- 1 AND must this body die ?
 This mortal frame decay ?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mould'ring in the clay ?
- 2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
 Shall but refine this flesh,
 'Till my triumphant spirit comes,
 To put it on afresh.
- 3 God my Redeemer lives,
 And often from the skies
 Looks down and watches all my dust,
 'Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace,
 Shall these vile bodies shine,
 And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face,
 Look heav'nly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe
 To Jesus' dying love ;
 We would adore his grace below,
 And sing his pow'r above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

H Y M N CXI. Common Metre.

*Thanksgiving for victory; or, God's dominion,
and our deliverance.*

1. ZION rejoice, and Judah sing,
The Lord assumes his throne;
Come, let us own the heav'nly King,
And make his glories known.
2. The great, the wicked, and the proud,
From their high seats are hurl'd:
Jehovah rides upon a cloud,
And thunders through the world.
3. He reigns upon th' eternal hills,
Distributes mortal crowns;
Empires are fix'd beneath his smiles,
And totter at his frowns.
4. Navies, that rule the ocean wide,
Are vanquish'd by his breath,
And legions, arm'd with pow'r and pride,
Descend to wat'ry death.
5. Let tyrants make no more pretence
To vex our happy land;
Jehovah's name is our defence;
Our buckler in his hand.

H Y M N CXII. Long Metre.

Angels ministering to Christ and saints.

1. GREAT God! to what a glorious height
Hast thou advanc'd the Lord, thy Son!
Angels, in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of his throne.
2. Before his feet thine armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move,

To manage his affairs of state,
In works of vengeance and of love.
His orders run through all the hosts,
Legions descend at his command,
To shield and guard our native coasts,
When foreign rage invades our land.
Now they are sent to guide our feet
Up to the gates of thine abode,
Through all the dangers that we meet
In travelling the heav'nly road.
Lord, when I leave this mortal ground,
And thou shalt bid me rise, and come,
Send a beloved angel down,
Safe to conduct my spirit home.

HYMN CXIII. Common Metre.

The same.

THE majesty of Solomon,
How glorious to behold
The servants waiting round his throne,
The iv'ry and the gold!
But, mighty God! thy palace shines
With far superior beams;
Thine angel guards are swift as winds,
Thy ministers are flames.
[Soon as thine only Son had made
His entrance on the earth,
A shining army downward fled,
To celebrate his birth.
And, when oppress'd with pains and fears,
On the cold ground he lies,
Behold a heav'nly form appears,
T' allay his agonies.]
Now to the hands of Christ, our King,
Are all their legions giv'n:
They wait upon his saints, and bring
His chosen heirs to heav'n.

- 6 Pleasure and praise run thro' their host,
To see a sinner turn;
That Satan has a captive lost,
And Christ a subject born.
- 7 But there's an hour of brighter joy,
When he his angels sends
Obstinate rebels to destroy,
And gather in his friends.
- 8 Oh! could I say without a doubt,
There shall my soul be found,
Then let the great archangel shout,
And the last trumpet sound.

H Y M N CXIV. Common Metre.

Christ's death, victory, and dominion.

- 1 I SING my Saviour's wond'rous death;
He conquer'd when he fell:
'Tis finish'd! said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.
- 2 'Tis finish'd! our Immanuel cries,
The dreadful work is done;
Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.
- 3 His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown,
When through the regions of the dead
He pass'd to reach the crown.
- 4 Exalted at his Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heav'n and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.
- 5 The saints from his propitious eye
Await their several crowns,
And all the sons of darkness fly
The terror of his frowns.

H Y M N CXV. Common Metre.

*God the avenger of his saints; or, His kingdom
supreme.*

HIGH as the heav'ns above the ground,
Reigns the Creator, God;
Wide as the whole creation's bound,
Extends his awful rod.

Let princes of exalted state
To him ascribe their crown,
Render their homage at his feet,
And cast their glories down.

Know that his kingdom is supreme,
Your lofty thoughts are vain;
He calls you gods, that awful name,
But ye must die like men.

Then let the sov'reigns of the globe
Not dare to vex the just;
He puts on vengeance like a robe,
And treads the worms to dust.

Ye judges of the earth be wise,
And think of heav'n with fear;
The meanest saint that you despise
Has an avenger there.

H Y M N CXVI. Common Metre.

Mercies and thanks.

HOW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heav'ns abroad?

How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead;
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted head.

All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine!
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

- 4 Yet if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

HYMN CXVII. Long Metre.

Living and dying, with God present.

- 1 I CANNOT bear thine absence, Lord,
My life expires if thou depart;
Be thou, my heart, still near my God,
And thou, my God, be near my heart.
- 2 I was not born for earth or sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile;
Yet I will stay my Father's time,
And hope, and wait for heav'n awhile.
- 3 Then, dearest Lord, in thine embrace
Let me resign my fleeting breath,
And with a smile upon my face,
Pass the important hour of death.

HYMN CXVIII. Long Metre.

The priesthood of Christ.

- 1 BLOOD has a voice to pierce the skies;
Revenge! the blood of Abel cries;
But the dear stream, when Christ was slain,
Speaks *peace* as loud from ev'ry vein.
- 2 Pardon and peace from God on high;
Behold, he lays his vengeance by;
And rebels that deserve the sword,
Become the fav'rites of the Lord.
- 3 To Jesus let our praises rise,
Who gave his life a sacrifice:
Now he appears before his God,
And, for our pardon, pleads his blood.

HYMN CXIX. Common Metre.

The holy scriptures.

- 1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord,

- And not a glimpse of hope appears,
But in thy written word.
- The volume of my Father's grace
Doth all my grief assuage :
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in ev'ry page.
- [This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown ;
That merchant is divinely wise
Who makes the pearl his own.
- Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin ;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
No danger dwells therein.]
- This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail ;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.
- Oh ! may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command !
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

HYMN CXX. Short Metre.

The law and gospel joined in scripture.

- 1 THE Lord declares his will,
And keeps the world in awe ;
Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill,
Breaks out his fi'ry law.
- 2 The Lord reveals his face,
And, smiling from above,
Sends down the gospel of his grace,
Th' epistles of his love.
- 3 These sacred words impart
Our Maker's just commands ;
The pity of his melting heart,
And vengeance of his hands.

- 4 [Hence we awake our fear,
We draw our comfort hence;
The arms of grace are treasur'd here,
And armour of defence.
- 5 We learn Christ crucify'd,
And here behold his blood;
All arts and knowledges beside
Will do us little good.]
- 6 We read the heav'nly word,
We take the offer'd grace,
Obey the statutes of the Lord,
And trust his promises.
- 7 In vain shall Satan rage
Against a book divine,
Where wrath and lightning guard the page,
Where beams of mercy shine.

H Y M N CXXI. Long Metre.

The law and gospel distinguished.

- 1 **T**HE law commands, and makes us know,
What duties to our God we owe;
But 'tis the gospel must reveal
Where lies our strength to do his will.
- 2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shows how vile our hearts have been;
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love, and cleansing grace.
- 3 What curses doth the law denounce
Against the man that fails but once?
But in the gospel Christ appears,
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.
- 4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law,
Fly to the hope the gospel gives;
'The man that trusts the promise, lives.

H Y M N CXXII. Long Metre.

Retirement and meditation.

- 1 **M**Y God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;

Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heav'nly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sov'reign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity begone:
In secret silence of the mind
My heav'n, and there my God, I find.

H Y M N CXXIII. Long Metre.

The benefit of public ordinances.

AWAY from ev'ry mortal care,
Away from earth our souls retreat;
We leave this worthless world afar,
And wait and worship near thy seat.

Lord, in the temple of thy grace
We see thy feet, and we adore;
We gaze upon thy lovely face,
And learn the wonders of thy pow'r.

While here our various wants we mourn,
United groans ascend on high;
And prayers produce a quick return
Of blessings in variety.

If Satan rage, and sin grow strong,
Here we receive some cheering word;
We gird the gospel armour on,
To fight the battles of the Lord.

Or if our spirit faint and dies,
(Our conscience gall'd with inward stings,)
Here doth the righteous sun arise,
With healing beams beneath his wings.

- 6 Father, my soul would still abide
 Within thy temple, near thy side :
 But if my feet must hence depart,
 Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

H Y M N CXXIV. Common Metre.

Moses, Aaron, and Joshua.

- 1 'TIS not the law of ten commands,
 On holy Sinai giv'n,
 Or sent to men by Moses' hands,
 Can bring us safe to heav'n.
- 2 'Tis not the blood which Aaron spilt,
 Nor smoke of sweetest smell,
 Can buy a pardon for our guilt
 Or save our souls from hell.
- 3 Aaron the priest resigns his breath,
 At God's immediate will,
 And in the desert yields to death,
 Upon th' appointed hill.
- 4 And thus on Jordan's yonder side
 The tribes of Israel stand,
 While Moses bow'd his head and dy'd
 Short of the promis'd land.
- 5 Israel rejoice, now Joshua* leads,
 He'll bring your tribes to rest ;
 So far the Saviour's name exceeds
 The ruler and the priest.

H Y M N CXXV. Long Metre.

Faith and repentance, unbelief and impenitence.

- 1 LIFE and immortal joys are giv'n
 To souls that mourn the sins they've done ;
 Children of wrath made heirs of heav'n,
 By faith in God's eternal Son.

* *Joshua the same with Jesus, and signifies a Saviour.*

Woe to the wretch that never felt
The inward pangs of pious grief,
But adds to all his crying guilt
The stubborn sin of unbelief.

The law condemns the rebel dead,
Under the wrath of God he lies:
He seals the curse on his own head,
And with a double vengeance dies.

HYMN CXXVI. Common Metre.

God glorified in the gospel.

THE Lord, descending from above,
Invites his children near;
While pow'r and truth, and boundless love,
Display their glories here.

Here, in the gospel's wond'rous frame,
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
A thousand angels learn thy name,
Beyond whate'er they knew.

Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace;
Wisdom thro' all the myst'ry shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.

The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God;
And thy revenging justice shows
Its honors in his blood.

But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

HYMN CXXVII. Long Metre.

Circumcision and baptism.

*Written only for those who practise the baptism
of infants.)*

THUS did the sons of Abrah'm pass
Under the bloody seal of grace;

- The young disciples bore the yoke,
'Till Christ the painful bondage broke.
- 2 By milder ways doth Jesus prove
His Father's cov'nant and his love ;
He seals to saints his glorious grace,
Nor does forbid their infant race .
- 3 Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
Their children set apart for God ;
His Spirit on their offspring shed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.
- 4 Let ev'ry saint, with cheerful voice,
In this large covenant rejoice ;
Young children in their early days,
Shall give the God of Abrah'm praise.

HYMN CXXVIII. Common Metre.

Corrupt nature from Adam.

- 1 BLESS'D with the joys of innocence,
Adam, our father, stood,
'Till he debas'd his soul to sense,
And eat th' unlawful food.
- 2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclin'd ;
Reason has lost its native place
And flesh enslaves the mind.
- 3 While flesh and sense, and passion reigns,
Sin is the sweetest good :
We fancy music in our chains,
And to forget the load.
- 4 Great God ! renew our ruin'd frame,
Our broken pow'rs restore,
Inspire us with a heav'nly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more.
- 5 Eternal Spirit ! write thy law,
Upon our inward parts,
And let the second Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

HYMN CXXIX. Long Metre.

We walk by faith, not by sight.

- 1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk thro' deserts dark as night ;
'Till we arrive at heav'n, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear:
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith supplies a heav'nly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abrah'm, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

HYMN CXXX. Common Metre.

The new creation.

- 1 ATTEND, while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glory show ;
Behold, I sit upon my throne,
Creating all things new.
- 2 Nature and sin are past away,
And the old Adam dies :
My hands a new foundation lay—
See the new world arise !
- 3 I'll be a sun of righteousness
To the new heav'ns I make ;
Noe but the new-born heirs of grace
My glories shall partake.
- 4 Mighty Redeemer, set me free
From my old state of sin ;
Oh, make my soul alive to thee,
Create new pow'rs within :

- 5 Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
And mould my heart afresh;
Give me new passions, joys and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.
- 6 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell;
In the new world that grace has made,
I would for ever dwell.

H Y M N CXXXI. Long Metre.

The excellency of the Christian religion.

- 1 **L**ET everlasting glories crown,
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.
- 2 [What if we trace the globe around,
And search from Britain to Japan,
There shall be no religion found
So just to God, so safe to man.]
- 3 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
'Till we apply to Christ alone.
- 4 How well the blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!
- 5 Not the feign'd fields of heath'nish bliss
Could raise such pleasures in the mind;
Nor does the Turkish paradise
Pretend to joys so well refin'd.
- 6 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

HYMN CXXXII. Common Metre.

The offices of Christ.

- 1 WE blefs the Prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.
- 2 We rev'rence our High-priest above,
Who offer'd up his blood;
And lives to carry on his love
By pleading with our God.
- 3 We honour our exalted King;
How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin
By his almighty hands.
- 4 Hosanna to his glorious name,
Who faves by diff'rent ways,
His mercy lays a sov'reign claim
To our immortal praise.

HYMN CXXXIII. Long Metre.

The operations of the Holy Spirit.

- 1 ETERNAL Spirit! we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down
From God the Father, and the Son.
- 2 Enlighten'd by thine heav'nly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings makes us know
Our danger and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy pow'r and glory works within,
And breaks the chain of reigning sin;
Doth our imperious lusts subdue,
And forms our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows the voice,
Thy cheering word awakes our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

HYMN CXXXIV. Commion Metre.

Circumcision abolished.

- 1 THE promise was divinely free,
Extensive was the grace;
“ I will the God of Abrah'm be,
“ And of his num'rous race : ”
- 2 He said, and with a bloody seal
Confirm'd the words he spoke;
Long did the sons of Abrah'm feel
The sharp and painful yoke :
- 3 'Till God's own Son, descending low,
Gave his own flesh to bleed;
And Gentiles taste the blessing now,
From the hard bondage freed.
- 4 The God of Abrah'm claims our praise,
His promises endure :
And Christ, the Lord, in gentler ways,
Makes the salvation sure.

HYMN CXXXV. Long Metre.

Types and prophecies of Christ.

- 1 BEHOLD the woman's promis'd seed !
Behold the great Messiah comes !
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the superior room !
- 2 Abrah'm, the saint, rejoic'd of old,
When visions of the Lord he saw;
Moses, the man of God foretold,
This great fulfiler of his law.
- 3 The types bore witness to his name,
Obtain'd their chief design, and ceas'd;
The incense, and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.
- 4 Predictions in abundance meet,
To join their blessings on his head;
Jesus, we worship at thy feet,
And nations own the promis'd seed.

HYMN CXXXVI. Long Metre.

Miracles at the birth of Christ.

- 1 THE King of glory sends his own Son
To make his entrance on this earth ;
Behold the midnight bright as noon,
And heav'nly hosts declare his birth !
- 2 About the young Redeemer's head !
What wonders and what glories meet !
An unknown star arose and led
The eastern sages to his feet.
- 3 Simeon and Anna both conspire
The infant Saviour to proclaim ;
Inward they felt the sacred fire,
And bless'd the babe, and own'd his name.
- 4 Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,
And treat the holy child with scorn ;
Our souls adore th' eternal God
Who condescended to be born.

HYMN CXXXVII. Long Metre.

Miracles in the life, death, and resurrection of Christ.

- 1 BEHOLD the blind their sight receive !
Behold, the dead awake, and live !
The dumb speak wonders ! and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name !
- 2 Thus doth the eternal Spirit own
And seals the mission of the Son ;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
- 3 He dies ! the heav'ns in mourning flood ;
He rises, and appears a God !
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.
- 4 Hence, and for ever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart ;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bears credentials so divine.

HYMN CXXXVIII. Long Metre.

The power of the gospel.

- 1 **T**HIS is the word of truth and love,
Sent to the nations from above :
Jehovah here resolves to show
What his almighty grace can do.
- 2 This remedy did wisdom find,
To heal diseases of the mind :
This sov'reign balm, whose virtues can
Restore the ruin'd creature, man.
- 3 The gospel bids the dead revive,
Sinners, obey the voice, and live :
Dry bones are rais'd, and cloth'd afresh,
And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.
- 4 [Where Satan reign'd in shades of night,
The gospel strikes a heav'nly light ;
Our lusts its wond'rous pow'r controuls,
And calms the rage of angry souls.
- 5 Lions, and beasts of savage name,
Put on the nature of the lamb ;
While the wide world esteems it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.
- 6 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate me too :
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.]

HYMN CXXXIX. Long Metre.

The example of Christ.

- 1 **M**Y dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word :
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervor of thy pray'r ;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern, make me bear
More of thy gracious image here !
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the foll'wers of the Lamb.

HYMN CXL. Common Metre.

The examples of Christ and the saints.

1. **G**IVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be !
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
3. I ask them, whence their vict'ry came ?
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb ;
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspir'd their breast ;)
And, following the incarnate God,
Possess'd the promis'd rest.
5. Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern giv'n,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heav'n.

HYMN CXLI. Common Metre.

*Faith assisted by sense ; or, Preaching, baptism,
and the Lord's Supper.*

1. **M**Y Saviour God, my Sov'reign Prince
Reigns far above the skies ;

But brings his graces down to sense,
And helps my faith to rise.

2 My eyes and ears shall bless his name,
They read and hear his word :
My touch'd and taste shall do the same,
When they receive the Lord.

3 Baptismal water is design'd
To seal his cleansing grace ;
While at his feast of bread and wine,
He gives his saints a place :

4 But not the waters of a flood,
Can make my flesh so clean,
As by his Spirit and his blood
He'll wash my soul from sin.

5 Not choicest meats, nor noblest wines,
So much my heart refresh,
As when my faith goes through the signs,
And feeds upon his flesh.

6 I love the Lord, who stoops so low,
To give his word a seal :
But the rich grace his hands bestow,
Exceeds the figures still.

H Y M N CXLII. Short Metre.

Faith in Christ our sacrifice.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

- 4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

HYMN CXLIII. Common Metre.

Flesh and Spirit.

- 1 WHAT diff'rent pow'rs of grace and sin
Attend our mortal state?
I hate the thoughts that work within,
And do the works I hate.
- 2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,
While sin and Satan reign;
Now raise my songs of triumph high,
For grace prevails again.
- o darkness struggles with the light,
'Till perfect day arise;
Water and fire maintain the fight
Until the weaker dies.
- 4 Thus will the flesh and spirit strive,
And vex, and break my peace;
But I shall quit this mortal life,
And sin for ever cease.

HYMN CXLIV. Long Metre.

The effusions of the Spirit; or, The success of the gospel.

- 1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great
When the divine disciples met;
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

- 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave !
 And pow'r to kill, and pow'r to save !
 Furnish'd their tongues with wond'rous words
 Instead of shields, and arms, and swords.
- 3 Thus arm'd he sent the champions forth,
 From east and west, and south and north ;
 " Go, and assert your Saviour's cause :
 " Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross."
- 4 These weapons of the holy war,
 Of what almighty force they are,
 To make our stubborn passions bow,
 And lay the proudest rebel low !
- 5 Nations, the learned and the rude,
 Are by these heav'nly arms subdu'd ;
 While Satan rages at his loss,
 And hates the doctrine of the cross.
- 6 Great King of grace, my heart subdue ;
 I would be led in triumph too,
 A willing captive to my Lord,
 And sing the vict'ries of his word.

H Y M N CXLV. Common Metre.

Sight through a glass, and face to face.

- 1 I LOVE the windows of thy grace,
 Through which my Lord is seen,
 And long to meet my Saviour's face,
 Without a glass between.
- 2 Oh, that the happy hour were come,
 To change my faith to sight !
 I should behold my Lord at home,
 In a diviner light.
- 2 Haste, my beloved, and remove
 Those interposing days ;
 Then shall my passions all be love,
 And all my pow'rs be praise.

HYMN CXLVI. Long Metre.

The vanity of creatures ; or, No rest on earth.

- 1 MAN has a soul of vast desires,
He burns within with restless fires;
Tost to and fro, his passions fly
From vanity to vanity.
- 2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind :
We try new pleasures, but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.
- 3 So when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns ;
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place, but keep the pain.
- 4 Great God ! subdue this vicious thirst,
This love to vanity and dust !
Cure the vile fever of the mind
And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

HYMN CXLVII. Common Metre.

The creation of the world. Gen. i.

- 1 "NOW let a spacious world arise,"
Said the Creator, Lord :
At once th' obedient earth and skies
Rose at his sov'reign word.
- 2 [Dark was the deep ; the waters lay
Confus'd, and drown'd the land ;
He call'd the light, the new-born day
Attends on his command.
- 3 He bid the clouds ascend on high ;
The clouds ascend, and bear
A wat'ry treasure to the sky,
And float on softer air.
- 4 The liquid elements below
Was gather'd by his hand :
The rolling seas together flow,
And leave the solid land.

- 5 With herbs and plants, a flow'ry birth,
The naked globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the earth,
Or sun to warm the ground.
- 6 Then he adorn'd the upper skies;
Behold the sun appears;
The moon and stars in order rise,
To mark out months and years.
- 7 Out of the deeps th' almighty King
Did vital beings frame,
The painted fowls of ev'ry wing,
And fish of ev'ry name.]
- 8 He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wond'rous birth,
And grazing beasts of various form
Rose from the teeming earth.
- 9 Adam was form'd of equal clay,
Through sov'reign of the rest,
Design'd for nobler ends than they;
With God's own image blest.
- 10 Thus glorious in the Maker's eye
The young creation stood;
He saw the building from on high,
His word pronounc'd it good.
- 11 Lord, while the frame of nature stands,
Thy praise shall fill my tongue:
But the new world of grace demands
A more exalted song.

HYMN CXLVIII. Common Metre.

God reconciled in Christ.

1 DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus, and my God,
Who can resist thy heav'nly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

- 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again ;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.
- 3 'Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find ;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.
- 4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy, begins ;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.
- 5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

H Y M N CXLIX. Common Metre.

*Honour to magistrates ; or, Government from
God.*

- 1 ETERNAL Sov'reign of the sky,
And Lord of all below,
We mortals to thy majesty
Our first obedience owe.
- 2 Our souls adore thy throne supreme,
And bless thy providence,
For magistrates of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.
- 3 [The crown of all those princes shine
With rays above the rest,
Where laws and liberties combine
To make the nation blest.]
- 4 Kingdoms on firm foundations stand,
While virtue finds reward ;
And sinners perish from the land
By justice and the sword.
- 5 Let Cesar's due be ever paid
To Cesar and his throne ;

But consciences and souls were made
To be the Lord's alone.

H Y M N C L. Common Metre.

The deceitfulness of sin.

- 1 SIN has a thousand treach'rous arts
To practise on the mind;
With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,
But leaves a sting behind.
- 2 With names of virtue she deceives
The aged and the young;
And while the heedless wretch believes,
She makes his fetters strong.
- 3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heav'nly things,
And chains it down to sense.
- 4 So on a tree divinely fair
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

H Y M N C L I. Long Metre.

Prophecy and inspiration.

- 1 'T WAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly fire.
- 2 The works and wonders which they wrought
Confirm'd the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath
To save the holy words from death.
- Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who dy'd for me.
- Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind.

Here I can fix my hope secure ;
This is thy word and must endure.

HYMN CLII. Common Metre.

Sinai and Sion. Heb. xii. 18, &c.

- 1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke ;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke ;
- 2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels, cloth'd in light !
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to fight !
- 4 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heav'n !
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiv'n.
- 5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make ;
All join in Christ, their living head,
And of his grace partake.
- 6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest :
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever blest.

HYMN CLIII. Common Metre.

The distemper, folly, and madness of sin.

- 1 SIN, like a venomous disease,
Infects our vital blood :
The only balm is sov'reign grace,
And the Physician, God.
- 2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
And we draw near to death ;

But Christ, the Lord, recalls the dead
With his almighty breath.

3 Madness, by nature, reigns with'in,
The passions burn and rage,
'Till God's own Son with skill divine
The inward fire assuage.

4 [We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
And solid good despise :
Such is the folly of the mind,
'Till Jesus makes us wise.]

5 We give our souls the wounds they feel,
We drink the pois'nous gall,
And rush with fury down to hell ;
But heav'n prevents the fall.

6 [The man possess'd among the tombs,
Cut his own flesh and cries :
He foams and raves, 'till Jesus comes,
And the foul spirit flies.]

H Y M N CLIV. Long Metre.

Self-righteousness insufficient.

1 " WHERE are the mourners, (saith the Lord,)
That wait and tremble at my word,
That walk in darkness all the day ?
Come, make my name your trust and stay.

2 [No works nor duties of your own
Can for the smallest sin atone ;
The robes that nature may provide.
Will not your least pollution hide.

3 The softest couch that nature knows,
Can give the conscience no repose :
Look to my righteousness and live ;
Comfort and peace are mine to give.]

4 Ye sons of pride, that kindle coals
With your own hands, to warm your souls,
Walk in the light of your own fire,
Enjoy the flames that ye desire :

This is your portion at my hands,
 Hell waits you with her iron bands;
 Ye shall lie down in sorrow there,
 In death, and darkness, and despair."

HYMN CLV. Common Metre.

Christ our passover.

- 1 LO, the destroying angel flies
 To Pharaoh's stubborn land!
 The pride and flow'r of Egypt dies
 By his vindictive hand.
- 2 He pass'd the tents of Jacob o'er,
 Nor pour'd the wrath divine;
 He saw the blood on ev'ry door,
 And bless'd the peaceful sign.
- 3 Thus the appointed Lamb must bleed,
 To break th' Egyptian's yoke;
 Thus Israel is from bondage freed,
 And 'scapes the angel's stroke.
- 4 Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too
 With blood so rich as thine,
 Justice no longer would pursue
 This guilty soul of mine.
- 5 Jesus, our passover, was slain,
 And has at once procur'd,
 Freedom from Satan's heavy chain
 And God's avenging sword.

HYMN CLVI. Common Metre:

Presumption and despair; or, Satan's various temptations.

- 1 [HATE the tempter and his charms,
 I hate his flatt'ring breath;
 The serpent takes a thousand forms,
 To cheat our souls to death.
- 2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
 Or kills with slavish fear;

And holds us still in wide extremes,
Presumption or despair.

3 Now he persuades, "How easy 'tis
"To walk the road to heav'n:"
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
"They cannot be forgiv'n."

4 [He bids young sinners, "Yet forbear
"To think of God or death;
"For prayer and devotion are
"But melancholy breath."

5 He tells the aged, "They must die,
"And 'tis too late to pray:
"In vain for mercy now they cry,
"For they have lost their day."]

6 Thus he supports his cruel throne
By mischief and deceit,
And drags the sons of Adam down
To darkness and the pit.

7 Almighty God, cut short his pow'r,
Let him in darkness dwell;
And, that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

HYMN CLVII. Common Metre.

The same.

1 NOW Satan comes with dreadful roar,
And threatens to destroy;
He worries when he can't devour
With a malicious joy.

2 Ye sons of God oppose his rage,
Resist, and he'll be gone;
Thus did our dearest Lord engage
And vanquish him alone.

3 Now he appears almost divine!
Like innocence and love;

- But the old serpent lurks within,
 When he assumes the dove.
 4 Fly from the false deceiver's tongue
 Ye sons of Adam, fly !
 Our parents found the snare too strong,
 Nor should the children try.

HYMN CLVIII. Long Metre.

Few saved ; or, The almost christian, the hypocrite, and the apostate.

- 1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
 And thousands walk together there ;
 But wisdom shews a narrow path,
 With here and there a traveller.
 2 *Deny thyself, and take thy cross,*
 Is the Redeemer's great command !
 Nature must count her gold but dross,
 If she would gain this heav'nly land.
 3 The fearful soul, that tires and faints,
 And walks the ways of God no more,
 Is but esteem'd—almost a saint,
 And makes his own destruction sure.
 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
 Create my heart entirely new ;
 Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
 Which false apostles never knew.

HYMN CLIX. Common Metre.

An unconverted state ; or, Converting grace.

- 1 [GREAT King of glory and of grace !
 We own with humble shame,
 How vile is our degen'rate race,
 And our first father's name.]
 2 From Adam flows our tainted blood,
 The poison reigns within ;

Makes us averſe to all that's good,
And willing ſlaves to ſin.

3 [Daily we break thy holy laws,
And then reject thy grace ;
Engag'd in the old ſerpent's cauſe,
Againſt our Maker's face.

4 We live eſtrang'd aſar from God,
And love the diſtance well ;
With haſte we run the dang'rous road
That leads to death and hell.

5 And can ſuch rebels be reſtor'd !
Such natures made divine !
Let ſinners ſee the glory, Lord,
And feel this pow'r of thine.

6 We raiſe our Father's name on high,
Who his own Spirit ſends
To bring rebellious ſtrangers nigh,
And turns his foes to friends.

H Y M N CLX. Long Metre.

Cuſtom in ſin.

1 LET the wild leopards of the wood
Put off the ſpots that nature gives,
Then may the wicked turn to God,
And change their tempers, and their lives.

2 As well might Ethiopian ſlaves-
Waſh out the darkneſs of their ſkin ;
The dead as well may leave their graves,
As old tranſgreſſors ceaſe to ſin.

3 Where vice has held its empire long,
'Twill not endure the leaſt controul ;
None but a pow'r divinely ſtrong,
Can turn the current of the ſoul.

4 Great God ! I own thy pow'r divine,
That works to change this heart of mine ;
I would be form'd anew, and bleſs
The wonders of creating grace.

HYMN CLXI. Common Metre.

Christian virtues ; or, The difficulty of conversion.

- 1 STRAIT is the way, the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high ;
'Tis but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.
- 2 Beloved self must be deny'd,
The mind and will renew'd,
Passion suppress'd and patience try'd,
And vain desires subdu'd.
- 3 [Flesh is a dang'rous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules ;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abas'd,
Lest they destroy our souls.]
- 4 The love of gold be banish'd hence,
(That vile idolatry)
And ev'ry member, ev'ry sense,
In sweet subjection lie.
- 5 The tongue, that most unruly pow'r,
Requires a strong restraint :
We must be watchful ev'ry hour,
And pray, but never faint.
- 6 Lord ! can a feeble helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard !
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

HYMN CLXII. Common Metre.

Meditation of heaven ; or, The joy of faith.

- 1 MY thoughts surmount these lower skies,
And look within the vail ;
There springs of endless pleasures rise,
The waters never fail.
- 2 There I behold, with sweet delight,
The blessed Three in One ;

And strong affections fix my sight
On God's incarnate Son.

- 3 His promise stands for ever firm,
His grace shall ne'er depart ;
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.
- 4 Light are the pains that nature brings,
How short our sorrows are ;
When with eternal future things,
The present we compare !
- 5 I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

H Y M N CLXIII. Common Metre.
Complaint of desertion and temptations.

- 1 DEAR Lord ! behold our sore distress,
Our sins attempt to reign ;
Stretch out thine arm of conqu'ring grace,
And let thy foes be slain,
- 2 [The lion with his dreadful roar
Afrights thy feeble sheep :
Reveal the glory of thy pow'r,
And chain him to the deep.
- 3 Must we indulge a long despair ?
Shall our petitions die ?
Our mourning never reach thine ear,
Nor tears affect thine eye ?
- 4 If you despise a mortal groan,
Yet hear a Saviour's blood ;
An advocate so near the throne
Pleads and prevails with God.
- 5 He brought the Spirit's pow'rful sword,
To slay our deadly foes :
Our sins shall die beneath thy word
And hell in vain oppose.

How boundless is our Father's grace,
In height, and depth, and length!
He makes his Son our righteousness,
His Spirit is our strength.

H Y M N CLXIV. Common Metre.

The end of the world.

WHY should this earth delight us so?
Why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds where sorrows grow,
And every pleasure dies?

While time his sharpest teeth prepares
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the stars,
And joys above his pow'r.

Nature shall be dissolv'd and die,
The sun must end his race,
The earth and sea for ever fly
Before my Saviour's face.

When will that glorious morning rise?
When the last trumpet sound,
And call the nations to the skies
From underneath the ground?

H Y M N CLXV. Common Metre.

*Infruitfulness, ignorance, and unsanctified affec-
tions.*

LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace
My mem'ry can retain!

[My dear Almighty, and my God,
How little art thou known

By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne ?]

4 [How cold and feeble is my love !
How negligent my fear !
How low my hope of joys above !
How few affections there !

5 Great God ! thy sov'reign pow'r impart,
To give thy word success :
Write thy salvation on my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

6 [Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high ;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.]

HYMN CLXVI. Common Metre.

The divine perfections.

1 HOW shall I praise th' eternal God,
That infinite unknown ?
Who can ascend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne ?

2 [The great Invisible ! he dwells
Conceal'd in dazzling light ;
But his all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.

3 Those watchful eyes, that never sleep,
Survey the world around ;
His wisdom is the boundless deep,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.]

4 [Speak we of strength ? his arm is strong,
To save or to destroy ;
Infinite years his life prolong,
And endless is his joy.]

5 [He knows no shadow of a change,
Nor alters his decrees ;
Firm as a rock his truth remains,
To guard his promises.]

- 6 [Sinners before his presence die :
How holy is his name!
His anger and his jealousy
Burn like devouring flame]
- 7 Justice upon a dreadful throne
Maintains the rights of God,
While mercy sends her pardons down,
Bought with a Saviour's blood.
- 8 Now to my soul, immortal King,
Speak some forgiving word ;
Then 'twill be double joy to sing
The glories of my Lord.

HYMN CLXVII. Long Metre.

The divine perfections.

- 1 **G**REAT God! thy glories shall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy!
My lips, in songs of honour, bring
Their tribute to th' eternal King:
- 2 [Earth and the stars, and worlds unknown,
Depend precarious on his throne ;
All nature hangs upon his word,
And grace and glory own their Lord]
- 3 [His sov'reign pow'r, what mortals knows?
If he commands, who dare oppose?
With strength he girds himself around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.]
- 4 Who shall pretend to teach him skill,
Or guide the counsels of his will?
His wisdom, like a sea divine,
Flows deep and high beyond our line.]
- 5 [His name is holy, and his eye
Burns with immortal jealousy;
He hates the sons of pride, and sheds
His fi'ry vengeance on their heads.]
- 6 The beamings of his piercing light ;
Brings dark hypocrisy to light ;

Death and destruction naked lie,
And hell uncover'd to his eye.]

7 [Th' eternal law before him stands;
His justice, with impartial hands,
Divides to all their due reward,
Or by the sceptre, or the sword.]

8 [His mercy, like a boundless sea,
Washes our load of guilt away:
While his own Son came down and dy'd,
T' engage his justice on our side.]

9 [Each of his words demand my faith,
My soul can rest on all he saith;
His truth inviolably keeps
The largest promise of his lips.]

10 Oh, tell me with a gentle voice,
"Thou art my God," and I'll rejoice!
Fill'd with thy love, I dare proclaim
The brightest honors of thy name.

HYMN CLXVIII. Long Metre.

The same.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty:
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe,
His justice guards his holy law,
His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Thro' all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His pow'r is sov'reign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels join;
Heav'n is secure, if God be mine.

HYMN CLXIX. Particular Metre.

- 1 THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high ;
The garments he assumes,
Are light and majesty ;
His glories shine
With beams so bright,
No mortal eye
Can bear the sight.
- 2 The thunders of his hand,
Keep the wide world in awe ;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law ;
And where his love
Resolves to bless,
His truth confirms
And seals the grace.
- 3 Through all his ancient works
Surprising wisdom shines,
Confounds the pow'rs of hell,
And breaks their curs'd design
Strong is his arm
And shall fulfil
His great decrees,
His sov'reign will.
- 4 And can this mighty King
Of glory condescend ?
And will he write his name,
“ My Father, and my Friend ? ”
I love his name,
I love his word ;
Join all my pow'rs
And praise the Lord.

HYMN CLXX. Long Metre.

God incomprehensible and sovereign.

- 1 [CAN creatures, to perfection, find
Th' eternal uncreated Mind !

Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out ?

2 'Tis high as heav'n ! 'tis deep as hell !
And what can mortals know, or tell ?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.

3 But man, vain man, would fain be wise,
Born, like a wild young colt, he flies
Thro' all the follies of his mind,
And smells and snuffs the empty wind.]

4 God is a King of pow'r unknown,
Firm are the orders of his throne ;
If he resolves, who dare oppose.
Or ask him why, or what he does ?

5 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole ;
He calms the tempest of the soul ;
When he shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar ?

6 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon,
The fainting sun grows dim at noon ;
The pillars of heav'n's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.

7 He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,
The crooked serpent and the worm,
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And smites the sons of pride to death.

8 These are a portion of his ways ;
But who shall dare describe his face ?
Who can endure his light ? or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand ?

H Y M N S

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

B O O K III.

PREPARED FOR THE HOLY ORDINANCE OF THE
LORD'S SUPPER.

H Y M N I. Long Metre.

The Lord's supper instituted. 1 Cor. xi. 23, &c

- 1 **I** WAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betray'd him to his foes;
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wond'rous words of grace he spake!
- 3 "This is my body broke for sin,
"Receive and eat the living food:"
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine;
"'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."
- 4 [For us his flesh was nail'd and torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn:
And justice pour'd upon his head
Its heavy vengeance, in our stead.

- 5 For us his vital blood was spilt,
 To buy the pardon of our guilt,
 When for black crimes of biggest size,
 He gave his soul a sacrifice.]
- 6 "Do this," he cry'd, "'till time shall end,
 "In mem'ry of your dying friend :
 "Meet at my table, and record
 "The love of your departed Lord."
- 7 [Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
 We shew thy death, we sing thy name,
 'Till thou return, and we shall eat
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.]

H Y M N II. Short Metre.

Communion with Christ, and with saints.

I Cor. x. 16, 17.

- 1 [JESUS invites his saints
 To meet around his board ;
 Here pardon'd rebels sit and hold
 Communion with their Lord.
- 2 For food he gives his flesh ;
 He bids us drink his blood :
 Amazing favour, matchless grace
 Of our descending God !
- 3 This holy bread and wine,
 Maintains our fainting breath,
 By union with our living Lord,
 And int'rest in his death.
- 4 Our heav'nly Father calls
 Christ and his members one ;
 We the young children of his love,
 And he the first-born Son.
- 5 We are but sev'ral parts
 Of the same broken bread ;
 One body hath its sev'ral limbs,
 But Jesus is the head.

- 6 Let all our pow'rs be join'd,
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise.

HYMN III. Common Metre.

The new covenant sealed.

- 1 "THE promise of my Father's love,
" Shall stand for ever good;"
He said, and gave his soul to death,
And seal'd the grace with blood.
- 2 To this dear cov'nant of thy word
I set my worthless name;
I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.
- 3 The light, and strength, and pard'ning grace;
And glory, shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my pow'rs are thine,
- 4 I call that legacy my own,
Which Jesus did bequeath;
'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,
And ratify'd in death.
- 5 Sweet is the mem'ry of his name
Who bless'd us in his will,
And to his testament of love
Made his own life the seal.

HYMN IV. Common Metre.

*Christ's dying love; or, Our pardon bought at a
dear price.*

- 1 HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,
And pity brought him down.
- 2 [When justice, by our sins provok'd,
Drew forth his dreadful sword,

He gave his soul up to the stroke,
Without a murmur'ing word.]

3 [He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne :
'There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows
But cost his heart a groan.]

4 This was compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great :
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget.

6 [Here we behold his bowels roll
As kind as when he dy'd,
And see the sorrows of his soul
Bleed through his wounded side.

7 [Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus dying love ;
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.]

8 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And with our joys for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

H Y M N V. Common Metre.

Christ the bread of life. John vi. 31, 35, 39.

1 LET us adore th' eternal word,
'Tis he our souls hath fed :
Thou art the living stream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal bread.

2 [The manna came from lower skies,
But Jesus from above,
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
And rivers flow with love.

- 3 The Jews, the fathers, dy'd at last,
 Who ate that heav'nly bread;
 But these provisions which we taste,
 Can raise us from the dead.]
- 4 Blest be the Lord, that gives his flesh
 To nourish dying men;
 And often spreads his table fresh,
 Lest we should faint again.
- 5 Our souls shall draw their heav'nly breath,
 Whilst Jesus finds supplies;
 Nor shall our graces sink to death,
 For Jesus never dies.
- 6 [Daily our mortal flesh decays,
 But Christ our life shall come;
 His unresisted pow'r shall raise
 Our bodies from the tomb.]

HYMN VI. Long Metre.

The memorial of our absent Lord. John xvi.
 16. Luke xxii. 19. John xiv. 3.

- 1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
 Where our weak senses reach him not,
 And carnal objects court our eyes,
 To thrust our Saviour from our thoughts!
- 2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
 Apt to forget his lovely face;
 And, to refresh our mind, he gave
 These kind memorials of his grace.
- 3 The Lord of life this table spread
 With his own flesh and dying blood;
 We on the rich provision feed,
 And taste the wine, and bless our God.
- 4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
 And earth grow less in our esteem;
 Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,
 And faith and hope be fix'd on him.

- 5 While he is absent from our sight,
 'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
 That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
 And live for ever near his face.
- 6 [Our eyes look upward to the hills
 Whence our returning Lord shall come;
 We wait thy chariot's awful wheels,
 To fetch our longing spirits home.]

HYMN VII. Long Metre.

Crucifixion to the world by the cross of Christ.
 Gal. vi. 14.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross
 On which the Prince of glory dy'd,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God:
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 [His dying crimson, like a robe,
 Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
 Then am I dead to all the globe,
 And all the globe is dead to me.]
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN VIII. Common Metre.

The tree of life.

- [COME, let us join a joyful tune
 To our exalted Lord,

- Ye saints on high around his throne,
And we around his board.
- 2 While once upon this lower ground,
Weary and faint ye stood,
What dear refreshments here ye found
From this immortal food !
- 3 The tree of life, that near the throne,
In heav'n's high garden grows,
Laden with grace, bends gently down
Its ever smiling boughs.
- 4 [Hov'ring among the leaves, there stands
The sweet celestial Dove,
And Jesus on the branches hangs
The banner of his love.]
- 5 ['Tis a young heav'n of strange delight
While in his shade we sit;
His fruit is pleasing to the sight,
And to the taste as sweet.
- 6 New life it spreads through dying hearts,
And cheers the drooping mind ;
Vigour and joy the juice imparts,
Without a sting behind.]
- 7 Now let the flaming weapon stand,
And guard all Eden's trees ;
There's ne'er a plant in all the land
That bears such fruit as these.
- 8 Infinite grace our souls adore,
Whose wond'rous hands hath made
This living branch of sov'reign pow'r,
To raise and heal the dead.

HYMN IX. Short Metre.

The Spirit, the water, and the blood. 1 John v. 6.

- 1 [LET all our tongues be one,
To praise our God on high,
Who from his bosom sent his Son,
To fetch us strangers nigh,

- 2 Nor let our voices cease,
To sing the Saviour's name;
Jesus, th' ambaffador of peace,
How cheerfully he came?
- 3 It cost him cries and tears
To bring us near to God;
Great was our debt, and he appears
To make the payment good.]
- 4 [My Saviour's pierced side
Pour'd out a double flood;
By water we are purify'd,
And pardon'd by the blood.
- 5 Infinite was our guilt,
But he, our priest, atones:
On the cold ground his life was spilt,
And offer'd with his groans.]
- 6 Look up, my soul, to him
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his bleeding heart.
- 7 There, on the cursed tree,
In dying pangs he lies,
Fulfils his Father's great decree,
And all our wants supplies.
- 8 Thus the Redemer came,
By water and by blood;
And when the Spirit speaks the same,
We feel his witness good.
- 9 While the eternal Three
Bear their record above,
Here I believe he dy'd for me,
And seal'd my Saviour's love.
- 10 [Lord, cleanse my soul from sin,
Nor let thy grace depart;
Great Comforter! abide within,
And witness to my heart.]

HYMN X. Long Metre.

Christ crucified, the wisdom and power of God.

- 1 NATURE with open volume stands,
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And ev'ry labour of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God:
- 2 But in the grace that rescu'd man,
His brightest form of glory shines,
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
In precious blood, and crimson lines.
- 3 [Here his own name appears complete;
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,
Which of the letters best is writ,
The pow'r, the wisdom, or the love?]
- 4 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely join,
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchas'd pleasures mine.
- 5 O! the sweet wonders of that cross
Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd!
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.
- 6 I would for ever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown,
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

HYMN XI. Common Metre.

Pardon brought to our senses.

- 1 LORD, how divine thy comforts are,
How heav'nly is the place
There Jesus spreads the sacred feasts,
Of his redeeming grace!
- 2 There the rich bounties of our God
And sweetest glories shine;
There Jesus says, that "I am his,
And my beloved's mine."

- 3 Here (says the kind redeeming Lord,
And shows his wounded side)
See here the springs of all your joys,
That open'd when I dy'd!"
- 4 [He smiles, and cheers my mournful heart,
And tells of all his pain,
"All this (he says) I bore for thee;"
And then he smiles again.]
- 5 What shall we pay our heav'nly King
For grace so vast as this!
He brings our pardons to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss.
- 6 Let such amazing loves as these
Be sounded all abroad;
Such favors are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God.]
- 7 [To him that wash'd us in his blood,
Be everlasting praise,
Salvation, honour, glory, pow'r,
Eternal as his days.

H Y M N XII. Long Metre.

The gospel feast. Luke xiv. 16, &c.

- 1 [HOW rich are thy provisions, Lord!
Thy table furnish'd from above,
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.
- 2 Thine ancient family, the Jews,
Were first invited to the feast:
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy salvation taste.
- 3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And help was far, and death was nigh!
But at the gospel call we came,
And ev'ry want receiv'd supply.
- 4 From the high way that leads to hell,
From paths of darkness and despair,

Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.]

[What shall we pay th' eternal Son,
That left the heav'n of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us wand'ers back to God?

It cost him death, to save our lives;
To buy our souls it cost his own;
And all the unknown joys he gives,
Were bought with agonies unknown.

Our everlasting love is due
To him that ransom'd sinners lost;
And pity'd rebels when he knew
The vast expence his love would cost.]

H Y M N XIII. Common Metre.

Divine love making a feast, and calling in the guests.

Luke xiv, 17, 22, 23.

1 HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores?

2 Here ev'ry bowel of our God
With soft compassion rolls;
Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,
Is food for dying souls.

3 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry with thankful tongues,
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

4 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room;
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forc'd us in;
Else we had still refus'd to taste,
And perish'd in our sin.

- 6 Pity the nations, O our God,
 Constrain the earth to come ;
 Send thy victorious word abroad,
 And bring the strangers home.
- 7 We long to see thy churches full,
 That all the chosen race
 May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,
 Sing thy redeeming grace]

H Y M N XIV. Long Metre.

*The song of Simeon ; Luke ii 23. or, A sight of
 Christ makes death easy.*

- 1 NOW have our hearts embrac'd our God,
 We would forget all earthly charms,
 And wish to die as Simeon would,
 With his young Saviour in his arms.
- 2 Our lips would join that joyful song,
 Were but our hearts prepar'd like his ;
 " Our souls still waiting to be gone,
 And at thy word depart in peace.
- 3 Here we have seen thy face, O Lord,
 And view'd salvation with our eyes,
 Tasted and felt the living word,
 The bread descending from the skies.
- 4 Thou hast prepar'd this dying Lamb,
 Hast set his blood before our face,
 To teach the terrors of thy name,
 And shew the wonders of thy grace.
- 5 He is our light our morning star ;
 Shall shine on nations yet unknown ;
 The glory of thine Israel here,
 And joy of spirits near the throne."

H Y M N XV. Common Metre.

Our Lord Jesus at his own table.

- 1 THE memory of our dying Lord
 Awakes a thankful tongue ;
 How rich he spread his royal board,
 And blest the food, and sang :

Happy the men that ate his bread,
But doubly blest was he
That gently bow'd his loving head,
And lean'd it, Lord, on thee.

By faith the same delights we taste,
As that great fav'rite did,
And sit and lean on Je'us' breast,
And taste the heav'nly bread.

Down from the palace of the skies,
Hither the King descends :
"Come my beloved, eat (he cries).
And drink salvation, friends.

My flesh is food and physic too,
A balm for all your pains :
And the red streams of pardon flow
From the e my pierced veins."

Hosanna to his bounteous love,
For such a feast below !
And yet he feeds his saints above
With nobler blessings too.

[Come, the dear day, the glorious hour,
That brings our souls to rest !
Then we shall need these types no more,
But dwell at th' heav'nly feast.]

H Y M N XVI. Common Metre.

The agonies of Christ.

NOW let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine ;
Our suff'rings are not worth a thought,
Lord, when compar'd with thine.

In lively figures here we see
The bleeding Prince of love ;
Each of us hope he dy'd for me,
And then our grief remove.

[Our humble faith here takes her rise,
While sitting round his board ;

And back to Calvary she flies,
To view her groaning Lord.

4 His soul, what agonies it felt,
When his own God withdrew ;
And the large load of all our guilt,
Lay heavy on him too.

5 But the divinity within
Supported him to bear ;
Dying, he conquer'd hell and sin,
And made his triumph there.]

6 Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd, and wrought
The wonders of that day :
No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought,
Can equal thanks repay.

7 Our hymns should sound like those above,
Could we our voices raise :
Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,
And all our lives be praise.

H Y M N XVII. Short Metre.

Incomparable food ; or, The flesh and blood of Christ.

1 WE sing th' amazing deeds
That grace divine performs ;
Th' eternal God comes down, and bleeds
To nourish dying worms.

2 This soul reviving wine,
Dear Saviour, 'tis thy blood !
We thank that sacred flesh of thine,
For this immortal food.

3 The banquet that we eat
Is made of heav'nly things ;
Earth hath no dainties half so sweet
As our Redeemer brings.

4 In vain had Adam sought,
And search'd his garden round,
For there was no such blessed fruit
In all the happy ground.

The angelic host above
 Can never taste this food ;
 They feed upon their Maker's love,
 But not a Saviour's blood.
 On us th' almighty Lord,
 Bestows this matchless grace,
 And meets us with some cheering word,
 With pleasure in his face.

Come, all ye drooping saints,
 And banquet with the King ;
 This wine will drown your sad complaints,
 And tune your voice to sing.

Salvation to the name
 Of our adored Christ ;
 Through this wide earth his grace proclaim,
 His glory in the high'st.

H Y M N XVIII. Long Metre.

The same.

JESUS! we bow before thy feet!
 Thy table is divinely stor'd ;
 Thy sacred flesh our souls have eat,
 'Tis living bread ; we thank thee, Lord!
 And here we drink our Saviour's blood :
 We thank thee, Lord ! 'tis gen'rous wine,
 Mingled with love the fountain flow'd
 From that dear bleeding heart of thine.
 On earth is no such sweetness found,
 For the Lamb's flesh is heav'nly food :
 In vain we search the globe around
 For bread so fine, or wine so good.
 Carnal provisions can at best
 But cheer the heart, or warm the head :
 But the rich cordial that we taste,
 Gives life eternal to the dead.
 Joy to the Master of the feast,
 His name our souls for ever bless ;

To God the King, and God the Priest,
A loud Hosanna round the place.

H Y M N XIX. Long Metre.

Glory in the cross; or, Not ashamed of Christ crucified.

- 1 **A**T thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds ev'ry guest.
- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that dy'd;
We hope for heav'nly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucify'd.
- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And sing their scandals on the cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.
- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left his tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting 'till he come.

H Y M N XX. Common Metre.

*The provisions for the table of our Lord; or,
The tree of life, and river of love.*

- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,
And sing the solemn feast,
Where sweet celestial dainties stand,
For ev'ry willing guest.
- 2 [The tree of life adorns the board
With rich immortal fruit,
And ne'er an angry flaming sword
To guard the passage to't.
- 3 The cup stands crown'd with living juice,
The fountain flows above,
And runs down streaming, for our use,
In rivulets of love.

The food's prepar'd by heav'nly art,
The pleasure's well refin'd;
They spread new life through ev'ry heart,
And cheer the drooping mind.

Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love.
Ye saints that taste his wine;
Join with your kindred saints above,
In loud Hosanna's join.

A thousand glories to the God
That gives such joys as this;
Hosanna! let it sound abroad,
And reach where Jesus is.

HYMN XXI. Common Metre.

*The triumphal feast for Christ's victory over sin,
and death, and hell.*

[COME, let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise,
And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies.

Jesus, the God, that fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell:
That rose, and at his chariot wheels
Dragg'd all the pow'rs of hell.]

[Jesus, the God, invites us here
To this triumphal feast,
And brings immortal blessings down
For each redeemed guest.]

The Lord! how glorious is his face!
How kind his smiles appear!
And oh! what melting words he says
To ev'ry humble ear:

"For you, the children of my love,
It was for you I dy'd;
Behold my hands, behold my feet,
And look into my side.

These are the wounds for you I bore,
And tokens of my pains,

- When I came down to free your souls
From mis'ry and from chains.
- 7 [Justice unsheath'd its fi'ry sword,
And plung'd it in my heart;
Infinite pangs for you I bore
And most tormenting smart.
- 8 When hell, and all its spiteful pow'rs,
Stood dreadful in my way,
To rescue those dear lives of yours
I gave my own away.
- 9 But while I bled, and groan'd, and dy'd,
I ruin'd Satan's throne;
High on my cross I hung, and spy'd,
The monster tumbling down.
- 10 Now you must triumph at my feast,
And taste my flesh, my blood,
And live eternal ages blest'd,
For 'tis immortal food."
- 11 Victorious God! what can we pay
For favours so divine?
We would devote our hearts away
To be for ever thine.]
- 12 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,
The tribute of our tongues;
But themes so infinite as these
Exceeds our noblest songs.

H Y M N XXII. Long Metre.

The compassion of a dying Christ.

- 1 OUR spirits join t' adore the Lamb;
Oh, that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as his name,
And melting as his dying love!
- 3 Was ever equal pity found?
The Prince of heav'n resigns his breath,
'And pours his life out on the ground,
To ransom guilty worms from death.

B. III. SPIRITUAL SONGS.

- 3 [Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws;
He from the threat'ning sets us free,
Bore the full vengeance on his cross,
And nail'd the curses to the tree.
- 4 [The law proclaims no terror now,
And Sinai's thunder roars no more;
From all his wounds new blessings flow,
A sea of joy without a shore.
- 5 Here we have wash'd our deepest stains,
And heal'd our wounds with heav'nly blood:
Bless'd fountain! springing from the veins
Of Jesus, our incarnate God.]
- 6 In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

HYMN XXIII. Common Metre.

Grace and glory by the death of Christ.

- 1 [SITTING around our Father's board,
We raise our tuneful breath;
Our faith beholds her dying Lord,
And dooms our sins to death.]
- 2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,
Whence all our pardons rise;
The sinner views th' atonement made,
And loves the sacrifice.
- 3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,
Procure us heav'nly crowns:
Our highest gain springs from thy loss;
Our healing from thy wounds.
- 4 Oh! 'tis impossible that we,
Who dwell in feeble clay,
Should equal suff'rings bear for thee
Or equal thanks repay.

HYMN XXIV. Common Metre.

Pardon and strength from Christ.

- 1 FATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,
To see thy glories shine;
The Lord will his own table bless,
And make the feast divine.
- 2 We touch, we taste the heav'nly bread,
We drink the sacred cup:
With outward forms our sense is fed,
Our souls rejoice in hope.
- 3 We shall appear before the throne
Of our forgiving God,
Dress'd in the garments of his Son,
And sprinkled with his blood.
- 4 We shall be strong to run the race,
And climb the upper sky;
Christ will provide our souls with grace,
He bought a large supply.
- 5 Let us indulge a cheerful frame,
For joy becomes a feast;
We love the mem'ry of his name,
More than the wine we taste.

HYMN XXV. Common Metre.

Divine glories and graces.

- 1 HOW are thy glories here display'd,
Great God! how bright they shine,
While, at thy word, we break the bread,
And pour the flowing wine!
 - 2 Here thy revenging justice stands,
And pleads its dreadful cause;
Here saving mercy spreads her hands,
Like Jesus on the cross.
- Thy saints attend with ev'ry grace
On this great sacrifice:
And love appears with cheerful face,
And faith with fixed eyes.

- 4 Our hope in waiting posture sits,
To heav'n directs her sight;
Here ev'ry warmer passion meets,
And warmer pow'rs unite.
- 5 Zeal and revenge perform their part,
And rising sin destroy;
Repentance comes with aching heart,
Yet not forbids the joy.
- 6 Dear Saviour, change our faith to sight;
Let sin for ever die;
Then shall our souls be all delight,
And ev'ry tear be dry.

A SONG of PRAISE to the ever-blessed TRINITY,
GOD the FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT.

H Y M N XXVI. 1st Long Metre.

- 1 BLESS'D be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.
- 3 We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe,
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore,
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom, or a shore.

H Y M N XXVII. 1st Common Metre

- 1 GLORY to God the Father's name,
Who, from our sinful race,
Holds out his fav'rites to proclaim
The honours of his grace.

- 2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And, to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.
- 3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty pow'r
Our souls their heav'nly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.
- 4 Glory to God that reigns above,
Th' eternal Three in One,
Who by the wonders of his love,
Has made his nature known.

HYMN XXVIII. 1st Short Metre.

- 1 LET God the Father live
For ever on our tongues;
Sinners from his first love derive
The ground of all their songs.
- 2 Ye saints employ your breath,
In honour to the Son,
Who brought your souls from hell and death,
By off'ring up his own.
- 3 Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light, and pow'r, and grace conveys
Salvation down to men.
- 4 While God the Comforter,
Reveals our pardon'd sin,
O may the blood and water bear,
The same record within.
- 5 To the great One and Three,
That seal this grace in heav'n,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory giv'n.

HYMN XXIX. 2d Long Metre.

- 1 GLORY to God the Trinity,
Whose name has mysteries unknow

In essence One, in persons Three ;
A social nature, yet alone.

- 2 When all our noblest pow'rs are join'd,
The honours of thy name to raise ;
Thy glories over-match our mind,
And angels faint beneath the praise.

HYMN XXX. 2d Common Metre.

- 1 THE God of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath.
- 2 To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

HYMN XXXI. 2d Short Metre.

- 1 LET God the Maker's name,
Have honour, love, and fear,
To God the Saviour pay the same,
And God the Comforter.
- 2 Father of lights above
Thy mercy we adore,
The Son of thy eternal love,
And Spirit of thy pow'r.

HYMN XXXII. 3d Long Metre.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

HYMN XXXII. Or thus :

ALL glory to the wond'rous name,
Father of mercy, God of love ;
Thus we exalt the Lord, the Lamb,
And thus we praise the heav'nly Dove.

HYMN XXXIV. 3d Common Metre.

NOW let the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to serve the Lord.

HYMN XXXV. Or thus:

HONOUR to the almighty Three,
And everlasting One;
All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit, and the Son.

HYMN XXXVI. 3d Short Metre.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

HYMN XXXVII. Or thus:

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

HYMN XXXVIII. Particular Metre.

A song of praise to the blessed Trinity.

I Give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent his own
Eternal Son,
To die for sins
That man had done.

To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:

And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating pow'r
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.

4 Almighty God ! to thee
Be endless honours done,
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One :
Where reason fails,
With all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails,
And love adores.

HYMN XXXIX. Particular Metre.

1 TO him that chose us first,
Before the world began ;
To him that bore the curse,
To save rebellious man ;
To him that form'd
Our hearts anew,
Is endless praise
And glory due.

2 The Father's love shall run
Through our immortal songs ;
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues ;
Our lips address
The Spirit's name
With equal praise,
And zeal the same.

3 Let ev'ry saint above,
 And angels round the throne,
 For ever bless and love
 The sacred Three in One :
 Thus heav'n shall raise
 His honour's high,
 When earth and time
 Grow old and die.

H Y M N XL. 3d Particular Metre.

TO God the Father's throne
 Perpetual honours raise ;
 Glory to God the Son,
 To God the Spirit praise :
 And while our lips
 Their tribute bring,
 Our faith adores
 The name we sing.

H Y M N XLI. Or thus:

TO our eternal God,
 The Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit, all divine,
 Three mysteries in one,
 Salvation, pow'r
 And praise be giv'n,
 By all on earth
 And all in heav'n.

The H O S A N N A : or, SALVATION ASCRIBED
 TO CHRIST.

H Y M N XLII. Long Metre.

H O S A N N A to King David's Son,
 Who reigns on a superior throne ;
 We bless the Prince of heav'nly birth,
 Who brings salvation down to earth.
 Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
 In this delightful work engage ;
 Old men and babes in Sion sing
 The growing glories of the King,

HYMN XLIII. Common Metre.

- 1 HOSANNA to the Prince of grace,
Sion, behold thy King :
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.
- 2 Hosanna to the incarnate Word,
Who from the Father came ;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on his name.

HYMN XLIV. Short Metre.

- 1 HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.
- 2 To Christ, th' anointed King
Be endless blessings giv'n ;
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with heav'n.

HYMN XLV. Particular Metre.

- 1 HOSANNA to the King
Of David's ancient blood ;
Behold he comes to bring
Forgiving grace from God :
Let old and young
Attend his way,
And at his feet
Their honours lay.
- 2 Glory to God on high,
Salvation to the Lamb ;
Let earth, and sea, and sky,
His wondrous love proclaim ;
Upon his head
Shall honours rest,
And ev'ry age
Proclaim him bless'd.

A

T A B L E

To find any HYMN, or part of a HYMN,
by the FIRST LINE of it.

Note, *The Letters a, b, c, denote the First, Second, and Third Book; the figures direct to the Hymn.*

A

	B. H.
A DORE, and tremble for our God	a 42
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed	b 9
All mortal vanities be gone	a 25
And are we wretches yet alive	b 105
And must this body die	b 110
And now the scales have left mine eyes	b 81
Arise, my soul, my joyful pow'rs	b 82
At thy command, our dearest Lord	c 19
Attend, while God's exalted Son	b 130
Awake, my heart, arise, my tongue	a 20
Awake, our souls, away our fears	a 48
Away from ev'ry mortal tongue	b 123

B

Backward, with humble, &c.	a 57
Begin, my tongue, some heav'nly, &c.	b 69
Behold how sinners disagree	a 131
Behold the blind their sight receive	b 137
Behold the glories of the Lamb	a 1
Behold the grace appears	a 3
Behold the potter and the clay	a 117
Behold the rose of Sharon here	a 68
Behold the woman's promis'd seed	b 135
Behold the wretch whose lust and wine	a 123
Behold what wond'rous grace	a 64

A T A B L E.

B. H.

Bless'd are the humble souls that see	a 102
Bless'd be the everlasting God	a 26
Bless'd be the Father and his love	c 26
Bless'd is the man whose cautious feet	a 31
Bless'd morning ! whose young, &c.	b 72
Bless'd with the joys of innocence	b 128
Blood has a voice to pierce the skies	b 118
Bright King of glory, dreadful God	b 50
Broad is the road that leads to death	b 158
Bury'd in shadows of the night	a 97
But few among the carnal wise	a 96

C

Can creatures, to perfection, find	b 170
Christ and his cross is all our theme	a 119
Come, all harmonious tongues	b 84
Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell	a 135
Come, happy souls, approach your God	b 103
Come hither, all ye weary souls	a 127
Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove	b 34
Come, let us join a joyful tune	c 8
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	a 62
Come, let us lift our joyful eyes	b 108
Come, let us lift our voices high	c 20
Come, ye that love the Lord	b 30

D

Daughters of Zion, come, &c.	a 72
Dear Lord, behold our sore distress	b 163
Dearest of all the names above	b 148
Death cannot make our souls afraid	b 49
Death may dissolve my body now	a 27
Death ! 'tis a melancholy day	b 52
Deceiv'd by subtle snares of hell	a 107
Deep in the dust, before thy throne	a 124
Descend from heav'n, immortal Dove	b 23
Do we not know that solemn word	a 122
Down headlong from their native skies	b 96
Dread Sov'reign, let my ev'ning song	b 7

A T A B L E.

E

Ere the blue heav'ns were,		B. H.
Eternal Sov'reign of the sky	&c.	a 2
Eternal Spirit, we confess		b 149
		b 133

F

Faith is the brightest evidence		a 120
Far from my thoughts vain world, &c.		b 1
Father, I long, I faint to see		b 68
Father, we wait to feel thy grace		c 24
Firm and unmov'd are they		a 23
Firm as the earth thy gospel stands		a 138
From heav'n the sinning angels fell		b 97
From thee, my God, my joys shall rise		b 75

G

Gentiles by nature, we belong		a 114
Give me the wings of faith to rise		b 140
Glory to God, the Trinity		c 29
Glory to God that walks the sky		b 59
Glory to God the Father's name		c 27
God is a Spirit, just and wise,		a 136
God of the morning, at whose voice		a 79
God of the seas, thy thund'ring voice		b 70
God! the eternal, awful name		b 27
God, who in various methods told		a 53
Go, preach gospel, faith the Lord		a 128
Go worship at Immanuel's feet		a 146
Great God! how infinite art thou		b 67
Great God, I own thy sentence just		a 6
Great God, thy glory shall employ		b 167
Great God, to what a glorious height		b 112
Great King of glory, and of grace		b 159
Great was the day, the joy was great		b 144

H

Had I tongues of Greeks, &c.		a 134
Happy the church, thou sacred, &c.		b 64
Happy the heart where graces reign		b 38
Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound		b 63
Hark! the Redeemer from on high		a 70
Hear what the voice from heav'n, &c.		a 18

A T A B L E.

	B.	H.
Hence from my soul, sad thoughts, &c.	b	73
Here, at thy cross, my dying God	b	4
High as the heav'ns above the ground	b	115
High, on a hill of dazzling light	b	18
Hosanna, &c.	c	42 to 45.
Hosanna to our conqu'ring King	b	89
Hosanna to the Prince of light	b	76
Hosanna to the royal Son	a	16
Hosanna, with a cheerful sound	b	8
How are thy glories here display'd	c	25
How beauteous are their feet	a	10
How can I sink with such a prop	b	116
How condescending and how kind	c	4
How full of anguish is the thought	b	100
How heavy is the night	a	98
How honourable is the place	a	8
How large the promise, how divine	a	113
How oft have sin and Satan strove	a	139
How rich are thy provisions, Lord	c	12
How sad our state by nature is	b	90
How shall I praise th' eternal God	b	166
How short and hasty is our life	b	32
How should the sons of Adam's race	a	86
How strong thine arm is, mighty God	a	49
How sweet and awful is the place	c	13
How vain are all things here below,	b	48
How wond'rous great, how glorious, &c.	b	87

I

I cannot bear thine absence, Lord	b	117
I give immortal praise	c	38
I hate the tempter and his charms	b	156
I lift my banner, faith the Lord	a	29
I love the windows of thy grace	b	145
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord	a	103
I send the joys of earth away	b	11
I sing my Saviour's wond'rous death	b	114
Jehovah speaks, let Israel hear	a	84
Jehovah reigns, his throne is high.	b	168

A T A B L E.

Jesus, in thee our eyes behold	B. H.
Jesus invites his saints	a 145
Jesus is gone above the skies	c 2
Jesus, the man of constant grief	c 6
Jesus, we bless thy Father's name	a 12
Jesus, we bow before thy feet	a 54
Jesus, with all thy saints above	c 18
In Gabriel's hand a mighty stone	b 29
In thine own ways, O God of love	a 59
In vain the wealthy mortals toil	a 30
In vain we lavish out our lives	a 24
Infinite grief! amazing woe	a 9
Join all the glorious names	b 95
Join all the names of love and pow'r	a 105
Is this the kind return	a 149
K	
Kind is the speech of Christ, our Lord	b 74
L	
Laden with guilt, and full of fears	a 73
Let all our tongues be one	b 119
Let everlasting glories crown	c 9
Let ev'ry mortal ear attend	b 131
Let God the Father live	a 7
Let God the Maker's name	c 28
Let him embrace my soul and live	c 31
Let me but hear my Saviour say	a 66
Let mortal tongues attempt to sing	a 15
Let others boast how strong they be	a 58
Let Pharisees of high esteem	b 19
Let the old Heathens tune their songs	a 133
Let the seventh angel sound on high	b 21
Let the whole race of creatures lie	a 65
Let the wild leopards of the wood	b 99
Let them neglect thy glory, Lord	b 160
Let us adore th' eternal word	b 35
Life and immortal joys are giv'n	c 5
Life is the time to serve the Lord.	b 125
Lift up your eyes to th' heav'nly seat	a 88
	b 37

A T A B L E.

	B.	H.
Like sheep we went astray	a	143
Lo, the young tribes of Adam rise	a	90
Lo, what a glorious sight appear	a	21
Lo, what an entertaining sight	a	44
Lo, the destroying angel flies	b	55
Long have I sat beneath the sound	b	165
Look, gracious God, how num'rous, &c.	a	47
Lord, at thy temple we appear	a	19
Lord, how divine thy comforts are	c	11
Lord, how secure and blest are they	b	57
Lord, how secure my conscience was	a	115
Lord, we adore thy bounteous hand	c	20
Lord, we adore thy vast designs	b	109
Lord, we are blind, we mortals blind	b	26
Lord, we confess our num'rous faults	a	111
Lord, what a feeble piece	a	37
Lord, what a heav'n of saving grace	b	16
Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I	a	36
Lord, what a wretched land is this	b	53
Lord, when my thoughts with, &c.	b	5
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord	a	46

M

Man has a soul of vast desires	b	146
Mistaken souls, that dream of heav'n	a	140
My dear Redeemer and my Lord	b	139
My drowsy pow'rs why sleep ye so	b	25
My God, how endless is thy love	a	81
My God, my life, my love	b	93
My God, my portion, and my love	b	94
My God, permit me not to be	b	122
My God, the spring of all my joys	b	54
My God, what endless pleasures dwell	b	42
My heart, how dreadful hard it is	b	98
My Saviour God, my Sov'reign Prince	b	141
My soul come meditate the day	b	61
My soul forsakes her vain delight	b	10
My thoughts on awful subjects roll	b	2
My thoughts surmount these lower skies	b	162

A T A B L E.

N

	B. H.
Naked as from the earth we came	a 5
Nature with all her pow'rs shall sing	b 1
Nature with open volume stands	c 10
No, I'll repine at death no more	b 102
No, I shall envy them no more	b 56
No more, my God, I boast no more	a 109
Nor eye has seen, nor ear has heard	a 105
Not all the blood of beasts	b 142
Not all the outward forms on earth	a 95
Not different food, or diff'rent dress	a 126
Not from the dust affliction grows	a 83
Not the malicious or profane	a 134
Not to condemn the sons of men	a 100
Not to the terrors of the Lord	b 152
Not with our mortal eyes	a 108
Now be the God of Israel blest	a 50
Now by the bowels of my God	a 130
Now for a tune of lofty praise	b 43
Now have our hearts embrac'd our God	c 14
Now in the gall'ries of his grace	a 77
Now in the heat of youthful blood	a 91
Now let a spacious world arise	b 147
Now let our pains be all forgot	c 16
Now let the Lord, my Saviour, smile	b 50
Now Satan comes, with dreadful roar	b 157
Now shall my inward joys arise	a 36
Now to the Lord a noble song	b 47
Now to the Lord that makes us know	a 61
Now to the power of God supreme	a 137
O	
O for an overcoming faith	a 17
Oh! if my soul was form'd for woe	b 106
O the Almighty Lord	b 80
O the delights, the heav'nly joys	b 91
Often I seek my Lord by night	a 71
Once more, my soul, the rising day	b 6
Our days, alas, our mortal days	b 39
Our God, how firm his promise stands	b 40

A T A B L E.

Our sins, alas ! how strong they be	B. b	86
Our souls shall magnify the Lord	a	60
Our spirits join t' adore the Lamb	c	22
P		
Plung'd in a gulph of dark despair	b	79
Praise, everlasting praise, be paid	b	60
R		
Raise thee, my soul, fly up and run	b	33
Raise our triumphant songs	b	104
Rise, rise, my soul, and leave the ground	b	17
S		
Saints at your heav'nly, &c.	a	129
Salvation ! O the joyful sound	b	88
See where the great incarnate God	a	45
Shall the vile race of flesh and blood	a	82
Shall we go on in sin	a	106
Shall wisdom cry aloud	a	92
Shout to the Lord, and let our joys	b	92
Sin has a thousand treach'rous arts	b	150
Sin, like a venomous disease	b	153
Sing to the Lord, that built the skies	b	13
Sing to the Lord with joyful voice	a	43
Sing to the Lord, ye heav'nly hosts	b	62
Sitting around our Father's board	c	23
So did the Hebrew Prophet raise	a	112
So let our lips and lives express	a	132
So new born babes desire the breast	a	143
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears	b	77
Stoop down, my thoughts that use to rise	b	28
Strait is the way, the door is strait	b	161
T		
Terrible God that reign'st, &c.	b	22
That awful day will surely come	b	107
Thee we adore, Eternal name	b	55
The glories of my Maker God	b	71
The God of mercy be ador'd	c	30
The King of glory sends his Son	b	136
The land that longs in darkness lay	a	1

A T A B L E.

The law by Moses came	B. H.
The law commands and makes us know	a 118
The Lord declares his will	b 121
The Lord descending from above	b 120
The Lord Jehovah reigns	b 126
The Lord on high proclaims	b 169
The majesty of Solomon	b 85
The memory of our dying Lord	b 113
The promise of my Father's love	c 15
The promise was divinely free	c 3
The true Messiah now appears	b 134
The voice of my beloved sounds	b 12
The wond'ring world inquires to know	a 69
There is a house not made with hands	a 75
There is a land of pure delight	a 110
There's no ambition swells my heart	b 66
There was an hour when Christ rejoic'd	a 33
These glorious minds, how bright, &c.	a 11
This is the word of truth and love	a 41
Thou whom my soul admires above	b 138
Thus did the sons of Abrah'm pass	a 67
Thus far the Lord has led me on	b 127
Thus saith the first, the great command	a 80
Thus saith the high and lofty One	a 116
Thus saith the ruler of the skies	a 87
Thus saith the mercy of the Lord	b 83
Thus saith the Wisdom of the Lord	a 121
Thy favours, Lord, surprise our souls	a 93
Time, what an empty vapour 'tis	b 45
'Tis by the faith of joys to come	b 58
'Tis from the treasures of his word	b 129
'Tis not the law of ten commands	a 147
To God, the only wise	b 124
To him that calls us first	a 51
'Twas by an order from the Lord	c 39
'Twas on that dark, that doleful night	b 151
'Twas the commission of our Lord	c 1
	a 52

T A B L E.

V

Vain are the hope the sons of men
Vain are the hopes that rebels place
Unshaken as the sacred hill
Up to the fields where angels lie
Up to the Lord that reigns on high

B. H.

a 94
a 99
a 22
b 41
b 46

W

We are a garden wall'd around
We bless the Prophet of the Lord
We sing th' amazing deeds
We sing the glories of thy love
Welcome sweet day of rest
Well, the Redeemer's gone
What different pow'rs of grace and sin
What equal honours shall we bring
What happy men, or angels, these
What mighty man, or mighty God
Whence do our mournful thoughts arise
When I can read my title clear
When in the light of faith divine
When I survey the wond'rous cross
When we are rais'd from deep distress
When strangers stand and hear me tell
When the first parents of our race
When the great Builder arch'd, &c.
Where are the mourners, faith the Lord
Who can describe the joys that rise
Who has believ'd thy word
Who is this fair one in distress
Who shall the Lord's elect condemn
Why did the Jews proclaim their rage
Why does your face, ye humble souls
Why do ye mourn departing friends
Why is my heart so far from thee
Why should the children of a King
Why should this earth delight us so
Why should we start and fear to die
With cheerful voice I sing

a 74
b 132
c 17
a 56
b 14
b 36
b 143
a 63
a 40
a 28
a 32
b 65
b 101
c 7
a 55
a 76
b 78
b 24
b 154
a 101
a 141
a 78
a 14
a 4
b 85
b 3
b 20
a 144
b 164
b 31
a 148

A T A B L E.

With holy fear and humble song	B. H.
With joy we meditate the grace	b 44
Y	a 125
Ye saints how lovely is the place	a 38
Ye sons of Adam vain and young	a 39
Ye that obey th' immortal King	a 34
Z	
Zion rejoice and Judah sing	b 111

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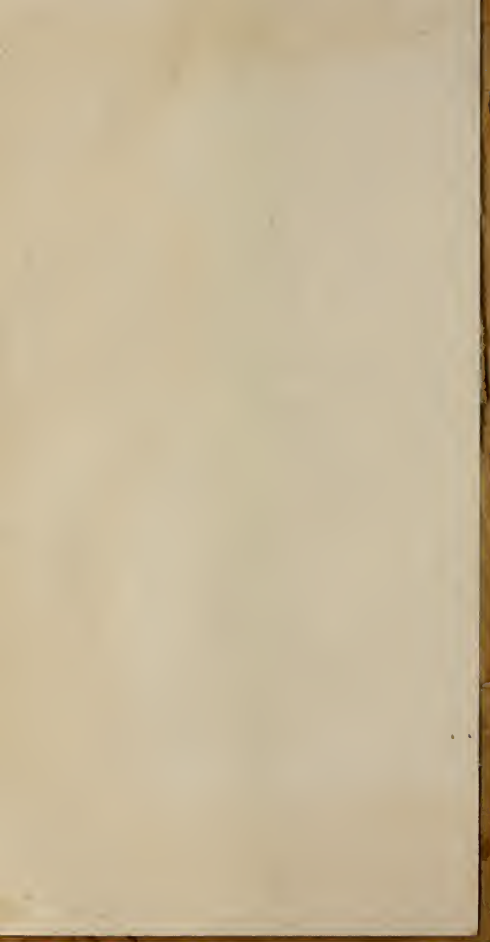
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